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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHVS,
The SON of
ULYSSES.

In Twenty-four BOOKS.

With the ADVENTURES of
ARISTONOUS.

Written by the Archbishop of CAMBRAY.

Done into *English* from the last *Paris* (which is the
only genuine) Edition,

BY

Mr. IS. LITTLEBURY and Mr. A. BOYER.

With Priviledge of his Majesty the King of Poland
and Elector of Saxony.

Reprinted at the second Time according to the *Lon-*
don's Edition, and carefully purg'd of the
Errors of the former.

I E N A,
For THEODORE WILLIAM ERNEST GUTH,

I 7 4 9.

THE
ADVANTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

IN
TWENTY-FOUR BOOKS.

BY
J. B. LITTLEBORN, M.D.
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

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University of Pennsylvania.



P R E F A C E

To the last

French Paris EDITION.

THe late Archbishop of Cambray's Relations here present the Publick with a New Edition of the Adventures of Telemachus, from the Original Manuscript found among his Grace's Papers. All the former Editions being extream Faulty, and publish'd without the Author's Approbation, 'tis a piece of Justice due to his Memory, to let his Performance appear Abroad, as it came finished from his Hands.

P R E F A C E.

He had divided the Whole into Twenty Four Books, in Imitation of Homer's Iliad: But besides this Division, this New Edition will be found to differ in Abundance of Places from all the former. 'Tis true, these Variations for the most Part relateto the Style, and only add some Graces and Beauties to the Narration, by a more harmonious Ranging of the Words: But then some Things of infinite Value, and considerable Length, had wholly been omitted before, which are here faithfully restored from the Original.

The new Editors thought it incumbent upon them not to suffer any longer, at the Head of this Work, the Preface which used to be printed with it, and which never had the Approbation of the Author of Telemachus: But instead of it they have placed the ensuing Discourse, wherein is endeavour'd to unfold and set in a true Light the Excellence and Beauties of this Poem; its Conformity to the Rules of Art; and the Sublimity of its Moral.

ADVERTISEMENT

Concerning this English VERSION.

THE foregoing Preface shews how defective all the *former French Editions* of *Telemachus* have been: Nor could it hardly be otherwise, since they were all publish'd without the Author's Consent, and from *imperfect Copies*, stolen from him by Piece-meal, by his *Amanuenses*. For the same Reason all *former Translations* of this excellent Piece must necessarily have been faulty; so far at least, as they shared in all the Imperfections of their *lame Original*.

This, with all candid Judges, will certainly be sufficient to excuse the *Mistakes* and *Defects* of the first *English Version*, which was the Performance of the late ingenious Mr. *Littlebury* Mr. *Alexander Oldes*, and My self. As the first *French Edition* of *Telemachus* was divided into *Five Books*, which came out at different times, Mr. *Littlebury* translated only the first Part; and did it so well, that 'twas a Misfortune for the Publick, that his ill State of Health did not permit him to go on with the Rest. Upon his declining it, and at the Bookseller's earnest Desire, I undertook the Task: But not having then sufficient Time to spare from other Business, I divided it with Mr. *Oldes*, who translated the fourth and fifth Parts; as I did the second and most Part of the third. These Particulars I think fit to mention, both that my *Fellow Translators* may have the Praise due to their Performances, and, at the same Time, that I may bear no more Blame, than in Justice lies at my own Door.

Our *Translation*, how imperfect soever, was so well receiv'd, that, in a few Years, it bore several large *Impressions*: But, through the Carelessness of the *Printers*, there crept into the *later Editions* so many gross Mistakes, that casting my Eyes one Day casually upon

some of them, before some *Booksellers*, I could not forbear saying, *That I scarce knew again my own Work*. This, it seems, gave them the Hint of a *New Version*; for which they had still a more colourable Pretence; from a *new French Edition*, printed abroad with considerable Improvements throughout, and methodiz'd into ten Books, with Arguments to each, and a large Preface, giving a particular Account both of the Work and Author.

Whatever Injury they intended to the Proprietor of the first Version, he must have born it with Patience and Resignation: And the Publick would certainly have applauded their Design, had Mr. Ozell, the Person they employ'd to execute it, either made a *New*, or mended the *Old Translation*.

But instead of that, it plainly appears from his Performance, that (excepting a few Pages in the Beginning,) he made free with *our whole Work*; and that in Order to palliade his *Plagiarism*, he only corrected the *Printer's Mistakes*, and made some Alterations in the Style: But it unluckily fell out, That *he alter'd every thing for the worse*; and though he had the *Self-Complacency*, to hope that the whole Diction was so changed, as to come nearer to the Standard of the Original; yet they who took the Pains to compare the two Translations, still gave the Preference to the former; and apply'd to Mr. Ozell what a Friend of mine wrote upon the *Plagary* of the Tragedy call'd *Iphigenia in Aulis*:

Thy Theft has all her Grace and Lustre soil'd,

Thou stol'st the Beauty first, and after spoil'd.

So fares it with that desp'rate Band, who live

On Prey and Rapine, and by Injury thrive.

Those whom they wrong, with Hatred they pursue;

And not content to rob, they murder too.

Mr. Ozell to justify his Proceeding, had promised in his *Advertisement*, to throw together at the End of that Book, some of the numerous and egregious Mistakes committed in the former Version: And at the End of his Book, he tells us, *That he had drawn up a List of two*

or three hundred Errors; but being afterwards told by the Undertakers of his Translation, that Mr. Boyer, one of the Authors of the former Version, had been with them, and made pressing Instances that they would go upon a new Translation, and offer'd to do it for them because he was ashamed at the Erroneousness of the other, He (Mr. Ozell) thought it enough to give only a small Sample of the Mistakes, and those none of the grossest he cou'd have pick'd out.

How far Mr. Ozell has disguis'd the Truth in Relation to the Discourse that pass'd between his Undertakers and Me, I leave it to their Conscience to determine: But to the best of my Remembrance, I only told them what I mention'd before, or Words to the same Effect. However, waving that trifling Particular, in which the Publick is no Ways concern'd, I shall only take Notice that Mr. Ozell thought fit to reduce his Charge against us, which in his first Bill of Indictment consisted of two or three hundred, to the small number of fifteen Mistakes, cull'd out from p. 309. to p. 668.

These fifteen Errors happen, every one of them, to fall in Mr. Oldes's share of this Version, and therefore do not, in the least, affect either Mr. Littlebury or myself: But as we are, every one of us, brought into the general Accusation by way of Innuendo, out of Respect to the Memory of my Fellow-Translators, I think it incumbent on me to recriminate on Mr. Ozell, and in Order to that, I have hereto subjoy'd a Sample of his Alterations, which he is pleased to look upon as Embellishments, but which, if I am not mistaken, will, with all good Judges, rather pass for Foils to our Translation.

Book I. P. 1. The Author says; *Calypso ne pouvoit se consoler du depart d'Ulysse*: which Mr. Littlebury rightly translated; *Calypso continued disconsolate for the Departure of Ulysses*: But Mr. Ozell, in Order to mend the Matter, says, *Calypso, now Ulysses was departed, grew desperate, and deaf to Consolation*. Is not grew desperate,

a fine Addition; and *deaf to Consolation*, an Expression more natural than *Disconsolate*?

Ibidem, the French says, *Elle se promenoit souvent seule, &c.* which Mr. Littlebury renders naturally: *She often walk'd alone, &c.* Mr. Ozell, more quaintly, no Doubt; *oft unaccompanied she trod, &c.*

A few Lines after, the Author says, *Souvent elle demeuroit immobile, &c. p. 2.* which Mr. Littlebury renders, with a noble Simplicity; *Sometimes she stood still and wept, watering the Banks of the Sea with her Tears, and always turning her Eyes to that Side where she had seen Ulysses's Ship ploughing the Waves, &c.* But Mr. Ozell, either forgetting that he writes Prose, or to display his Skill in Numbers, gives us here several Lines together in *Blank Verse*, as follows:

*Mute and immoveable she sometimes stood,
Wat'ring the Shore with Torrents from her Eyes;
There, where she last had seen Ulysses's Ship
Ploughing the Waves, she turn'd her Eyes incessant.*

*And a little lower,
Then at a Distance she descry'd two Men,
One seem'd advanc'd in Years, the other young,
But bearing much the Semblance of Ulysses.*

I mention this once for all, because, throughout the Book, Mr. Ozell seems to have sought all Opportunities of turning *our Prose* into *Blank Verse*: A good Fortune which I do not in the least envy him for; since, in the Opinion of all true Judges of Style, it is as great a Fault to write *Verse in Prose*, as to write *Prose in Verse*.

Pag. 6. The Author, speaking of Calypso's Grotto, says, *On n'y voyoit ni Or, ni Argent, ni Marbre, ni Colomnes, ni Tableaux, ni Statues*; which Mr. Littlebury justly renders thus; *There was neither Gold nor Silver to be seen, no Marble, nor Pillars, no Painting, no Statues*; but Mr. Ozell, in these two plain Lines, commits two Faults; *there was* (says he) *no Gold nor Silver to be seen, no Marble Columns, no Tableaus, nor Statues.* I'd fain know how long *Tableau* has been an *English Word*?

The

The French says, *Cette Grotte étoit taillée dans le Roc en Voutes*; which Mr. Littlebury rightly translates, *The Grotto was cut into divers Vaults within the Rock*; but Mr. Ozell thinks to mend the Matter, by saying, *The Grot was hewn within the living Rock*. The Rock is, undoubtedly, much oblig'd to Mr. Ozell, for bestowing Life upon it.

A little lower the French says, *Ce Bois sembloit couronner ces belles Prairies*; which Mr. Littlebury renders naturally thus, *This Wood seem'd to crown the beautiful Meadows*; but Mr. Ozell in his forc'd Way of modelling the Diction, says, *This Wood a Semblance had as if it crown'd the Meads*.

Book II. P. 52. The French says, *Je ne sentis point cette horreur qui fait dresser les Cheveux sur la Tête & qui glace le Sang dans les Veines, &c.* which Mr. Littlebury justly translates, *I felt none of that Horror which makes Men's Hair stand upright, and chills the Blood in their Veins*; but Mr. Ozell says, *And which causes the Blood to stagnate in the Veins*. A very polite Expression!

Two Pages lower the French says, *Ce Vieillard avoit un grand Front chauve*, that is, *This old Man had a large Forehead, bare of Hair*; but Mr. Ozell, more poetically, says, *dismantled of Hair*.

Book II. Pag. 59. The Author says, *les riantes Prairies*, which Mr. Littlebury naturally renders by *the lovely Meadows*; but Mr. Ozell says, *the laughing Meadows*; with more Reason, no Doubt, than he said before, the *living Rock*.

Book IV. Pag. 122. The Author says, *Avant que de laisser fermer ses Yeux au Sommeil, Mentor, &c.* which Mr. Littlebury rightly translates, *Before Slumber had clos'd their Eyes, Mentor, &c.* but Mr. Ozell thinks to top upon him by saying, *Before they had suffer'd Sleep to take Possession of them, Mentor, &c.* Is not this a very elegant Expression?

A little lower, (pag. 127.) the French says, *Pendant mon Silence un Sommeil doux & puissant vint me saisir*;

which Mr. Littlebury thus renders, *During my Silence, a fast and powerful Sumber seiz'd upon me*; but Mr. Ozell, according to his new Way of refining the Diction, says, *I was seiz'd with a violent Fit of Sleeping*. Monstrous fine!

Pag. 130. The French says, *Venus remonta vers l'Olympe*; Mr. Littlebury, *Venus re-ascended towards Olympus*; but Mr. Ozell, *Venus remounded towards Olympus*. A few Lines after, Mr. Ozell says, *pestiferous Island*, instead of *pestilent Island*.

Thus far I have shewn in what Manner Mr. Ozell has mended Mr. Littlebury's Translation; I shall now cursorily take Notice of the Favours he has been pleas'd to bestow upon me.

Book V. Pag. 171. The French says, *Le Peuple touché de Compassion pour le Fils*, which I render'd, *The People being touch'd with Pity for the Son*: but Mr. Ozell more elegantly, no Doubt, *The People melting with Pity, &c.*

Pag. 175. The Author says, *Au moindre mouvement qu'il faisoit on voyoit tous ses Muscles*; which I simply render'd, *At the least of his Motions you might discover all his Muscles*: but Mr. Ozell, swelling the Sails of his Eloquence, says, *At his least Motion every Muscle swell'd apparent*.

Pag. 177. *On distribua les Chariots au Sort*, I translated, *The Chariots were distributed by Lot*; but Mr. Ozell, *The Chariots were dispos'd of according to Lot*.

Pag. 179. *Car mes Chevaux mieux menagez que les siens, estoient en Etat de le devancer*; I render'd, *For my Horses, which I spared at first, were now able to beat his*; but Mr. Ozell, better skill'd in Horse-Races than my self, says, *For my Horses, which I had favour'd at first, were now able to out-run him*. Wold not one imagine that the Author speaks of a Match between a Man and Horses?

Pag. 188. *Un Roi entierement tourné à la Guerre, &c. ruineroit son Peuple*; I english'd, *A King entirely bent upon War, &c. would not care if all his People were ruin'd*; but Mr. Ozell, undoubtedly in a more noble Style, *A King whose Talent entirely lies to War, &c. 'tis indifferent to him whether his Subjects sink or swim*. Delicate!

Pag. 189. *Un Conquerant enivré de sa Gloire*; I fillily render'd,

der'd, *A Conqueror intoxicated with his Glory*; but Mr. Ozell, *A Conqueror grown drunk with his Glory.* Polite!

Book VI. Pag. 202. *On decouvrit dans son Visage je ne sai quoi de ferme & d'élevé*; I translated, *They discover'd in his Countenance something that bespoke in him a firm and elevated Soul*; but Mr. Ozell, *They discover'd in his Countenance something that was unspeakably great.*

Pag. 209. *Le Pere après l'avoir long tems souffert, pour tâcher de le corriger de ses Vices*; I translated, *The Father having born with him a long Time, with Hopes to reclaim him from his Vices*; which Mr. Ozell corrects thus, *With Hopes he would grow better.* Admirable Simplicity!

A few Lines lower, *Affreuse Pauvreté.* I render'd *dreadful Poverty*; Mr. Ozell, *formidable Poverty.* Noble!

Pag. 214. *Le Vent qui enflait nos Voiles*; I english'd, *The Wind which fill'd our spreading Sails*; Mr. Ozell, with more Delicacy, says, *Our bellying Sails*; and in another Place, *strutting Sails*; Well said, Tarr, —

Pag. 226. *Ses Esperances s'évanouissoient*; I poorly render'd, *Her Hopes vanish'd away*; Mr. Ozell, more elegantly, *Her Hopes dispers'd themselves.*

Pag. 234. *Après tant de Merveilles, ignorez-vous encore ce que le Destinées vous ont préparé?* I translated, *After so many wonderful Deliverances, can you be doubtful of what the Gods have in store for you?* but Mr. Ozell, *Can you have in Nation of, &c.*

Pag. 239. *La Deesse lui decouvroit ses Peines sur toutes les Choses qu'elle voyoit, & elle faisoit sans cesse des Plaintes nouvelles*; I render'd, *The Goddess complain'd to him about all she saw, and renewed her Complaints every Day*; Mr. Ozell, *The Goddess complain'd to him about every thing she thought she had Occasion for.* Pray what's the meaning of this?

Pag. 243. *Eucharis qui craignoit que Telemaque ne lui échappât*: I english'd, *Eucharis who was afraid to lose Telemachus*: But Mr. Ozell, *Eucharis fearing Telemachus: Should make his Escape from her.*

Pag. 254. *Tout le Venin empesté du Cocyte sembloit s'exhaler de son Cœur*: I translated, *All the Pestilential Venom of black Cocytus seem'd to reek out of her Heart*: But Mr. Ozell more emphatically, *All the baneful Venom of black Cocytus seem'd to ascend from her Heart in pestilent Exhalations!* Pag.

Pag. 261. *Je me suis tû, J'ai devore ma Peine*; I translated, *I held my Tongue, I fed upon my own Grief*: But Mr. Ozell, more nicely, *I chew'd the Cud of my own Grief*.

P. 252. *Ces Paroles flatteuses firent glisser l'Esperance & la Joye jusqu'au fond des Entrailles de Calypso*; I said, *This flattering Speech convey'd pleasing Hopes and Joys into the very Bottom of Calypso's Heart*: But Mr. Ozell, *This Speech infus'd fresh Hope and Joy to every Corner of Calypso's Heart*. I wonder, while he was on this noble Strain, he did not say, *every Creek and Corner*.

Book VIII. Pag. 276. *Il fit fendre la Mer à force de Rames*; I render'd, *He caused the Rowers to ply their Oars amain, and cut the yielding Flood*: But Mr. Ozell, *He caused the Oars to cut the passive Flood*. Right!

Pag. 290. *Elle versa des Torrens de Larmes*; I said, *She shed Floods of Tears*: But Mr. Ozell, *She pour'd forth Torrents of scalding Tears*. Scalding fine, Forsooth!

Pag. 294. *Où Titie sentira éternellement dans ses Entrailles toujours renaissantes un Vautour qui les ronge*: I render'd, *where Titius will for ever feel a Vulture preying upon his growing Liver*. But Mr. Ozell, *where Titius will for ever feel in his fresh-created Bowels*. O rare, fresh-created!

Pag. 289. *Les Trompettes faisoient reténir l'Onde jusqu'aux Rivages éloignez*: I translated, *The loud Trumpets made the Waves resound with their Clangor as far as the distant Shore*; but my Corrector thus, *The sounding Trumpets fill'd the distant Shores with reverberating Ecchoes*.

Pag. 301. *Il chanta d'abord les Louanges de Jupiter*; I render'd, *He at first rehearsed the Praises of mighty Jove*: But Mr. Ozell, *He at first chanted forth the Praises of Jupiter*.

Pag. 315. *Ces grands Conquerans ressemblent à ces Fleuves debordez qui paroissent majestueux*; I said, *Those mighty Conquerors are like those overflowing Rivers, which appear Majestick*: But Mr. Ozell, *The mighty Conquerors resemble these wide-spread up-dam'd Rivers, which look Majestick*. What does he mean by *wide-spread up-dam'd*?

Book IX. Pag. 325. *Une Divinité Ennemie & trompeuse les éloignoit d'Ithaque*, I say, *A deceitful and unfriendly Deity led them far wide of Ithaca*: But Mr. Ozell, *A deceitful Deity who hated them, &c.*

Pag. 327. *Ses Yeux percent jusques dans l'Abime*; I render'd

derd, *His Eyes pierce into the deepest Abyss: Mr. Ozell, Into the very lowest Gulph.*

Pag. 341. *Ville naissante; I translated growing City; Mr. Ozell, powerful City.*

Pag. 347. *Telemaque se retint avec beaucoup de peine; I said, Telemachus contain'd himself, tho' not without Reluctance: But Mr. Ozell, more devoutly, Tho' not without the greatest Self-Denial.*

Pag. 361. *Le Lendemain je recommençois mes Travaux; I english'd, The next Day I resum'd my Toils. But Mr. Ozell, I recommenced my Toils.*

Book XI. Pag. 413. *Semblables à ces Paroles enchantées qui arretent la Lune & les Etoiles; I render'd, like those enchanting Words which stop the Motion of the Moon and Stars: But Mr. Ozell, which ARREST the Motion.*

Book XII. Pag. 431. *Parler sans Adoucissement; I render'd, without Lenitives: But Mr. Ozell, instead of Lenitives says without Dulcifyings, a Word I never met with; no, not even in a Dispensary.*

Vol. II. Book XIII. Pag. 7. *The French says, Qu'il faisoit assez entendre qu'il ne m'estimoit guere: Which I translated, That he gave sufficiently to understand what a small Esteem he had for me: But Mr. Ozell, That he had given convincing Proofs, that he had no great Esteem for me. How a Hint or Innuendo should be a convincing Proof, I cannot imagine.*

Ibid. Pag. 1. The French says, Plusieurs fautes dangereuses, où la hauteur de Protefilas m'auroit fait tomber: Which I render'd, many dangerous Faults, into which the Haughtiness of Protefilaus wou'd have hurried me: But Mr. Ozell, not understanding the Word Hauteur, translates it by Precipitancy, which is quite another Thing.

Thus much for a Sample of Mr. Ozell's *Improvements* upon my, Translation: Those he has made on the latter Part of *Telemachus* which was english'd by the late Mr. Oldes, are no less numerous, and most of them of the same Stamp; but for Fear of tiring out the Readers's Patience with these *Critical Tristes*, I shall only take Notice, That in Book XXIV. Pag. 426. *The French says, Les Monts Acrocerauniens montrent encore un Front orgueilleux au Ciel apres avoir été si souvent ecrasés par la Foudre: That is, The Acroceraunian Hills still*

rear

rear up their haughty Brow to Heaven, tho' they have been so often shatter'd by Thunder: But instead of these last Words, Mr. Ozell, in a more lofty Strain, no Doubt, says, MAUL'D WITH THUNDER.

I must desire the Reader to take Notice, That I do not charge Mr. Ozell with the *Errors* he has in common with the other Translators, and which were occasion'd by the Faultiness of the first *French* Editions of *Telemachus*: As for Instance, Book V. Pag. 167. the last *Paris* Edition says, *Le Pere echapé à la Tempête arrivoit dans le Port désiré*; which I have render'd, *The Father having escaped the Storm, arrived safe in the wish'd for Haven*: But the former *French* Editions instead of *Port désiré*; have, *Port de Syrie*, which Mr. Littlebury translated, *Port of Syria*; and Mr. Ozell, the (so call'd) *Syrian Port*.

Besides this, and many other literal Faults, occasion'd by their Ignorance who handed *Surreptitious Copies* of *Telemachus* to the Press; there are in all the former *French* Editions, several considerable Omissions, which have been here faithfully restored. The principal *Additions*, the Reader will find in the following Places of the last *Paris* Edition, in Two Volumes in 12mo, viz.

Vol. I. From Page 449. to Page 459; Page 460, 461, 471, 472, 478, Vol. II. Page 47, 148. & seq. 157. to 160, 178, 367, 369, 372, 391, to 406, 407, 448. to 452.

The Discourse Epick Poetry, and on the Excellence of the Poem of Telemachus, which is prefix'd to the last *Paris* Edition, deserves also particular Notice; and the rather, because I am inform'd it is the Performance of Mr. Ramsay, an ingenious *Scotch* Gentleman, Son to the late Bishop of *Dunblaine*, and an intimate Companion of the late Archbishop of *Cambray*; who having resided many years in *France*, has acquired a perfect Mastery of the *French* Language.

Upon the whole Matter, whoever will attentively compare both the last *Paris* Edition, and this *english* Version, with the former *French* Edition, and *English* Translations, will, I am sure find them to be vastly different: But how far herein I have merited of the publick, I leave it to all Impartial Candid Judges.

Convent-Garden, London;

Oct. 14. 1718.

A DISCOUR-



A
DISCOURSE
UPON
EPICK POETRY,
AND THE
EXCELLENCE
OF THE
Poem of TELEMACHVS.



I*F we could embrace
naked Truth, she
should not need to
borrow any Orna-
ments from Imagi-
nation to attract our Love:
But her pure and delicate
Light does not sufficiently affect
the gross Senses of Men; and the nice Attention
she requires is too great a Constraint on their
natural Inconstancy. In Order to instruct Men,*

The Ori-
gin and
End of
oetry.

B we

A Discourse upon

We must not only enlighten their Understanding with pure Ideas, but likewise present them with sensible Images, to keep them steady in a fix'd View of Truth. This is the Source of Eloquence, Poesy, and of all the Sciences that depend upon Fancy; and which Man's Weakness renders necessary. The simple and immutable Beauty of Virtue does not ever affect him; nor is it sufficient to point out Truth to him, unless at the same Time we represent her amiable to his Eyes (a).

We shall consider the Poem of Telemachus according to these two Views, viz. to instruct, and to please; and endeavour to shew, That the Author has instructed better than the Ancients, by the Sublimity of his Morals; and has pleased no less than they, by the Imitation of all their Beauties.

Two sorts of Heroick Poetry.	There are two Ways of Instructing Men, in Order to make them Good: The first, by shewing them the Deformity of Vice, and its fatal Attendants; which is the chief End of Tragedy: The second, By unveiling to them the Beauty of Virtue, and its happy Issue; which is the proper Character of the Epopœa, or Epick Poem. The Passions that belong to the first, are Terror and Pity, and those that become the other, are Admiration and Love. In the one, the Actors speak; in the other, the Poet makes the Narrative.
---------------------------------------	---

Definition and divi- sion of Epick Poetry.	An Epick Poem may be defined, A Fable related by a Poet, in Order to raise the Admiration, and inspire the Love of Virtue, by representing to us the Action of a Hero favour'd by Heaven, who brings about a great Enterprize, not-
--	---

(a) Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci;
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo. Hor.
Art. Poet.

EPICK Poetry.

notwithstanding all the Obstacles he meets with in his way: *Therefore there are three Things in the Epick Poem, viz. The Action, the Moral. and the Poesy.*

I. Of the EPICK ACTION.

The Action ought to be Great, One, Entire, Marvellous or Wonderful, and of a certain Length: Qualities that are all in Telemachus. In Order to be convinc'd of it, let us compare him with the two Models of Epick Poetry, Homer and Virgil.

Qualities
of the
Epick
Action.

We shall confine our selves to speak of the Odyssæis, whose Plan and Design is more agreeable to that of Telemachus. In that Poem, Homer introduces a wise King coming from a foreign War, in which he had given signal Proofs of his Prudence and Valour; but who, in his Return homewards, met with violent Storms, that forced him into divers Countries, whose Manners, Laws and Politicks he had thereby an Opportunity to learn. From hence naturally arise abundance of Incidents and perillous Adventures: but the Hero of the Poem, knowing what Distractions his Absence must needs occasion in his Kingdom, surmounts all Obstacles; despises all the Pleasures of Life; becomes even insensible of Immortality; and renounces all, that he may ease his People, and see again his dear Family.

Design of
the Odyssæis.

In the Æneis, a Pious and Courageous Hero, who is escaped from the Destruction of a powerful Empire, is destin'd by the Gods to preserve its Religion; and to settle another Empire, both greater and more powerful than the former. This Prince, who is chosen King by the unfortunate Remainder of his Coun-

Subject of
Virgil's
Æneis.

A Discourse upon

try-men, wanders a long while from Shore to Shore, and in the several Countries he visits, learns all that's necessary in a King, a Legislator, and a High Priest. At last, finding an Asylum in a remote Country, from whence his Ancestors drew their Descent, he defeats several powerful Enemies who opposed his Settlement; and lays the foundation of an Empire, which was one Day to conquer all the Universe.

Plan of
Telemachus.

The Action of Telemachus comprehends all that's Great in both those Poems. There we see a young Prince, animated by the Love of his Country, going in quest of his Father, whose Absence occasion'd the Misfortunes of his Family and Kingdom. This Prince exposes Himself to all manner of Dangers, signalizes his Magnanimity by Heroical Virtues; refuses Crowns more considerable than his own, and travelling through several unknown Countries, learns all that's necessary to govern, one day, with the Prudence of Ulysses, the Piety of Æneas, and the Courage of both; like a wise Politician, a religious Prince, and an accomplish'd Hero.

The
Action
ought to
be one.

The Epick Action ought to be one, or single: For an Epick Poem is not either an History, like Lucan's Pharsalia, and Silius Italicus's Punick War; nor the whole Life of a Hero, like Statius's Achilleis. The Unity of the Hero does not make up the Unity of the Action: For a Man's Life is full of Unequalities. He continually changes his Designs, either through the Inconstancy of his Passions, or by the unforeseen Accidents of Life. Whoever would describe a whole Man, would draw but a strange odd Picture, made up of a Contrast of opposite Passions, without either Coherence, or Order: And therefore an Epick Poem is not the Panegyrick of a Hero set

EPICK Poetry.

so set up for a Pattern, but the Recital of a great and noble Action proposed for Imitation.

It is with Poetry, as with Painting; Of Episodes for the Unity of the principal Action hinders not the bringing in several particular Incidents. The Design is form'd from the beginning of the Poem; and the Hero brings it about by surmounting all Obstacles. 'Tis the Recital of all the Oppositions he meets with, that makes up the Episodes: But all these Episodes depend upon the principal Action, and are so interwoven with it, and so connected together; that the whole presents to our view but one single Picture, made up of several Figures, ranged in excellent Order, and in a just Proportion and Symmetry.

I shall not in this place enquire, whether Homer sometimes drowns his main Action in the length and multiplicity of his Episodes; whether his Action be double; and whether sometimes he loses Sight of his principal Hero? 'Tis sufficient to observe here, that the Author of Telemachus has, in all the parts of his Work, imitated the Regularity of Virgil, by avoiding all the Defects that are charged on the Greek Poet. All our Author's Episodes are coherent, and so artfully interwoven one with another, that the first naturally brings on the next, and so on. His principal Persons never disappear; and his Transitions from the Episode to the main Action, still preserve and make us sensible of the Unity of the Design. In the six first Books, wherein Telemachus speaks, and relates his Adventures to Calypso, this Episode, in Imitation of that of Dido, is contrived with so much Art, that the Unity of the principal Action remains perfect and entire; the Reader being in suspense,

The Unity of Action of Telemachus, and the Coherence of the Episodes.

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spense, and sensible from the beginning, that both the Stay of that Hero in that Island, and what passes there, is but an Obstacle to be surmounted. In the XIIIth and XIVth Books, wherein Mentor instructs Idomeneus, Telemachus is not present, being then in the Army; but then 'tis Mentor, one of the principal Persons in the Poem, who does every thing with regard to Telemachus, and for his Instruction: So that this Episode is perfectly well connected with the principal Design. 'Tis likewise a great Piece of Art in our Author, the bringing into his Poem Episodes that do not result from his principal Fable, without breaking either the Unity or Continuity of the Action. These Episodes find a place here, not only as important Instructions for a young Prince, which is the Poet's main Design, but because he makes his Hero relate the same at a Time when there's nothing to do, and to fill up the Vacancy of Action. In this manner Adoam acquaints Telemachus with the Manners and Laws of Boetica, during a Calm that happens in a Sea-Voyage; and Philoctetes recounts to him his Misfortunes, whilst that young Prince is in the Confederate Camp, expecting the Day of Battle.

The
Action
ought to
be entire.

The Epick Action ought to be entire; which Entireness supposes three Things: The Cause, the Plot or Distress, and the Unravelling. The Cause of the Action ought to be worthy of the Hero, and agreeable to his Character. Such is the Design of Telemachus, as was shewn before.

Of the
Distress.

The Distress ought to be Natural, and arising from the Action it self. In the Odysséis, 'tis Neptune that makes it; in the Æneis, Juno's Anger; in Telemachus, Venu's Hate. The Plot of the Odysséis is na-

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is natural, because in the Course of Nature, no Obstacle is more to be dreaded by Sea faring men, than the Sea it self. In the Aeneis, the Opposition of Juno, a constant Enemy of the Trojans, is a noble Fiction. But the Hate of Venus against a young Prince, who flights Voluptuousness thro' a Love of Virtue, and subdues his Passions by the Help of Wisdom, is a Fable drawn from Nature, which, at the same Time, comprehends a sublime Moral.

The Unravelling ought to be as Natural as the Plot. In the Odyssæis, Ulysses comes among the Phœacians, relates to them his Adventures, and those Islanders, who were great Lovers of Fables, charmed with his Tales, furnish him with a Ship to return

*Of the
Unravel-
ling.*

home; which Unravelling is plain and natural. In the Aeneis, Turnus is the only Obstruction to the Settlement of Aeneas, who, to spare the blood both of his Trojans, and of the Latins, whose King he is soon to be, puts an End to the Quarrel by a single Combat. This is a noble Unravelling: That of Telemachus is, at once, both Natural and Great. That young Hero, in Order to obey the Decrees of Heaven, conquers his Love for Antiope, and his Friendship for Idomeneus, who offer'd him both his Crown and his Daughter; and sacrifices the most violent Passions, and the most endearing and even innocent Pleasures, to the Love of Virtue. He embarks for Ithaca on Board of the Ships that are furnish'd him by Idomeneus, to whom he had performed many signal services. When he comes near his Country, Minerva causes him to put into a desert Island where she discovers her self to him. After having accompany'd him, without his Knowledge, thro' tempestuous Seas, unknown Lands, bloody Encounters, and all the Evils that can try humane Courage and Wisdom; she at

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length conducts him to a solitary place, where she acquaints him with the end of his Labours, and his future Prosperity: and so leaves him. As soon as he is going to enjoy felicity and repose, the Goddess disappears, the Marvellous ceases, the Heroick Action is at an End. 'Tis in Affliction that a Man shews himself to be a Hero, and for that Purpose has need of a Divine Support. 'Tis only after he has suffer'd, that he is capable to go alone, to steer his own Conduct, and to govern others. In the Poem of Telemachus, the observation of the minutest Rules of Art is accompany'd with a profound and sublime Moral.

General
Qualities
of the
Plot and
Unravel-
ling of the
Epick
Poem.

Besides the Plot, and general Unravelling of the main Action, every Episode has its peculiar Distress and Unravelling, which ought, every one of them, to have the same Qualities. Epick Poetry does not affect the surprizing Adventures of modern Romances; for Surprise alone produces but a very imperfect and transitory Passion. The Sublime lies in the Imitation of plain simple Nature; in preparing the Incidents in so nice a Manner, as that they may be unfore seen; and in carrying them on so artfully, as that every thing may appear Natural: Thus we are neither uneasy, nor in suspense, nor taken off from the principal Object of Heroick Poetry, which is Instruction, to attend an imaginary Intrigue, and fabulous Unravelling. This is allowable in a Romance where the main design is to amuse: But in an Epick Poem, which is a kind of Moral Philosophy, those Adventures are mere witty Tricks, below its Gravity and Nobleness.

The

The Author of Telemachus has not only avoided the Intrigues of modern Roman-

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*Romances, but likewise the strain'd Action
 Marvellous, for which some find fault ought to
 with the Ancients. He neither makes be mar-
 Horses speak, nor Tripods walk, nor vellous.
 Statues work. The Epick Action ought to be
 marvellous, but probable at the same Time. We
 don't admire what we look upon as impossible: And
 therefore the Poet ought never to shock Reason,
 though he may sometimes be allowed to go beyond
 Nature. The Ancients have introduced the Ma-
 chinery of the Gods into their Poems, not only in
 Order to bring great Events about by their Inter-
 position, and thereby unite Probability with the
 Marvellous; but likewise to teach Men, that the
 most Couragious and the Wisest can do nothing
 without the assistance of the Gods. In our Poem,
 Minerva constantly guides Telemachus: Whereby
 the Poet renders every thing possible to his Hero;
 and gives us to understand, that without Divine
 Wisdom Man is not able to do any Thing. But
 this is not the utmost of his Art: The Sublime
 lies in his concealing the Goddess under an huma-
 ne Form. 'Tis not only the Probable, but the Natu-
 ral likewise, that unites here with the Marvel-
 lous. All is Divine, and yet all appears to be
 Humane. Nor is this all: For if Telemachus had
 known that he was directed by a Goddess, his Me-
 rit would have been the less, as he had the more
 rely'd upon her. Homer's Heroes generally know
 what the Immortal Gods are doing for them:
 Whereas our Poet, by concealing from his Hero
 the Marvellous part of the Fiction, causes his
 Virtue and Courage to be the more admired.*

*The Duration or Time of the Epick
 Action is longer than that of Tragedy,
 in which the Passions are predominant;
 and Nothing that's violent can be of*

*Of the
 Duration
 or Length
 long*

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of the long Continuance. But *Virtues* and *Epick Habits*, which are not to be acquired Poem. all of a sudden, are proper for the *Epick Poem*, whose *Action*, consequently, must have a greater Length. The *Epopœa* may contain the *Actions* of several Years; but, in the Opinion of the *Criticks*, the Time of the principal *Action*, from the Place where the Poet begins his *Narrative*, ought not to exceed the compass of one Year, as the Time of a *Tragick Action* ought not, at most, to take up above one Day. However, *Aristotle* and *Horace* are silent about it; and *Homer* and *Virgil* seem to have observ'd no fix'd Rule in that Respect. The *Action* of the whole *Iliad* takes up but fifty days; and that of the *Odysseis*, from the beginning of the Poet's *Narrative*, about two Months; that of the *Æneis* is of about one Year; and *Telemachus* spends but one Summer from his sailing from *Calypso's* Island to his Return to *Ithaca*. Our Poet has chosen a middle Way between the *Impetuosity* and *Vehemence* with which the *Grecian* runs to his Conclusion, and the majestic and measured Proceeding of the *Latin Poet*, who sometimes seems to flag, and too much to spin out his *Narration*.

When the *Action* of the *Epick Poem* is of a considerable length, and not continued, the Poet divides his *Fable* into two *Parts*; the one, in which the Hero speaks, and relates his past *Adventures*; the other, wherein the Poet only gives the *Narrative* of what afterwards befalls his Hero. Thus *Homer* does not begin his *Narration* till after *Ulysses* is sail'd from the Island of *Ogygia*; nor *Virgil* his, till after *Æneas* is arrived at *Carthago*. The Author of *Telemachus* has perfectly imitated those two great Models: Like them he divides

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des his Action into two Parts; the principal of which contains what he himself relates, and begins where Telemachus concludes the Recital of his Adventures to Calypso. He takes little Matter in Hand, but treats it at large, and bestows no less than Eighteen Books upon it. The other Part is of far greater Extent, both for the Number of Incidents, and the length of Time: But is much more contracted as to Circumstances; so that it takes up only the last six Books. By this Division of what our Poet relates, and of what he makes Telemachus recount, he retrenches the Time void of Action, such as his Captivity in Egypt, his Confinement at Tyre, &c. He does not stretch too far the length of his Narrative, but joins together both the Variety and Continuity of the Adventures. All is in Motion, all in Action in his Poem; neither are his principal Persons ever idle, nor do his Heroes ever disappear.

II. Of the MORAL.

Virtue may be recommended both by Examples and Instructions, either by the Manners or by the Precepts: And in this our Author far surpasses all other Poets.

We are certainly indebted to Homer's vast Invention, for having personalized the divine Attributes humane Passions, and physical Causes: And thereby open'd a rich and inexhaustible Fountain of noble Fictions, which animate and enliven every thing in Poetry. But his Religion is little else but a Heap of Fables, that have Nothing in them that conduces to make the Deity either revered or beloved. The Characters of his Gods are even below those of his Heroes: Nor have Pythagoras, Plato,

I. Of the
Manners.

Chara-
cters of
Homer's

Philo-

A Discourse upon

Gods.

Philostates, tho' Heathens like himself, justify'd his having thus debased the Divine Nature, under Pretence, that what he says of it, is an Allegory, sometimes Physical, sometimes Moral. For besides that 'tis against the Nature of the Fable to make use of moral Actions to express physical Effects, they thought it of dangerous Consequence to represent the Conflicts of the Elements, and the common Phænomenons of Nature, by vicious Actions ascribed to the Heavenly Powers, and to teach Morality by Allegories, which literally point out nothing but Vice.

Homer's Fault may, in some Measure, be extenuated by considering the Darkness, Ignorance, and Manners of the Age he liv'd in, and the small Progress Philosophy had made in his Time. But, without entering into such an Enquiry, let it suffice to observe, that the Author of Telemachus, in imitating what's beautiful in the Fables of the Greek Poet, has avoided two great Faults for which he is blamed. Like Homer he personalizes the divine Attributes, and makes them subaltern Deities; but he never brings them in, but upon such Occasions as merit their presence; nor does he ever make them speak or act, but in a manner worthy of themselves. He artfully joins together Homer's Poetry with Pythagoras's Philosophy. He says nothing but what the Heathens might have said; and yet he has made them say what's most sublime in Christian Morality, and thereby has shewn, that this Morality is written in indelible Characters in the Heart of Man, and that he would infallibly discover them there, if he follow'd the Dictates of pure and simple Reason, in Order to deliver himself entirely up to that Sovereign and Universal Truth, which enlightens all Spirits, just as the Sun enlightens all Bodies, and without
which

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which any Man's Reason is Nothing but Darkness and Folly.

The Ideas our Poet gives of the Deity, are not only worthy of him, but likewise infinitely endearing and amiable to Men. Every Thing inspires Confidence and Love; a gentle Piety; a noble and free Adoration due to the absolute Perfection of the Infinite Being; and not a superstitious, cloudy and servile Worship, which seizes upon, and depresses the Heart of Man, when he looks upon GOD only as a powerful Legislator, who punishes with Rigour and Severity the Breach of his Laws.

His Notions of the Deity.

He represents GOD to us as a Lover of Mankind, and whose Love and Beneficence are not given up to the blind Decrees of a fatal Destiny, nor merited by the pompous appearances of an outward Worship; nor subject to the fantastick Caprice of the Heathen Deities; but ever govern'd and dispensed by the immutable Law of Wisdom, which cannot but love Virtue, and deals with Men, not according to the Number of the Animals, but of the Passions they sacrifice.

The Characters Homer gives to his Heroes are more easily justify'd than those he ascribes to his GODS: For 'tis certain, he paints Men with

Of the Manners of Homer's Heroes.

Simplicity, Strength, Variety, and Passion. Our Ignorance of the Customs of a Country, of the Ceremonies of its Religion, of the Genius of its Language; the general fault of Men in judging of all according to the Taste of the Age they live in, and of their own Nation; the love of Pomp and false Magnificence, which has adulterated pure, primitive Nature: All these may lead us into Error, and make us look upon
as

A Discourse upon

as Insipid, what was in Estimation in ancient Greece.

Of the two Sorts of Epick Poetry, the Pathetick and the Moral. *Altho' it seems more Natural and Philosophical to distinguish Tragedy from the Epick Poem, by the difference of their respective Moral Views, as we did at first; yet we dare not determine, whether, as Aristotle suggests, there may not be two Sorts of Epick Poems, the one Pathetick, the other Moral; one, wherein the Passions are predominant, the other, wherein great Virtues bear Sway. The Iliad and Odyssæis may be brought in as Instances of those two Kinds: For in the one, Achilles is naturally represented with all his Faults, sometimes so savage and intractable, as to preserve no manner of Dignity in his Anger; and sometimes so furious, as to be ready to sacrifice his Country to his Resentment. Altho' the Hero of the Odyssæis be more regular than the youthful Achilles, warm and impetuous; yet nevertheless the wise Ulysses is often false and tricking; because the Poet draws Men with Simplicity, and as they generally are. By this means, Valour is often ally'd with a fierce and brutish Revenge; and Policy is generally joyn'd with Lying and Dissimulation. To paint after the Life, is painting like Homer.*

These two Sorts of Epick Poems are join'd in Tele-machus. *Without criticizing upon the different Views of the Iliad and Odyssæis, the cursory Observation of their various Beauties may suffice to raise an Admiration of the Art with which our Author joins together, in his Poem, those two Sorts of Epick Poetry, the Pathetick and the Moral. One sees in that wonderful Picture an admirable Mixture and Contrast of Vir-*
tues

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tues and Passions, in which Nothing is offer'd to the sight that's excessive or too great; but which equally represents both the Excellence and Meanness of Man. It is dangerous to shew us one without the other: But Nothing is more profitable than to lay them both together before our Eyes: for perfect Justice and Virtue require, that a Man should, at once, value and despise, love and humble himself. Our Poet does not raise Telemachus above Humanity, but makes him only fall into those Weaknesses that are compatible with a sincere Love of Virtue; and his very Weaknesses serve to reform him, by inspiring him with a distrust of himself, and of his own Strength. He does not render our Imitation of him impossible, by bestowing an unblemish'd Perfection upon him; but excites our Emulation, by setting before our Eyes the Example of a young Man, who with the same imperfections every Man finds about him, performs the most noble and virtuous Actions. He has united together, in the Character of his Hero, the Courage of Achilles, the Wisdom of Ulysses, and the Piety of Aeneas: For Telemachus is passionate like the first, without being savage and fierce; Politick like the second, without being a Trickster; and susceptible of pleasurable Impressions, without being Voluptuous.

Another way of instructing, is by Precepts: The Author of Telemachus joins together noble Instructions, with Heroick Examples; Homer's Moral, with Virgil's Manners. His Moral, however, has three Excellencies which were wanting in those of the Ancients, whether Poets or Philosophers: For it is sublime in its Principles, noble in its Motives, and universal in its practical Uses.	2. Of Moral Precepts and Instructions. Qualities of Telemachus's Moral.
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First

A Discourse upon

I. Sublime in its Principles. *First, Sublime in its Principles, as it results from a profound Knowledge of Man. The Poet brings his Hero back to himself; unfolds to him the secret Springs of his Actions, the latent windings of his Self-love, the difference between false and solid Virtues. From the Knowledge of Man, the Author rises to the Knowledge of GOD himself; He makes us every where sensible, that the Infinite Being incessantly works within us, in Order to render us both Good and Happy; that he is the immediate Source of all our Knowledge, and of all our Virtues; that we are no less indebted to him for our Reason, than for Life it self: that his sovereign Truth ought to be our sole Light and Guide, and his supream Will the Rule of all our Affections; that for Want of consulting that universal and immutable Wisdom, Man sees Nothing but deluting Phantoms; and for Want of Harkening to it, hears Nothing but the confused Noise of his Passions; that solid Virtues are only adventitious, as something foreign to us, and are not the Result of our own Endeavours, but the Work of a Power superior to Man, which acts in us when we do not obstruct it, and of whose Operation we are sometimes insensible, by Reason of its delicate Excellence. We are taught, at last, that without that first and sovereign Power, which raises Man above himself, the most shining Virtues are but Refinements of Self-Love, that makes it self the Center of all, becomes its own Deity, and is, at once, both the Idolater and the Idol. Nothing is more to be admired, than the Picture of the Philosopher whom Telemachus saw in Hell, and whos only Crime was the having idoliz'd his own Virtue.*

Thus

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Thus our Author's Moral is calculated to make us forget our own Being, in Order to refer it wholly to the Sovereign Being, and to make us its Adorers; as the Design of Politicks is to make us prefer the Publick before the private Good, and render us beneficent to Mankind. The Systems of Machiavel and Hobbes, and of two later Authors, Puffendorf and Grotius, are well known: The two first, under the vain and false Pretence, that the good of Society has Nothing in common with the essential Good of Man, which is Virtue, lay down no other Maxims of Government, but Craft, Artifice, Stratagems, Despotism, Injustice, and Irreligion. The other two Authors ground their Politicks only on Pagan Principles, which even fall short either of Plato's Commonwealth, or Tully's Offices. 'Tis true, these two Modern Philosophers have labour'd to be profitable to humane Society; but they seem to have had no other View, than to consult the happiness of Men in a Civil Capacity; whereas the Author of Telemachus is an Original, in his Uniting the most perfect Politicks, with the Notions of the most consummate Virtue. The great Principle on which his whole System turns, is, That the whole World is but an universal Commonwealth, and every Nation like a large Family; and from this great and bright Idea result what the Politicians call the Laws of Nature, and of Nations, equitable, generous, and full of Humanity. Upon these Principles, every single Country is no more consider'd as independent from the Rest; but all Mankind as an indivisible Whole: Nor is a Man confined to the Love of his own Country alone; but his Affection enlarges, becomes universal, and a diffusive Benevolence to all Mankind. From
C hence

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hence arise the Love of Foreigners or Hospitality; the mutual Confidence between neighbouring Nations; Good Faith, Justice and Peace amongst the Princes of the Universe, as well as between the private Men of each State. Our Author teaches us likewise, that the Glory of a Supreme Governor lies in making Men both Good and Happy; that the Prince's authority is never more firmly settled, than when it stands on the Affections of the People; and that the true Riches of a Kingdom consist in retrenching all the Superfluities of Life, and in being contented with a Competency, and plain and innocent Diversions. By this, he shews, That Virtue not only contributes to qualify Man for future Felicity; but also actually renders Society as happy as it is capable to be, in this Life.

2. The Moral of Telemachus is Noble in its Motives.

Secondly, The Moral of Telemachus is Noble in its Motives: His great Principle is, That the Love of the Fair is to be preferr'd before the Love of Pleasure, as Socrates and Plato use to speak; or the Honest before the Agreeable, according to Tully's expression: Which is the Source of noble Sentiments, Greatness of Soul, and all Heroick Virtues. 'Tis by these pure and elevated Ideas that he baffles and defeats, in a more affecting manner than by Disputation, the vain Philosophy of those, who make Pleasure the only Spring of Men's Actions. Our Poet shews, by the excellent Morality he makes his Heroes speak, and the generous Actions he causes them to perform, how far the Love of the Fair, and of Perfection, may prevail with a noble Spirit, and make him sacrifice his Pleasure to the toilsome Duties of Virtue. I am not ignorant, that this Heroick Virtue passes

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ses for a Chimera among vulgar Souls, and that Men of Fancy and Imagination have endeavoured to explode this sublime and solid Truth by many frivolous Witticisms; because finding Nothing in themselves equal to those great Sentiments, they therefore conclude, that humane Nature is not capable of them: But those are Dwarfs, who judge of the Strength of Giants by their own. Minds that are continually creeping and grovelling within the narrow bounds of Self love, will never be able to reach and comprehend the Power and Extent of a Virtue that raises Man above himself. Some Philosophers, who otherways have made useful discoveries, have yet been so far hurried away by Prepossession and Prejudice, as not sufficiently to distinguish between the Love of Order, and the Love of Pleasure; and to deny, that the Will may be as strongly moved and actuated by the clear View of Virtue, as by the natural Relish of Pleasure. One cannot seriously read Telemachus without being convinc'd of that great Principle: For there we see the generous Sentiments of a noble Soul, which conceives Nothing but what's Great; of a disinterested Mind, which continually forgets it self; of a Philosopher, who is not confined either within himself, or his own Nation, or indeed within any Thing that is particular: but who refers all things to the common Good of Mankind, and all Mankind to the Supreme Being.

In the Third Place, The Moral of Telemachus is, in its Practical Uses, Universal, Extensive, Fruitful, and Proportioned to all Times, Nations, Conditions, and Circumstances. Here are taught the Duties of a Prin-

3. *The Moral of Telemachus is Universal in its Practical Uses. ce, who*

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ce, who is at once a King, a Warrior, a Philosopher, and a Legislator. Here is display'd the Art of governing different Nations; the Way of maintaining Peace abroad with one's Neighbours; and yet of having still at Home a welltrain'd and disciplin'd Youth, always ready to defend the Kingdom; of enriching the Nation without falling into Luxury; and of finding a Medium between the Excesses of a Despotick Power, and the Disorders of Anarchy. Here are dispens'd wholesome Precepts for Agriculture, Commerce, Liberal Arts, Civil Government, and the Instruction of Children. In short, our Author brings into his Poem, not only Heroick and Royal Virtues, but even such as are proper for all Conditions; and while he informs the Mind of his Prince, he instructs no less every private Man in his Duty.

The End of the Iliad is to represent the fatal Consequences of Divisions among the Generals of an Army; the Odyssæis lets us know what Prudence, join'd with Valour, may enable a King to do; and the Æneis describes the Actions of a pious and courageous Hero. But all these particular Virtues do not render Mankind happy; and Telemachus goes far beyond all those Plans, by the Greatness, Number, and Extensiveness of his Moral Views; so that we may say, with the Philosopher

*The Abbot Ter-rasson.

who has criticized upon Homer, *The most profitable Gift the Muses ever bestowed upon Men, is Tele-machus: For if the Happiness of Mankind could result from a Poem, it would be owing to That.

OF POETRY.

It is an excellent Observation of Sir William Tem-

EPICK Poetry.

Temple, That the Powers of Musick, the Beauty of Painting, and the Force of Eloquence ought to be united in Poetry: But, as Poetry differs only from Eloquence, in that it paints with Enthusiasm, we rather chuse to say, That Poetry borrows its Harmony from Musick, its Passions from Painting, its Force and Justness from Philosophy.

The Style of Telemachus is Polite, Clean, Flowing, Magnificent, and hath all the Fertility of Homer, without his Exuberance and Luxuriance of Words. He never falls into Tautology; and when he speaks of the same Things, he does not call back the same Images, much less does he use the same Expressions over again. All his Periods fill the Ear with their Numbers and Cadency; nor is it ever shock'd with harsh Words, abstruse Terms, or affected Turns. He never speaks merely for the sake of speaking, or only of pleasing: All his Words carry a Thought, and all his Thoughts tend to the making of us Good.

Our Poet's Images are no less Perfect, than his Style Harmonious. To paint, is not only to describe Things, but to represent their Circumstances in so lively and so affecting a manner, that we may fancy we see them. As the Author of Telemachus has study'd the Heart of Man, and was acquainted with all its Springs, so he paints Passions with admirable Art. When we read his Poem, we can see Nothing but what he sets before our Eyes; we have no Ears but for those he makes speak: In short, he warms, he stirs, he commands all our Fac-

Harmony
of the Style
of Tele-
machus.

Excellen-
ce of the
Paintings
of Telema-
chus.

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culties; and we feel all the Passions he describes.

Of the Si-
miles and
Descripti-
ons of Te-
lemachus.

The Poets generally make use of two Ways of Painting, viz. Similes and Descriptions. The Similes of Telemachus are both Just and Noble: For, as the Author, on the one Hand, does not raise the Mind too far above his Subject by bold Metaphors; neither, on the other Hand, does he perplex it by too great a Variety of Images. He has imitated all that's beautiful and great in the Descriptions of the Ancients, the Fights, Games, Schipwrecks, Sacrifices, and the like, without dwelling on trifling things that make the Narrative flag; and without debasing the Majesty of the Epick Poem by the Description of low, trivial, and unpleasant Things. Sometimes, indeed, he descends to Particulars: But then again he never says any Thing that does not either deserve attention, or contribute to the Idea he designs to give. He follows Nature in all its various forms; for he knew perfectly well, That all manner of Discourses ought to have Inequalities; and be sometimes Sublime without Bombast; and sometimes plain without being low. 'Tis a false Taste, both in Painting and Poetry, the affecting to make every thing beautiful: His Descriptions are magnificent, but natural, simple, and yet agreeable. He not only paints to the Life, but also makes pleasing and beautiful Pictures; by uniting together both true Design, and fine Colouring; the Vivacity of Homer, and the Nobleness of Virgil. Nor is this all, for all the Descriptions in this Poem are not only calculated to please, but to instruct, at the same Time. If the Author speaks of a Rural Life, 'tis in Order to recommend the amiable Simplicity of Manners. If he describes Games and

Com-

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Combats, 'tis not only to celebrate the Funeral of a Friend or of a Father, as in the Iliad and Æneis; but in Order to chuse a King who may surpass all other Men in strength of Mind, as well as Body, and who may be equally capable of bearing the Fatigue of both. If he represents to us the Horrors of a Shipwreck, 'tis to inspirit his Hero with Constancy of Mind, and with an entire Resignation to the GODS, in the utmost Dangers. I might run over all those Descriptions, and find in them the like Beauties: But I shall content myself with observing, that in this new Edition, the ingraven Work on the dreadful Ægid (or Schield) which Minerva sent to Telemachus, is full of Art, and contains this sublime Moral, That Sciences and Agriculture are the Schield of a Prince, and the Support of a Kingdom; That a King armed with Wisdom always endeavours to procure Peace, and ever finds plentiful Resources against all the Calamities of War in a well train'd and laborious People, whose Minds and Bodies are equally inured to Labour.

As Poetry draws its Force and Justness from Philosophy, so we see Philosophy every where in Telemachus, a rich, lively and agreeable Imagination, and at the same Time, a just and profound Discernment. These two Qualities seldom meet in the same Person: For the Mind must be in an almost continual motion to invent, to express the Passions, and to imitate; and, at the same Time, in a perfect Tranquility, to judge as fast as it invents, and, among a thousand Thoughts that offer themselves, pitch upon that which suits best. In this Case, the Imagination must be raptured into a kind of Enthusiasm, whilst the Soul, peaceful

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in its Empire, curbs and turns it at its pleasure. Without this Passion, which animates, all the Narration appears cold, languid, abstracted historical; and without that exquisite and overruling Judgment, it is false and deceitful.

Compari-
son of the
Poetry of
Telemachus with
Homer and
Virgil.

*The Fire * of Homer, especially in the Iliad, is impetuous and fierce, like a flaming Whirlpool that sets all in Combustion; the Fire of Virgil has more Light than Warmth, but is ever equally bright; that of Telemachus warms and lights at once, according as there is occasion either to persuade or to strike the Passions. When this Flame lights, it gives, at the same Time, a gentle and inoffensive Heat; such as we find in Mentor's discoursing upon Politicks, and in Telemachus's expounding the Laws of Minos. These pure Ideas fill the Mind with their gentle Warmth, whereas Enthusiasm and Poetical Fire would offend, like the too fierce Rays of the Sun, that dazzle one's Eyes.*
When

** Mr. Pope, in his Preface to his Translation of Homer's Iliad, has this Observation, Where this Poetical Fire appears, though attended with Absurdities, it brightens all the Rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own Splendor. This Fire is discern'd in Virgil, but discern'd as through a Glass, reflected and more shining than warm, but every where equal and constant: In Lucan and Statius it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted Flashes: In Milton it glows like a Furnace kept up to an uncommon Fierceness by the Force of Art: In Shakespear it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental Fire from Heaven: But in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.*

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When there is no more Occasion for Reasoning, but only for Acting; when one clearly sees Truth; and when Reflections proceed merely from Irresolution and Suspence, then, indeed, the Poet strikes a Fire and a Passion that determines, and even hurries on to a fixed Resolution, a languid Soul, which had not the Courage to embrace Truth. The Episode of Telemachus's Amours in the Island of Calypso, is full of this sort of Fire.

This excellent and judicious Mixture of Brightness and Warmth, distinguishes our Poet from Homer and Virgil. The Enthusiasm of the first, makes him sometimes forget the Rules of Art, neglect Order, and trespass upon the Bounds of Nature: Which was owing to the strength and rapid Flight of his great Genius, that hurry'd him on in spite of himself. The pompous Magnificence, the sound Judgment, and Conduct of Virgil, sometimes degenerate into a too nice and measured Regularity, wherein the Poet seems to dwindle into an Historian. The latter, however, is far better liked by our Philosophical Modern Poets, than the former; undoubtedly, because they are sensible, that 'tis far easier to imitate by Art the great Judgment of the Latin Poet, than the Noble Fire of the Grecian, which Nature alone can bestow.

Our Author cannot but please all sorts of Poets, whether they be Philosophers, or only Admirers of Enthusiasm: For he has united the Clearness and Solidity of the Understanding, with the Beauties and Charms of the Imagination; he proves Truth as a Philosopher; he renders the Truth he has proved amiable by the Sentiments he excites. With him all is solid, true, persuasive, and engaging; without any Witticisms or glittering Thoughts,

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which are only design'd to make the Author admired. He has followed the great Precept of Plato, who says, That whoever writes, ought to conceal himself, disappear, and even forget himself, and only set forth the Truths he intends to persuade, and the Passions he means to purify and refine.

In Telemachus all is Reason, all Sentiment, or Sense, which makes it a Poem of all Nations, and of all Ages. All Strangers are equally affected with it; nor do the Translations that have been made of it into Languages less nice and polite than the French, efface its original Beauties.

* Madam *ties.* * The learned Defendress * of Dacier. Homer assures us, That the Greek

Poet loses infinitely by a Translation, it being impossible to convey into it the Force, Nobleness, and Spirit of his Poetry: But we make bold to say, That Telemachus will ever preserve, in all Languages, its Strength, Nobleness, Spirit, and essential Beauties. The Reason of it is, because the Excellency of this Poem does not lie in the happy and harmonious Ranging of the Words, nor even in the Beauties borrow'd from the Imagination; but in a sublime Taste of Truth, in noble and elevated Sentiments, and in the natural, delicate, and judicious manner of creating them. Such Beauties are of all Languages, Times, and Countries, and equally affect sound Judgments, and great Souls, throughout the Universe. Several Objections have been raised against Telemachus, and first of all, That it is not in Verse or Rhime.

First Objections
against Telemachus.

Answer.

Verseification, according to Aristotle, Dionysius Halycarnasseus, and

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and Strabo, is not essential in an Epick Poem, which may be written in Prose, as well as some Tragedies are written without Rhimes. A Man may make Verses without Poetry; and, on the other Hand, one may be a Poet, and yet not versify. Versification may be learn'd or imitated by Art, but a Man must be born a Poet: For 'tis not a fix'd Number, and the regular Cadency of Syllables that makes Poetry; but a lively Fiction, or Invention, bold Figures, and Metaphors, and the Beauty and Variety of Images: 'Tis the Enthusiasm, the Vivacity or Fire, the Impetuousness, the Energy; something, in short, in the Expressions and Thoughts which Nature alone can bestow. All these Qualities are found in Telemachus, whose Author therefore has perform'd what Strabo says of Cadmus, Pherecides and Hercateus; He has perfectly imitated Poetry, only by breaking the Measure, but has preserv'd all the other Poetical Beauties. This Mr. de la Motte has happily express'd in one of his Odes,**, as follows:*

Nôtre Age retrouve un Homere,
 Dans ce Poëme Salutaire,
 Par la Vertu même inventé:
 Les Nymphes de la double Cime,
 Ne l'affranchirent de la Rime,
 Qu'en faveur de la Verité.

That is,
*In young Telemachus old Homer lives,
 And all that's great in ancient Greece revives:*
By

* This is best exemplify'd by our great English Poets, who have written in Blank Verse.

** First Ode of Mr. de la Motte to the French Academy.

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*By VIRTUE's self this Poem was design'd,
T'instruct the World and to reform Mankind;
And that true Sense might brighten ev'ry Line,
Th'indulgent Muse unfetter'd it from Rhime.*

Moreover, I doubt, whether the Constraint of Rhimes, and the scrupulous Regularity of our European Construction of Periods, together with the fixed and measured Number of Feet in our French Poetry, would not very much slacken the Flight and Vehemence of Heroick Poetry. In Order effectually to strike and raise the Passions, Order and Connection must often be disregarded; and therefore the ancient Greek and Roman Poets, who painted and described every thing with Vivacity and Taste, made use of inverted Phrases and their Words having no fix'd Place, they marshall'd them as they thought convenient for the purpose. The European Languages are a Compound of the Latin, and of the Jargons of all the barbarous Nations that over-ran and subdued the Roman Empire. Those Northern People, like the bleak Climate from whence they came, froze-up every Thing by the cold Regularity of their Syntax; being unacquainted with that fine Variety of long and short Syllables, which so well expresses the nice Motions of the Soul. They pronounced every Thing with the same Coldness, and knew no other Harmony in Words, than the vain Gingle of final Syllables of the same Sound. Some Italians, and a few Spaniards have endeavour'd to free their

* I suppose the Author means Milton. Versification from the constraint of Rhime; in which Attempt an English* Poet has had wonderful success; and has likewise very happily begun to introduce Inversions of Phrases into

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into his Language. Who knows but the French may one Day resume that noble Liberty of the Greeks and Romans?

There are those, who through a gross Ignorance of the noble Freedom of the Epick Poem, have found fault with Telemachus, for being full of Anachronisms.

Second
Objection
against Te-
lemachus.

Answer.

The Author of this Poem has herein imitated the Prince of the Latin Poets, who could not be ignorant, that Dido was not Cotemporary with Æneas. Pygmalion, in Telemachus, Brother to the same Dido; Sesostris, who is supposed to have lived about the same Time, &c; are no more Faults than the Anachronism of Virgil. Why should we blame a Poet for failing sometimes in Chronology, when 'tis sometimes a Beauty to fail in the Order of Nature? I own, it would not be allowed to contradict an History in a Matter of Fact not far off from the present Time; but as to remote Antiquity, whose Annals are so uncertain, and wrapt up in so great Obscurity, a Poet, in the Opinion of Aristotle and Horace, ought sometimes to follow Probability rather than Truth. Some Historians have written, that Dido was Chaste; Penelope Loose; that Helen was never in Troy, or Æneas in Italy; and yet Homer and Virgil have not scrupled to deviate from Truth, in Order to render their Fables more instructive. Why should the Author of Telemachus, whose Design was to instruct a young Prince, be deny'd the Liberty of bringing together the Heroes of Antiquity, Telemachus, Sesostris, Nestor, Idomeneus, Pygmalion, and Adrastus, in Order to express in the same Picture, the Characters of good and bad Princes, whose

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whose Virtues were to be imitated, and whose Vices to be avoided.

Third Ob-
jection
against Te-
lemachus.

Some few find fault with the Author of Telemachus, for having related in his Poem the Story of the Amours of Calypso and Eucharis, and several other Descriptions of that nature, which seem too passionate.

The best Answer to this Objection
Answer. is, the Effect which Telemachus wrought on the Mind of the Prince, for whose Instruction it was written. Persons of an inferior Condition stand not so much in need of being cautioned against the Dangers to which the highest Elevation and Authority expose them who are destin'd to wear Crown. If our Poet had written for a Man who was to pass away his Life in Obscurity, such Descriptions would, indeed, have been of no great Use to him; but for a young Prince, in the midst of a Court where Gallantry passes for Politeness, where every Object is a Bait and an Incentive to Pleasure, and where all that surround him, are busy to seduce him: Nothing, certainly, was more necessary than to represent to him, with that amiable Modesty, Innocence and Wisdom, that are conspicuous in Telemachus, all the inveigling Arts of fond Love; than to paint to him that Vice in its imaginary Beauty, in Order to make him sensible afterwards, of its real Deformity; than to shew him the whole Depth of the Abyss, to prevent his falling into it, and even to keep him from coming near the Brink of so horrid a Precipice. 'Twas therefore a Piece of Wisdom worthy our Author, to caution his Disciple against the fond Passions of Youth, by Calypso's Fable; and to give him, in the

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the Story of Antiope, the Example of a chaste and lawful Love. By representing to us, in this manner, that Passion, sometimes as a Weakness unworthy of a great Soul, sometimes as a Virtue worthy of a Hero, he shews us, that Love is not below the Majesty of the Epopœa, and thereby he reconciles, in his Poem, the tender Passions of modern Romances, with the Historical Virtues of ancient Poetry.

Some are of Opinion, that the Fourth Author of Telemachus exhausts his Objection Subject too much, through the Luxu- against Te- riancy and Richness of his Genius; lemachus, that he says all, and leaves Nothing for others to think of; and that, like Homer, he sets whole Nature before our Eyes; whereas, we are generally better pleased with an Author, who, like Horace, comprehends a great deal of Matter in few Words, and gives his Readers the Satisfac- tion of unfolding his Hints.

'Tis certain, that 'tis not possible Answer, for the Imagination to add any Thing to our Poet's Pictures: But as the Mind attends his Notions, it both opens and extends it self. When he draws, his Paintings are finish'd and perfect; and when he instructs, his Knowledge is fruitful, and proves to us a rich Source of noble Thoughts, which did not at first appear, and which even all his fertile Eloquence did not express. He leaves Nothing for Fancy to imagine, and yet affords the Mind a great deal of Matter for Reflection; which became the Character of the Prince for whom alone this Work was design'd. There shone in him through his Infancy, a fruitful and happy Imagination; an elevated and extensive Genius, which made him relish the Beauties

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ties of Homer and Virgil; which great natural Parts suggested to our Author the Design of a Poem proper to cultivate them, and which should comprehend the Excellencies of those two Poets. This affluence of fine Images was essential in such a Work, in Order to employ the Imagination, and form the Taste of the Prince; and by that Means enable him to receive, as if it were of his own accord, the Truths prepared for his Mind, and to turn them into Nourishment. 'Tis plain enough, that those Beauties might as easily have been suppress'd, as brought forth, and that they result from Design as well as from a rich Source, in Order to serve both the Occasions of the Prince, and the Views of the Author.

It has also been objected, That Fifth Ob- neither the Hero, nor the Fable of jection this Poem have any Relation to the against Te- French Nation; whereas Homer lemachus. and Virgil, by chusing Actions and Actors out of the Histories of their respective Countries, have raised a Concern in the Greeks and Romans.

Answer. If our Author has not affected the French Nation in particular, he has still done more, for he has affected all Mankind. His Plan is much more extensive than either of the two ancient Poets: For it is far greater to instruct all Men at once, than to confine one's Precepts within a particular Country. Self-love makes every Thing center in it self, and subsists even in the Love of one's Country; but a generous Mind ought to have larger Views.

Yet, after all, France had a particular Concern and Satisfaction in a Work calculated to from a King who might one day govern her, according

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according to her Exigencies and Desires, like a Father of the People, and a Christian Hero. The Dawning of that Prince's Life, gave at once both the Hopes and the First-Fruits of his riper Years: The Neighbours of France began already to share in it, as an universal Felicity, and so the Fable of the Greek became the History of the French Prince.

The Author had still a more excellent Design, than that of pleasing his own Nation; for he meant to serve her, without her Knowledge, by contributing towards the forming of a Prince, who even in his youthful Sports, seem'd to be born to compleat her Felicity and Glory. That august young Prince relish'd Fables and Mythology, and therefore, it was fitting to improve his Taste, and to let him perceive what's Simple, Natural, and Great, in what he thought Solid and Beautiful; and by affecting Examples, imprint in him the general Principles, which might caution him against the Dangers that attend the highest Elevation and Supreme Power.

With this View a Greek Hero, in imitation of Homer's and Virgil's Poetry, and the Stories of Foreign Countries, Times and Events, suited perfectly well; and were, perhaps, the only Means to set the Author at full Liberty to draw and paint with Truth and Force, all the Dangers that threaten Sovereigns in all succeeding Ages.

By a natural and necessary Consequence, these universal Truths happen to have some Relation to the Histories of the Times, and to the present Circumstances: For the Fictions, abstracted from all Application, and intended to

D

inform

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inform the Infancy of a young Prince, contain Precepts for all the Moments and Periods of his Life.

This Agreement and Conformity of general Moralities, with all manner of private Circumstances, causes the Author's fruitful Fancy, Penetration and Wisdom to be admired; but yet does not excuse the Injustice of his Enemies, who have maliciously endeavour'd to find in his Telemachus certain odious Allegories; and who, to turn his wisest and most moderate Counsels, into injurious Satyrs against those for whom he had the highest Veneration, had inverted the Characters, fix'd imaginary Resemblances to them, and poyson'd his purest Intentions. Now, could the Author, in this Case, suppress those fundamental Maxims of wholesome Morality and Politicks, because the most cautious Manner of delivering them that could be thought of, was not able to screen them from the Malice of Critiks, without betraying his Trust and Conscience?

Upon the whole Matter, our illustrious Author has united in his Poem the greatest Beauties of the Ancients: For he has both all the Enthusiasm and Richness of Homer, and all the Magnificence and Regularity of Virgil. Like the Greek Poet, he paints every Thing with Force, Simplicity, and Life: There is Variety in his Fable, and Diversity in his Characters; his Reflections are moral; his Descriptions lively; his Imagination fruitful; and every where one meets that Spirit and Fire which Nature alone can bestow. Like the Latin Poet, he perfectly observes the Unity of the Action

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Action, the Uniformity of the Characters, the Order and Rules of Art: His Judgment is profound, and his Thoughts lofty and elevated; whilst he unites the Natural with the Noble, and the Simple with the Sublime. Every where the Art becomes Nature: But our Poet's Hero is more perfect than either the Greek's or the Latin's; for his Morality is more pure, and his Sentiments more noble. From all these we may conclude, That the Author of Telema- chus has shewn by this Poem, That the French are capable of all the Delicacy of the Greeks, and of all the great Sentiments of the Romans; and that the Elogy of the Author, is the Elogy of his own Nation.

The End of the Discourse on the *Epick* Poem.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS
The SON of
ULYSSES

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, led by Minerva under the Shape of Mentor, having suffer'd Shipwreck, lands in the Island of the Goddess Calypso, who was still lamenting the Departure of Ulysses. She gives him a kind Reception, is smitten with Love of him, offers to make him Immortal, and desires to know his Adventures. He relates his Voyage to Pylos and Sparta; his being shipwreck'd on the Coast of Sicily; the Danger he run of being sacrific'd on the Tomb of Anchises; how Mentor and he assisted Acestes in repelling an Incursion of Barbarians; and how that King acknowledged that Service, by giving them a Phœnician Ship to return home.

CALYPSO continu'd disconsolate for the Departure of *Ulysses*: Her Grief was so violent, that she thought her self unhappy in being immortal: Her *Grotto* no more eccho'd to her tuneful Voice: The Nymphs that serv'd her, durst not venture to speak to her: She often walk'd alone on the flowry Turf, with which an everlasting Spring had edg'd her Istand round. But these beautiful Walks were so far from asswaging her Grief, that they serv'd only to revive the killing Remembrance of *Ulysses*, whose Company she had so often enjoy'd in those Places. Sometimes she stood still and wept, watering the Shore with her Tears, and always turning her Eyes to that side where she had seen *Ulysses's* Ship ploughing the Waves; when, on a sudden, she perceiv'd the broken Pieces of a Vessel that was just then split upon the Rocks, the Oars and Seats of the Rowers scatter'd here and there upon the Sands; the Mast, Rudder and Cables floating near the Shore.

Immediately after this, she descry'd two Men at a Distance, one of them appearing to be aged, and the other, tho' young, resembling *Ulysses*; the same Sweetness and Dignity in his Looks, the same noble Mien and majestick Port. The Goddess presently knew him to be *Telemachus*, the Son of that Hero. But tho' the Deities of this Order far surpass all Men in knowledge, yet she cou'd not discover who was the venerable Person that accompany'd *Telemachus*: For the superior Gods conceal from the inferior whatever they please; and *Minerva*, who in the Shape of *Mentor*, accompany'd *Telemachus*, would not be known to *Calypso*.

In the mean Time, *Calypso*, overjoy'd at this Shipwreck that had brought the Son of *Ulysses*, and so like his Father, into her Island, advanc'd towards him; and without seeming to know who he was, How had you, said she, the Confidence to enter my Island? Know, young Stranger, that none unpunish'd come withing my Dominions: Under such menacing Language she endeavour'd to cover the Joy of her Heart, which for all this appear'd in her Face.

Telemachus answer'd, Oh! whoever you are, whether a Mortal or a Goddess, (tho' sure your Aspect speaks you a Deity) can you be insensible of a Son's Misfortune, who seeking his Father, through the Dangers of Winds and Seas, has seen his Ship dash'd in Pieces against your Rocks? Who, I pray, reply'd the Goddess, is that Father you seek? He is call'd *Ulysses*, said *Telemachus*, and is one of those Kings, who after a Siege of ten Years, destroy'd the famous City of *Troy*. His Name is celebrated in all Parts of *Greece* and *Asia*, for his Valour in Fight, and much more for his Wisdom in Council: But now he wanders in unknown Seas, and has past most astonishing Dangers. His Country seems to fly from him: His wife *Penelope*, and I, who am his Son, have lost all Hopes of seeing him again. I run the same Hazards he has done, to learn where he is. But, what do I say! It may be he is now bury'd in the profound Abyss of the Sea. Oh Goddess! pity our Misfortunes; and if you know what the Fates have done, either tho save or destroy *Ulysses*, disdain not to inform his Son *Telemachus*.

Calypso, fill'd with Amazement and Compassion, to find so much Wisdom and Eloquence

ce in so much Youth, could not satiate her Eyes with looking on him, and stood for some Time silent. At last she said to him, We will inform you, Oh *Telemachus*! what has happen'd to your Father; but the Story is long to tell, and 'tis high Time to repose, after all the Fatigues you have endur'd. Come into my Habitation, and I will receive you as my Son: Come, you shall be my Comfort in this Solitude, and I will make you happy, if you know how to be so.

Telemachus follow'd the Goddess, who was surrounded by a Crowd of young Nymphs, and surpass'd them all in Stature, as a well grown Oak of the Forest raises his lofty head above the rest of the Trees. He admir'd the lustre of her Beauty, the rich Purple of her long and floating Robes; her Hair carelessly, but gracefully ty'd behind her Neck; the Fire that darted from her Eyes, and the Sweetness that temper'd this Vivacity. *Mentor*, with a modest Silence, and looking towards the Ground, follow'd *Telemachus*.

Arriving at the Entrance of *Calypso's* Grotto, *Telemachus* was surpriz'd to see whatever might charm the Eye, cover'd under the Appearance of rural Simplicity. There was neither Gold nor Silver to be seen, no Marble nor Pillars of Stone, no Painting nor Statues: But the Grotto was cut into divers Vaults within the Rock, which were incrust'd with Shells and Rock-work. The Tapistry was a young Vine, extending its tender Branches equally on every Side. The gentle *Zephyrs* preserv'd a refreshing Coolness in this Place, secure from the scorching Heat of the Sun. Springs of pure Water ran sweetly, whispering through the Meadows,

that were painted with Violets and Amaranthus, and form'd divers natural Baths, as clear and as bright as Chrystal. A thousand Flowers enamell'd the green Turf that surrounded the Grotto. There was an entire Wood of those Trees that bear Golden Apples, and put forth Flowers in all Seasons, yielding the sweetest of all Perfumes. This Wood seem'd to crown the beautiful Meadows, and made an artificial Night, which the Beams of the Sun could not penetrate. Here nothing was ever heard, but the singing of Birds, or the Noise of Waters impetuously precipitating from the Rocks, and gliding away through the Meadow.

The Grotto of the Goddess was on the Descent of a Hill, from whence she had a View of the Sea, one while clear and smooth as Glass, at another Time, vainly angry with the Rocks, swelling into Waves, and breaking to Pieces against them. From another Side, she might see a River, in which were many little Islands, border'd with flowering Lime-Trees, and lofty Poplars that rear'd their stately Heads to the Clouds. The several Channels that form'd these Islands, seem'd to play and sport between the Banks, some rowling their Waters with Rapidity, others more gently and quietly; and others, after many Windings, returning as it were to the Spring from whence they came, seem'd unwilling to leave the charming Place. One might see, afar off, many Hills and Mountains hiding their Heads in the Clouds, and forming such odd and unusual Figures, as yielded a most agreeable Prospect. The Hills, that stood at less Distance, were cover'd with Vines that hung
in

in *Festoons*, the Grapes of which surpass'd the richest Purple in colour, and could not conceal themselves under the Leaves of the Trees, that bow'd under the Weight of their Fruit. The Fig-tree, the Olive, and the Pomegranate, with all Kinds of other Trees, cover'd the Rest of the Country, and made it one entire Garden.

Calypso, having shew'd *Telemachus* all these Beauties of Nature, said to him, It is Time for you to repose, and shift your wet Garments; after which, we will see one another again, and I will tell you some Things that shall affect your Heart. Having said this, she caus'd them both to enter into the most private and retir'd Part of a Grotto, adjoining to that in which she dwelt. Her Nymphs had taken Care to light in it a Fire of Cedar, which fill'd the Apartment with an agreeable Scent, and had left all necessary Apparel for the two Strangers. *Telemachus*, finding that the Goddess had design'd him a Tunick of the finest Wool, and white as Snow, with a Gown of Purple, richly embroider'd with Gold, was, like a young Man, infinitely pleas'd with this Magnificence: Hereupon *Mentor* told him, with a grave and severe Voice, 'Are these, O *Telemachus*! the Thoughts that ought to possess the Heart of the Son of *Ulysses*? Think rather to maintain the Reputation your Father has acquir'd, and to overcome the Persecutions of Fortune. A young Man, who loves to dress like a Woman, is unworthy of Wisdom and Glory. The Heart that knows not how to suffer Pain, and despise Pleasure, is unfit to possess those glorious Advantages.

Telemachus with a deep Sigh answer'd, May the Gods destroy me rather, than suffer me to fall under the Power of effeminate Pleasures. No, the Son of *Ulysses* shall never be subdu'd by the Charms of a soft and unworthy Life. But what favour of Heaven has brought us, after our Shipwreck, to this Goddess, or Mortal, who receives us with so much Goodness?

'Tremble, reply'd *Mentor*, lest in the End she overwhelm you with evil; be more afraid of her insinuating Charms, than of the Rocks that split your Ship. Death and Shipwreck are less dreadful than the Pleasures that attack Virtue. Be upon your Guard, and beware of believing any Thing she shall say to you. Youth is full of Presumption and Arrogance, tho' Nothing in the World be so frail; it fears Nothing, and vainly relies upon its own Strength; believing all Things with the utmost Levity, and without any Precaution. Beware of hearkening to the soft and flattering Words of *Calypso*, which will slide into your Heart with Pleasure. Fear the conceal'd Poison, distrust your self, and determine nothing without my Counsel.

After this, they return'd to *Calypso*, who waited for them; and presently her Nymphs, dress'd in white, with their plaited Hair, brought in a Plain, but exquisite Repast, consisting of Birds that they had taken with Nets, and of Venison that they had kill'd with their Bows. Wine sweeter than Nectar, flow'd from the Jars of silver into golden Bowls, that were crown'd with Flowers. All sorts of Fruit that the Spring promises,

mises, and Autumn ripens, were in Profusion brought in Baskets, and four young Nymphs began to sing. First, they sung the War of the Gods against the Giants; then the Amours of *Jupiter* and *Semele*; the Birth of *Bacchus*, and his Education under the Care of old *Silenus*; the Race of *Atalanta* and *Hippomenes*, who was overcome by the Means of the Golden Apples, gathered in the Garden of the *Hesperides*. Last of all they sung the War of *Troy*, and extolled the Valour and Wisdom of *Ulysses* to the Heavens. The chief of the Nymphs, whose Name was *Leucothoe*, accompany'd their sweet Voices with her tuneful Lute. When *Telemachus* heard the Name of his Father, the Tears that flow'd down his Cheeks, gave a new Lustre to his Beauty. But *Calypso* perceiving that he could not eat, and that he was seiz'd with Grief, made a Sign to the Nymphs, and presently they began to sing the Fight between the *Centaur*s and *Lapithæ*, and the Descent of *Orpheus* into Hell, to bring back from thence his dear *Eurydice*.

The Repast being over, the Goddess took *Telemachus* aside, and said to him, You see, O Son of the great *Ulysses*! with what Favour I receive you: I am Immortal, and no Mortal can enter into this Island, without being punish'd for his rash Attempt; nay, even your Shipwreck should not secure you from the Effects of my Indignation, if I did not love you. Your Father had the same Happiness you now enjoy; but, alas! he knew not how to use it. I detain'd him a long Time in this Island, and, had he been contented, he might have liv'd with
me

me in immortal Condition: But a fond Passion to return to his wretched Country, made him reject all these Advantages. You see what he has lost for the sake of the Isle of *Ithaca*, which he could not see again. He resolv'd to leave me; he went away, and I was reveng'd by a Storm. After his Vessel had serv'd for Sport to the Winds, it was bury'd under the Waves. Make a right use of so sad an Example; for after his Shipwreck, you can neither hope to see him again, nor ever to reign in the Island of *Ithaca*. Forget this Loss, and remember you have found a Goddess, that offers to make you happy and to present you with a Kingdom. To these Words, *Calypso* added many more, to shew him, how happy *Ulysses* had been with her. She related his Adventures in the Cave of the *Cyclop Polyphemus*, and the Disaster that beset him in the Country of *Antiphates*, King of the *Lestrigons*; not forgetting what happen'd to him in the Island of *Circe*, Daughter to the Sun; nor the Dangers he pass'd between *Sylla* and *Charybdis*. She represented the last Storm that *Neptune* had rais'd against him, when he left her, intimating that he had perish'd in that Shipwreck; but conceal'd his Arrival in the Island of the *Pheacians*.

Telemachus, who at first had too easily abandon'd himself to Joy, upon his being so well receiv'd by *Calypso*, now began to perceive her Artifices, and the Wisdom of those Counsels that *Mentor* had just given him. He answer'd in a few Words, O Goddess; pardon my Grief, which at present I cannot overcome; it may be, hereafter I may have more Force to relish

lish the Fortune you offer me. Give me Leave at this Time to mourn for my Father; for you know better than I, how much he deserves to be regretted.

Calypso, not daring to press him any farther on that Subject, feign'd to sympathize with him in his Affliction, and to shew herself passionately concern'd for the Loss of *Ulysses*; but that she might the better find the way to his Heart, she ask'd him, in what manner he had suffer'd Shipwreck, and by what Adventures he was brought to her Island? The Relation of my Misfortunes, said he, would be too long. No, no, reply'd she, I am in pain to know them, and therefore give me that Satisfaction. After much Sollicitation, she prevailed with him, and he began thus:

I parted from *Ithaca*, with Intention to enquire of those Kings that are return'd from the Siege of *Troy*, what they knew concerning my Father: The Lovers of my Mother *Penelope*, were surprized at my Departure, which I had taken Care to conceal from them, because I was well acquainted with their Perfidiousness. But neither *Nestor*, whom I saw at *Pylos*, nor *Mene-laüs*, who received me with Affection at *Lacedæmon*, could inform me whether my Father were still alive. Weary with living always in Suspense and Uncertainty, I resolv'd to go into *Sicily*, where I had heard my Father had been driven by the Winds: But the sage *Mentor*, who is here present, oppos'd this rash Design, representing to me on the one Hand, the *Cyclops*, who are monstrous Giants that destroy Men;
on

on the other, the Fleet of *Æneas* and the *Trojans*, who were upon that Coast. These *Trojans*, said he, are highly incens'd against all the *Greeks*, and they would take a singular Pleasure to shed the Blood of the Son of *Ulysses*. Return therefore to *Ithaca*, it may be, your Father, who is a Favourite of Heaven, may arrive there as soon as you. But if the Gods have resolv'd his Destruction, and he is never more to see his Country, at least it becomes you to revenge him against his Rivals, to deliver your Mother, and to give such Proofs of your Wisdom to all the People of *Greece*, that they may know you are as worthy to reign, as ever *Ulysses* was. This Counsel was wholesome and honourable, but I had not Prudence enough to follow it, and hearken'd only to my own Passion; yet the wise *Mentor* lov'd me to such a Degree, that he condescended to accompany me in that Voyage, which I rashly undertook against his Advice; and the Gods permitted that I should commit a Fault, which was to cure me of my Presumption.

Whilst he spoke, *Calypso* look'd earnestly, and not without Astonishment, upon *Mentor*. She thought she perceiv'd something Divine in him, but could not disentangle the Confusion of her Thoughts; which caused her to continue apprehensive and diffident in the Presence of this unknown Person; But fearing, above all Things, to discover the Disorder of her Mind, proceed, said she to *Telemachus*, and satisfy my Curiosity; which he did in this manner:

We steer'd for some Time with a favourable

rable Wind for *Sicily*; but then, a violent Storm arising, depriv'd us of the Sight of Heaven, and involv'd us in the Obscurity of Night: But, by some Flashes of Lightning, we perceiv'd other Ships expos'd to the same Danger, which, when we understood to be the Fleet of *Aeneas*, we thought them no less formidable to us than the Rocks themselves. In that Moment I comprehended, tho' too late, what the Heat of imprudent Youth had hinder'd me from considering before. *Mentor*, in the midst of this Danger, appear'd not only resolute and intrepid, but more chearful than he us'd to be. 'Twas he that inspir'd me with Resolution, and I felt the extraordinary Force of his Encouragements. He gave out all necessary Orders, when the Pilot was beside himself. I said to him, my dear *Mentor*, why did I refuse to follow your Counsels? Am I not unhappy, to act by my own Advice, at such an Age, as has no Foresight of Futurity, no Experience of Things past, nor Moderation to govern the present? Oh! if ever we escape this Storm, I resolve to distrust my self, as I would my most dangerous Enemy, and to believe you alone for ever.

To this *Mentor* answer'd smiling, I shall not blame you for the Fault you have committed: 'Tis enough that you are sensible of it, and make it serve hereafter to moderate your Desires. Perhaps, when the Danger is past, Presumption will return; but however, Courage must support you. Before we launch into Danger, we must foresee, and ever dread it; but when once in it, we have nothing left

left but a generous Contempt. Shew your self, therefore, worthy of the Son of *Ulysses*, and let your Courage be greater than the Dangers that threaten.

I was charm'd with the Sweetness and Magnanimity of the wise *Mentor*, but I was much more surpriz'd when I saw with what Dexterity he brought about our Deliverance. The *Trojans* were so near, that they could not fail to discover who we were, as soon as the Light should appear; which *Mentor* knowing, and in that instant, perceiving one of their Ships which was separated from the rest of the Fleet to be something like ours, except certain Garlands of Flowers that she carry'd at her Stern, he hung up the same sorts of Flowers on the same part of our Ship, and fasten'd them himself with Ribbands of the same Colour with those of the *Trojans*. He order'd the Rowers to bow themselves as low as the Oar would permit, that they might not be discover'd by the Enemy. In this manner he pass'd through the midst of their Fleet, whilst they shouted for Joy to see us, supposing we were their Companions, whom they thought to be lost. We were forc'd to go along with them by the Violence of the Weather; for a considerable Time; but at last we found Means to lag a little behind, and whilst they were driven by the Winds towards the Shore of *Africa*, we exerted our utmost Efforts to make the nearest Coast of *Sicily*.

We arriv'd as we design'd; but that which we sought, prov'd almost as fatal to us, as the
the

the Fleet we avoided; we found more *Trojans*, and consequently Enemies to all *Greeks*; for old *Acestes* reign'd in these Parts. As soon as we got ashore, the Inhabitants taking us to be either some other People of the Island come to surprize them, or else Strangers that design'd to seize their Country, burnt our Ship, kill'd our Companions, and reserv'd only *Mentor* and me to be presented to *Acestes*, that we might inform him of our Designs, and whence we came. We were brought into the Town with our Hands ty'd behind our Backs, and our Death was defer'd only to make us a Spectacle to a cruel People, as soon as they should know we were *Greeks*.

We were straightway presented to *Acestes*, who sat with a golden Scepter in his Hand, distributing Justice, and preparing himself for a great Sacrifice. He ask'd us, with a severe Voice, of what Country we were, and the Occasion of our Voyage? *Mentor* immediately answer'd, We come from the Coast of *Great Hesperia*, and our Country is not far from thence. By this means he avoided to say that we were *Greeks*. But *Acestes* would hear no more, and taking us for Persons that conceal'd some bad Design, he commanded us to be sent into a neighbouring Forest, there to serve as Slaves to those who look'd after the Cattle. This Condition seem'd more terrible to me than Death. I cry'd out, O King! order us rather to suffer Death, than to be treated so unworthily. Know, that I am *Telemachus*, the Son of wise *Ulysses*, King of the *Ithacians*. I seek my Father in all Parts
E of

of the World ; and if I can neither find him, nor return to my own Country , nor avoid Servitude , take that Life from me which I cannot bear.

Scarce had I pronounc'd these Words, when all the People in a Rage cry'd out, *That the Son of the cruel Ulysses must die, whose Artifices had destroy'd the City of Troy.* O Son of Ulysses ! said *Acestes*, I cannot refuse your Blood to the *Manes* of so many *Trojans*, that your Father precipitated to the Banks of the black *Cocytus*. You and your Conductor shall die. At the same Time, an old Man of the Company propos'd to the King, that we should be sacrific'd upon the Tomb of *Anchises*. Their Blood, said he, will be grateful to the Soul of that Hero. *Aeneas* himself, when he hears of the Sacrifice, will be overjoy'd to see how much you love what was dearer to him than all other Things in the World. Every one applauded his Proposition, and nothing remain'd but to put it in Execution. We were led to the Tomb of *Anchises*, where two Altars were erected, and the sacred Fire kindled. The Knife was brought, we were crown'd with Garlands , and no Mercy cou'd save our Lives. Our Fate was determin'd , when *Mentor* calmly desir'd to speak with the King ; and having receiv'd permission , said , O *Acestes* ! If the Misfortunes of young *Telemachus*, who never carry'd Arms against the *Trojans*, may not plead for him, at least let your own Interest move you. The Knowledge I have acquir'd to presage, and foretell, the Will of the Gods , informs me,
That

That before the end of three Days, you will be attack'd by a barbarous People, who will come down like a Torrent from the Mountains, to destroy your City, and ravage your whole Country. Hasten to prevent them; arm your People, and from this Moment begin to secure within these Walls the rich Herds and Flocks you have in the Fields. If my Prediction be false, you may sacrifice us when the three Days are expir'd; but if, on the contrary, it prove true, remember, that no one ought to take away the Lives of those, by whom his own was preserv'd.

Acesles was astonish'd at these Words, which *Mentor* spoke with more Assurance than he had ever found in any Man. I see, said he, O Stranger! that the Gods, who have granted you so small a Share in the Favours of Fortune, have, in Recompence, given you such Wisdom as is more valuable than the highest Prosperity. At the same Time he put off the Sacrifice, and issu'd out all necessary Orders, with the utmost Diligence, to prevent the Attack that *Mentor* had foretold. On all Sides were to be seen old Men and Women trembling for Fear, and accompany'd with great Numbers of young Children, bath'd in Tears, and retiring into the City. The lowing Oxen and bleating Sheep left the rich Pastures, and came along in Confusion; but their Numbers were too great to find Places to contain them all. The Noise and Tumult of People pressing to get in was such, that no one could understand another. In this Disorder, some took an unknown Person

for their Friend, and others ran, tho' they knew not whither. But the principal Men of the City, thinking themselves wiser than the rest, suspected *Mentor* to be an Impostor, who had predicted a Falshood to save his Life.

Before the third Day was expir'd, whilst they were full of these Imaginations, a Cloud of Dust was seen rising upon the Descent of the neighbouring Hills; and an innumerable Multitude of *Barbarians* appear'd in Arms: These were the *Hymerians*, a savage People, together with those who inhabit the *Nebrode* High-lands, and the summit of *Agragas*, where a Winter reigns which the Zephyrs never could assuage. All those who had despis'd the wise Predictions of *Mentor*, lost all their Slaves and their Cattle. Upon this, the King said to *Mentor*, I forget that you are *Greeks*; our Enemies are become our faithful Friends; the Gods have sent you to save us; I expect no less from your Valour, than from the Wisdom of your Counsels; hasten therefore to assist us.

Mentor shews in his Eyes a Boldness that damps the Spirits of the fiercest Warriors. He takes up a Shield, a Helmet, a Sword, and a Lance; he draws up the Soldiers of *Acestes*, puts himself at their Head, and advances in good Order towards the Enemy. *Acestes*, tho' full of Courage, could not follow him, but at a Distance, by reason of his Age. I follow'd him more close: But nothing can equal his Valour. In the Fight,
his

his Helmet resembled the immortal *Ægid* of *Minerva*. Death flew from Rank to Rank, where-ever his Blows fell. He was like a Lyon of *Numidia*, provok'd by cruel Hunger, which falling upon a Flock of unresisting Sheep, kills, tears, and swims in Blood, whilst the Shepherds, far from assisting their Flock, fly trembling away from his Fury.

These *Barbarians*, who hop'd to surprize the City, were themselves surpriz'd and defeated. The Subjects of *Acestes* were animated by the Example and Voice of *Mentor*, and felt a Vigour which they thought not to be in them. With my Lance I kill'd the Son of the *Barbarian* King. He was of my Age, but much taller than I; for these People are descended from Giants, and of the same Race with the *Cyclops*. He despis'd so weak an Enemy; but I, not at all daunted with his prodigious Strength, or his fierce and savage Looks, push'd my Lance against his Breast, and made his Soul gush out at the Wound, in a Torrent of black and reaking Gore. As he fell, he was like to crush me in Pieces by his Fall. The Sound of his Arms eccho'd in the Hills. I took the Spoil, and return'd to *Acestes*. *Mentor* having intirely broken the *Barbarians*, cut them in Pieces, and pursued the Runaways to the Woods. So unexpected a Success made *Mentor* to be regarded as one cherish'd and inspir'd by the Gods; and *Acestes*, from a Sense of Gratitude, shew'd his Concernment for us, if the Fleet of *Aeneas* should return to *Sicily*. He gave us a Ship to carry us to our own Country; made us

many rich Presents, and press'd us to hasten our Departure, that we might prevent any Mischief. But he wou'd not give us either a Pilot or Mariners of his own Nation, for Fear they might be expos'd to too much Hazard upon the Coasts of *Greece*. He committed us to the Care of certain *Phenician* Merchants, who trading with all the People of the World, had no Occasion to fear; and order'd them to bring back the Ship, when they had landed us safe in *Ithaca*. But the Gods, who sport with the Designs of Men, had still reserv'd us for farther Calamities.

The End of the First BOOK.



THE



THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates how he was taken in the Tyrian Ship, by Sesostris's Fleet, and carried Prisoner into Egypt: and gives a Description of that fine Country, and of their King's wise Government. He adds, That Mentor was sent into Slavery to Æthiopia; That himself, Telemachus, was reduced to the Condition of a Shepherd in the Desert of Oasis; That Termofiris, a Priest of Apollo, comforted him, by persuading him to imitate that God, who had once been a Cowherd to King Admetes; That Sesostris having, at last, been inform'd of his Behaviour among those who tended his Flocks and Herds, had recall'd him, being convinc'd of his Innocence, and promised to send him back to Ithaca: But that Sesostris's Death involv'd him in new Misfortunes; and that he was confined in a Tower on the Sea-shore, from whence he saw the new King Boccoris perish in a Fight against his rebellious Subjects, assisted by the Tyrians.

THE *Tyrians*, by their Insolence, had highly provok'd the King of *Egypt*, whose Name was *Sesostris*, and who had conquer'd many Kingdoms. The Riches they had acquir'd by Trade, and the impregnable Strength of *Tyre*, which stands in the Sea, had render'd this People so proud, that they not only refus'd to pay the Tribute which *Sesostris* impos'd upon them in his Return from the Conquests he had made, but assisted his Brother, who had conspir'd to murder him on the Festival that was appointed to be celebrated on Account of his great Victories. In order therefore to humble their Pride, *Sesostris* resolv'd to disturb their Commerce at Sea; and commanded all his Ships to seek out and assault the *Phenicians*. One of his Fleets met with us, as soon as we lost sight of the *Sicilian* Mountains, when the Harbour and Land seem'd to fly from behind us, and lose themselves in the Clouds. At the same Time we saw the *Egyptian* Ships advancing towards us like a floating City. The *Phenicians* perceiv'd, and endeavour'd to avoid them, but 'twas too late; their Ships were better Sailers, their Mariners more numerous, the Wind favour'd them, they boarded us, took us, and carry'd us Prisoners to *Egypt*. I told them, but in vain, that I was no *Phenician*; they hardly vouchsafed to hear me; they look'd upon us as Slaves, in which Merchandise they knew the *Phenicians* traded, and thought only of making the best of their Prize. We already took Notice that the Waters of the Sea began to have a whitish Cast from the mixture of those of the *Nile*; and we saw the Coast of *Egypt* almost level with the Sea. We arrived soon after

after in the Island of *Pharos*, not far from the City of *No*; and from thence we were carry'd up the *Nile* to *Memphis*. If the Grief we felt, by Reason of our Captivity, had not render'd us insensible of all Pleasure, our Eyes would have been charm'd with the fruitful Country of *Egypt*, like a delicious Garden, every where water'd with numberless Streams. We could not turn our Eyes on either Side of the River, without' discovering many wealthy Islands; great Numbers of fine Country-Houses; Lands richly covered every Year with a Golden Harvest: Meadows full stock'd with Cattle; Husbandmen bowing under the Weight of the Fruits which the teeming Earth had brought forth; and Shepherds that made the Eccho's on every Side repeat the sweet Sound of their Pipes and Flutes.

'Happy, said *Mentor*, is the People who
'are govern'd by a wise King: They live in
'Plenty and Contentment, and love him to
'whom they owe their Felicity. Thus said he,
'O *Telemachus*! you ought to reign, and be
'the Delight of your People. If ever the Gods
'give you the Possession of your Father's King-
'dom, love your People as your Children; re-
'lish the Pleasure of being belov'd by them,
'and carry your self so, that all the Tranquili-
'ty and Pleasure they enjoy, may lead them to
'remember, that they are rich Presents of a good
'King. Kings who make it their only Business
'to render themselves dreaded, and to bring
'their Subjects low, in order to make them mo-
're submissive, are the Plagues of Mankind.
'They are, indeed, fear'd, as they desire; but
'they are hated, detested, and have more Rea-

'son to be afraid of their Subjects, than their Subjects have to fear them.

I answer'd, Alas! *Mentor*, 'tis not now the Question, by what Maxims a King ought to reign: We shall never see *Ithaca* again: We shall never see our Country, or *Penelope* more; and though *Ulysses* should return full of Glory to his Kingdom, he would never have the Satisfaction of seeing me there, nor I of obeying him, and learning the Rules of Government from him. No, let us die, dear *Mentor*, for we must have no other Thoughts: Let us die, since the Gods have no Compassion for us.

As I thus spoke, my Words were interrupted with deep Sighs. But *Mentor*, tho' he could be apprehensive of approaching Evils, knew not what it was to fear them when they had happen'd. Unworthy Son of the wise *Ulysses*, cry'd he, dost thou suffer thy self to be overcome by thy Misfortunes? Know that you shall one Day see both *Ithaca* and *Penelope*. You shall even see him in his former Glory, whom you never knew: The invincible *Ulysses*, whom Fortune cannot conquer, and who, in greater Misfortunes than your own, admonishes you never to despair. O! if he should hear, in the Regions where he is driven by the Winds and Sea, that his Son knows not how to imitate him, either in Patience or Courage, such News would overwhelm him with Shame, and prove more heavy than all the Misfortunes he has yet suffer'd!

After this, *Mentor* caus'd me to observe the Fertility and Happiness that was seen over all the Country of *Egypt*, which contain'd two and twenty thousand Cities. He admir'd the regular

lar Government of these Places; the distribution of Justice which was every where exercis'd with regard to the Poor, against the Oppression of the Rich; the good Education of Children, who were inur'd early to Obedience, Labour, Sobriety, Arts or Learning; the due Observation of all the Ceremonies of Religion, a generous and disinterested Spirit, a great desire of Reputation, an universal Sincerity in their Dealings with Men, and a just Reverence of the Gods, which every Father took care to infuse into his Children. He thought he could never enough admire this beautiful Order. He would often cry out, O! how happy is that People, that is thus govern'd by a wise King! But yet more happy is that King, who, when he has provided for the Happiness of so great a People, can find himself happy in his own Virtue. Such a one is more than fear'd; he is beloved; Men not only obey him, but they obey him with Pleasure. He reigns universally in their Hearts; and every Man is so far from desiring his Death, that he fears it above all Misfortunes, and would readily sacrifice his own Life for him.

I hearken'd with Attention to what *Mentor* said; and as he spoke, I found my Courage to revive in the Bottom of my Heart. As soon as we were arriv'd at the rich and magnificent City of *Memphis*, the Governour commanded us to be sent to *Thebes*, in Order to be presented to the King *Sesostris*, who being highly incens'd against the *Tyrians*, had resolv'd to examine us himself. So we proceeded in our Voyage up the River *Nile*, till we came to the famous *Thebes*, which has a Hundred Gates, and was the Residence of that great King. This City appear'd

pear'd to us of a vast Extent, and more populous than the most flourishing Cities of *Greece*. The Orders are excellent, in all that regards the Neatness and Conveniency of the Streets; the Course of the Publick Waters, the Baths, the Improvement of Arts and Sciences, and the common Safety. The Piazza's are adorn'd with Fountains and Obelisks. The Temples are Marble, of a plain, but majestick Architecture. The Palace of the Prince is like a great City; 'tis full of Marble Pillars, Pyramids, Obelisks, and vast Statues, with Furniture of solid Gold and Silver.

They who took us, inform'd the King, that they found us on Board a *Phenician* Ship. For he had allotted certain Hours of every Day, in which he regularly heard all his Subjects that had any Thing to say to him, either by way of Complaint or Advice. He neither despis'd nor rejected any Man, and knew he was King for no other End, than to do good to his Subjects, whom he lov'd as his Children. As for Strangers, he receiv'd them with Kindness, and was always desirous to see them, because he thought it a useful and advantageous Thing to be inform'd of the Customs and Manners of remote Nations; and this Curiosity of the King; was the principal Cause that we were brought before him. He was upon a Throne of Ivory, with a golden Scepter in his Hand. He was aged, but comely, full of Sweetness and Majesty. He daily distributed Justice to the People with such Patience and Wisdom, as made him admir'd without Flattery. After he had spent the whole Day in doing Justice, and taking Care of the publick Affairs, he refreshed himself in the Evening in hearing Discourses of learned Men,
or

or conversing with the best of his People, whom he knew how to chuse and admit into his Familiarity. During his whole Life, he could not be blam'd for any Thing, except for triumphing with too much Pomp over the Kings he had conquer'd, and trusting a Man whose Picture I shall draw by and by.

When he saw me, he was mov'd with my Youth, and my Affliction, and ask'd me my Country and my Name; whilst we wonder'd at the Wisdom that spoke by his Mouth. I answer'd, You have undoubtedly heard, O Great King! of the Siege of *Troy*, which lasted ten years, and the Destruction of that City, which cost so much *Grecian* Blood. *Ulysses*, my Father, was one of the principal Kings who ruin'd that Place. He now wanders through all the Seas, without being able to return to the Island of *Ithaca*, which is his Kingdom. I seek my Father, and by a Misfortune, equal to his own, have been taken Prisoner. Restore me to my Father and Country, and may the Gods preserve you to your Children, and make them sensible of the Pleasure of living under so good a Father.

Sesostris continu'd to look upon me with an Eye of compassion; but being desirous to know if I spoke the Truth, he referr'd us to be examin'd by one of his Officers, commanding him to enquire of those that took our Ship, whether we were *Greeks* or *Phenicians*? If they are *Phenicians*, said the King, they must be doubly punish'd; first, because they are our Enemies, and then because they have endeavour'd to deceive us by a Falseness: But if, on the contrary, they are *Greeks*, I will have them to be
treas-

treated favourably, and sent back into their own Country in one of my Ships, for I love the *Greeks*, who have received many Laws from the *Egyptians*. I am not ignorant of the Virtues of *Hercules*; the Glory of *Achilles* has reach'd our Ears; and I admire what I have heard of the Wisdom of the unhappy *Ulysses*. I have no greater Pleasure than to relieve Virtue in Distress.

The Officer, who was by the King intrusted with the Examination of our Affair, was as corrupt and knavish, as *Sesostris* was sincere and generous. The Name of this Man, was *Metophis*. He endeavour'd to ensnare us by artful Questions, and when he saw that *Mentor* answer'd with more Wisdom than I, he looked upon him with Aversion and Diffidence; for ill Men are always Enemies to the good. He caus'd us to be separated, and from that Time I knew not what became of *Mentor*. This Separation was to me, as if I had been struck with Thunder. *Metophis* was not without Hopes, that by a separate Examination, we might be drawn to contradict one another. At least, he thought to dazzle my Eyes with his flattering Promises, and make me acknowledge what *Mentor* had conceal'd from him. In a word, he sought not to find out the Truth, but by any Means to get a Pretence to tell the King we were *Phenicians*, that he might keep us for his Slaves.

In Effect, notwithstanding our Innocence, and all the Wisdom of the King, he found out a Way to deceive him. 'Alas; how are Kings 'expos'd! The wisest are often abus'd by Men 'of Artifice and Interest, that are about them.
'Good

‘Good Men retire from Courts, because they are
‘neither forward, nor Flatterers. They wait till
‘they are sent for; and Princes seldom know
‘how to sent for them. On the contrary, ill
‘Men are bold, deceitful, impudent, and insi-
‘nuating; dexterous at dissembling, and ready
‘to do any Thing against Honour and Conscien-
‘ce, to gratify the Passions of the Person that
‘reigns. O! how unhappy is that King, who
‘is open to the Artifices of bad Men? He is lost,
‘if he does not suppress Flattery, and love tho-
‘se who speak the Truth with Confidence.
These were the Reflections I made in my Mis-
fortunes, when I call’d to Mind the Things
that I had heard from *Mentor*.

In the mean Time, *Metopbis* sent me to-
wards the Mountains in the Desert whith his
Slaves, that I might serve with them to look
after his numerous Flocks. Here *Calypso* inter-
rupted *Telemachus*, and said, Well! and what
did you then? You that in *Sicily* had preferr’d
Death before Servitude? *Telemachus* answer’d,
My Misfortunes encreas’d daily; I had no lon-
ger the wretched Liberty of chusing between
Slavery and Death: I was compelled to be a
Slave, and to undergo all the Rigours of For-
tune. I had lost all Hope, and cou’d not say
one Word in Order to my Deliverance. *Men-
tor* has since told me, That he was sold to cer-
tain *Ethiopians*, and that he follow’d them to
Ethiopia.

As for me, I arriv’d in a horrid Desert,
where nothing but burning Sands was to be seen
upon the Plains; and Snow that never melted,
made an eternal Winter on the Tops of the
Hills? Only some scatter’d Pasture for the Cattle
was

was here and there found among the Rocks. Towards the middle of the Declivity of those rugged and craggy Mountains, the Valleys are so deep, that the Sun can scarce let fall a Beam upon them.

I found no other Men in these Places, but Shepherds, as savage as the Country it self. There I pass'd the Nights in bewailing my Misfortunes, and the Days in following my Flock, to avoid the brutal Rage of *Butis*, who was the Chief among the Slaves, and who, hoping to obtain his Liberty, never ceas'd from calumniating the Rest, that he might persuade *Metophis* of his Zeal and Industry in his Service. It was almost impossible for me to hold out any longer. In the Anguish of my Heart, I one Day forgot my Flock, and laid down upon the Grass by a Cave, where I expected Death to relieve me from the Evils I was not able to bear. In that instant, I perceiv'd the Mountains to tremble, the Oaks and Pines seeming to descend from the Summit of the Hill. The Winds suppress'd their Breathing, and a hollow Voice issuing out of the Cave, pronounc'd these Words, 'O! 'Son of the wise *Ulysses*, thou art to become like him, Great by Patience. Princes who have 'always been happy, are seldom worthy to be 'so. They are corrupted by unmanly Pleasures, 'and intoxicated with the Pride of Prosperity. Happy shalt thou be, if thou canst surmount and 'never forget these Misfortunes. Thou shalt see 'Ithaca again, and thy Glory shall ascend 'the Skies. When thou shalt command 'Men, remember that thou hast been like them, 'in Poverty, Weakness and Calamity. Take a 'Pleasure in relieving them; love thy People, de-
'test

‘test Flatterers, and know, that there is no
‘other way to be truly Great, but by Modera-
‘tion and Fortitude to overcome thy Passions.

These divine Words penetrated to the Bot-
tom of my Heart, renew’d my Joy, and reviv’d
my Courage. I felt none of that Horror, which
makes Men’s Hair stand upright, and chills the
Blood in their Veins, when the Gods communi-
cate themselves to Mortals. I rose from the
Ground with Chearfulness; I fell upon my
Knees, and lifting up my Hands to Heaven,
ador’d *Minerva*, who, I doubted not, had sent
me this Oracle. In that moment I found my
self a new Man; Wisdom enlighten’d my Mind;
I felt a gentle force restraining all my Passions,
and checking the Impetuosity of my Youth. I
gain’d the Love of all the Shepherds in the De-
sart. My Patience, Sweetness, and Diligence
asswag’d at last the cruel *Butis*, who comman-
ded the Rest of the Slaves, and had made it his
Business to torment me.

I endeavour’d to procure some Books, to
enable me to support the Tedioufness of my
Captivity and Solitude; for I was exceedingly
uneasy for Want of some Instructions to nou-
rish and sustain the Faculties of my Soul.
‘Happy, said I, are they, who being disgusted
‘with all violent Pleasures, know how to con-
‘tent themselves with the Sweets of an innocent
‘Life. Happy are they, who are diverted at the
‘same Time that they are instructed, and please
‘themselves in enriching their Minds with Know-
‘ledge. Wheresoever they are driven by cross
‘Fortune, they carry their own Entertainment
‘with them; and the Uneasiness that lies upon
‘all other Men, even in the midst of the greatest

‘Pleasure, is unknown to those, who know
‘to employ themselves in Reading. Happy are
‘they who love Books, and are not, like me,
‘deprived of them. Revolving these Thoughts
in my Mind, I penetrated into the thickest of
the Forest, and on a sudden, perceiv’d an aged
Man, holding a Book in his Hand. His Fore-
head was large and high, bare of hair. His
white Beard descended to his Girdle. He was
tall, and of a majestick Port. His Complexion
was fresh and sanguine. His Eyes lively and
piercing. His Voice sweet, and his Discourse
plain, but agreeable. I never saw so venerable
an old Man. His Name was *Termosiris*. He
was a Priest of *Apollo*, and the Temple where
he officiated, was of Marble, dedicated in the
Forest to that God, by the Kings of *Egypt*. The
Book he held in his Hand, was a Collection of
Hymns in Honour of the Gods.

He accosted me in a friendly manner, and so
we fell into discourse. He related Things past
whith such Clearness, that they seemed present;
and yet with such Brevity, that I never was ti-
red with them. He could foresee Futurity, by
his profound Wisdom, which gave him a tho-
rough Knowledge of Men, and of the Designs
they are capable of forming. With all this Pru-
dence, he was chearful and complaisant; and
the gayest Youth does nothing with so much
Grace, as this aged Man did: He lov’d those
that were young, if he found them docile, and
that they had a Taste of Virtue. He soon con-
ceiv’d a tender Affection for me, and gave me
Books for my Consolation. He call’d me his
Son; and I often said to him, Father, the Gods
that took *Mentor* from me, have pity’d my So-
litude,

litude, and sent me, in you, another support. This Man, like *Orpheus* or *Linus*, was doubtless inspir'd by the Gods. He would sometimes read to me the Verses he had made, and give me the most excellent Compositions of several Poets who had been Favourites of the Muses. When he put on his long Robes of purest White, and took his golden Harp in his Hand, the Tygers, the Bears, and the Lions came fawning to him, and lick'd his Feet. The Satyrs abandon'd the Woods, to come and dance before him. The Trees themselves seem'd to move; and you would have thought that the Rocks had been touch'd with the Charms of his melodious Accents, and were going to descend from the Tops of the Mountains. He sung nothing but the Majesty of the Gods, the Virtue of Heroes, and the Wisdom of those who prefer Glory before Pleasure.

He often told me, That I ought to take Courage, and that the Gods would not abandon either *Ulysses*, or his Son. In short, he persuaded me to imitate *Apollo*, and to teach the Shepherds to apply themselves to the Muses. *Apollo*, said he, considering with Indignation, that the brightest days were frequently disturb'd by *Jupiter's* Thunder, resolv'd to be reveng'd upon the *Cyclops*, who made the Bolts, took up his Bow, and pierc'd them with his Arrows. Upon this Mount *Ætna* ceas'd to vomit flaming Hurricanes; and Men no longer heard the terrible Hammers striking upon the Anvil, and echoing in Groans from the deep Caverns of the Earth, and the Abysses of the Sea. The Iron and Brass, being no longer polish'd by the *Cyclops*, began to gather Rust. *Vulcan*, in Fury, quits his Forge, and notwithstanding his Lameness,

ness', mounts *Olympus* with expedition ; comes cover'd with black Dust and Sweat into the Assembly of the Gods, and makes a most bitter Complaint. *Jupiter* incens'd against *Apollo*, drives him from Heaven, and precipitates him down to the Earth. His empty Chariot perform'd the usual Course of it self, and gave Men Night and Day, with a regular Change of Seasons. *Apollo*, depriv'd of his glorious Beams, was forc'd to turn Shepherd, and keep the Sheep of King *Admetus*. He play'd on the Flute, and all the other Shepherds came down to the shady Elms and silver Streams, to hear his Songs. To that Time they had liv'd a savage and rude Life : They knew only how to tend their Flocks, to shear them, to draw their Milk, and to make Cheeses. The whole Country was one frightful desert.

Apollo, in a short Time, made all the Shepherds acquainted with the Pleasures of a Rural Life. He sung the Flowers that compose the Garland of the Spring ; the beautiful Greens, and the sweet Perfumes of that agreeable Season. He sung next the delicious Nights of Summer, when the Zephyrs refresh Mankind, and the Dews allay the Thirst of the Earth. He forgot not, in his Songs, the golden Harvest and Autumnal Fruits, which recompense the Toil of the Husbandman ; nor the Repose of Winter, when the wanton Youth dance before the Fire. In the last Place, he describ'd the gloomy Forests and shady Groves that cover the Hills ; the hollow Vallies, and the Rivers that with a thousand Windings, seem to sport in the lovely Meadows. He taught the Shepherds what are the Charms of a Countrylife, when Men know how to re-
lish

lish the Presents of pure and bountiful Nature. The Shepherds, with their Flutes, soon saw themselves more happy than Kings, and their Cottages were fill'd with variety of untainted Pleasures, which fly from gilded Palaces. Harmless Sports, unaffected Graces, and innocent Joys, accompany'd the Shepherdesses wheresoever they went. Every Day was a Festival; nothing was heard but the warbling of Birds, or the soft whispering of the Zephyrs, as they were playing about the Branches of the Trees, or the murmur of Waters falling from the Rocks, or Songs that were inspir'd by the Muses, and sung by the Shepherds that follow'd *Apollo*. This God taught them also to be victorious in Races, and to pierce the Bucks and Stags with their Arrows. The Gods themselves became jealous of the Shepherds. This Sort of Life appear'd to them more delightful than all their Glory. They call'd *Apollo* back again to Heaven.

My Son, this Story may serve for your Instruction, since you are in the same Condition, *Apollo* was in. Break up and manure this uncultivated Ground; make a Desert flourish as he did; like him, teach the Shepherds what are the Charms of Harmony, soften their fierce Natures, shew them the Beauty of Virtue, and make them feel how sweet it is to enjoy, in this Solitude, those innocent Pleasures that nothing can take away from Shepherds. A Time will come, my Son, a Time will come, when the Toils and Cares that encompass a Throne, will make you regret a Pastoral Life.

Termosiris, having said this, presented me with a Flute, so melodious, that the Ecchoes of the Hills, which carry'd the Sound on every
F 3 side,

side, drew all the neighbouring Shepherds presently about me. My Voice was divinely harmonious, I felt my self mov'd, as by a superior Power, to sing the Beauties that Nature has bestow'd upon the Country. We pass'd the Days, and Part of the Nights, in singing together. All the Shepherds, forgetting their Cottages and their Flocks, stood attentive and in Admiration round me, whilst I gave them Lessons. The savage Rudeness of our Desarts disappear'd, all Things look'd gay and smiling, and the Politeness of the Inhabitants seem'd to soften the Ruggedness of the Country.

We frequently met to sacrifice in the Temple of *Apollo*, where *Termosiris* officiated as Priest. The Shepherds went thither crown'd with Lawrel, in Honour of the God; and the Shepherdesses follow'd after them, dancing along with Garlands of Flowers, and carrying on their Heads Baskets full of Sacred Gifts. After the Sacrifice, we made a Country Feast; and the most delicious of our Fare, was the Milk of our Goats and Sheep, with various Fruits, fresh gathered with our own Hands, such as Dates, Figs and Grapes. Our Seats were the green Turf, and our spreading Trees afforded us a Shade more pleasant than the gilded Roofs in the Palaces of Kings.

But that which above all other Things made me famous among our Shepherds, was, that one Day a hungry Lyon rush'd in upon my Flock; already he had begun a dreadful Slaughter; I had nothing in my Hand but my Crook, and yet I advanc'd boldly. The Lyon erects his Mane, gnashes his Teeth, unsheaths his dreadful Claws, and opens his parch'd and inflam'd Throat.

Throat. His Eyes seem'd full of Blood and Fire ; and he lashed his Sides with his long Tail. I took him by the Throat , and threw him upon the Ground. The little Coat of Mail that I wore , according to the Custom of the *Egyptian* Shepherds , hinder'd him from tearing my Body. Thrice I threw him upon his Back , and thrice he rais'd himself again , roaring so loud , that he was heard through all the Forests. At last , I grasp'd him so close that I stifled him. The Shepherds , who were Witnesses of my Victory , oblig'd me to wear the Skin of this terrible Animal.

The Fame of this Action , and the wonderful Alteration that had happen'd among our Shepherds , spread through *Egypt* , and even came to the ear of *Sesostris*. He was inform'd , that one of the two Captives , who had been taken for *Phenicians* , had restor'd the Golden Age to his inhospitable Desarts. He resolv'd to see me , for he lov'd the Muses , and his great Soul was affected with whatsoever might be useful to Mankind. He saw me , he heard me with Pleasure , and discover'd that *Metophis* had deceiv'd him through Covetousness. He condemn'd him to perpetual Imprisonment , and seiz'd his Riches which he unjustly possess'd. 'O ! said he , how 'unhappy is the Man , who is plac'd above the 'Rest of Men ! He can seldom see the Truth with 'his own Eyes : He is surrounded by those who 'keep the Truth from approaching him : Their 'Interest leads them to deceive him. Every one 'conceals his Ambition under the Appearance of 'Zeal. They pretend to love the King , but indeed , love only the Riches he can give. Nay ,
F 4 'they

‘they love him so little, that in order to obtain
‘this Favours, they flatter and betray him.

From this Time, *Sesostris* treated me with a tender Friendship, and resolv’d to send me back to *Ithaca*, with a powerful Assistance of Ships and Troops, to deliver *Penelope* from the Persecutions of her Lovers. The Fleet was ready, and we thought nothing but Embarking. I admired the strange Vicissitudes of Fortune, which exalts those on a sudden whom she has most depressed. This Experience made me hope, that *Ulysses* might return at last to his Kingdom, after his long Sufferings; and I thought it not impossible to see *Mentor* again, tho’ he had been carry’d into the remotest and most unknown Parts of *Ethiopia*. Whilst I delay’d my Departure to enquire after him, *Sesostris*, who was very aged, dy’d sudden, and his Death brought all my Misfortunes back upon me.

All *Egypt* was deeply affected with this Loss. Every Family thought they had lost their best Friend, their Protector, their Father. The old Men lifting up their Hands to Heaven, cry’d out, *Egypt* never had so good a King, and never will have one like him. O! ye Gods, you should never have shewn him to Men, or never have taken him away. Why must we survive the Great *Sesostris*? The young Men said, the Hopes of *Egypt* are vanished. Our Fathers were happy in living under so good a King. But as for us, we only saw him to be sensible of the Loss of him. His Domesticks wept Night and Day. And when the King’s Funeral was performed, Multitudes of People, from the remotest Parts, came running to *Thebes*, during forty Days. Every one was desirous to see the
Body

Body of *Sesostris*, to preserve the Idea of him; and many to be bury'd with him.

But their Grief was yet farther aggravated; for they knew that his Son *Bocchoris* had neither Humanity for Strangers, nor Taste for Knowledge, nor Esteem for virtuous Men, nor Desire of Glory. The Greatness of his Father had contributed to make him unworthy to reign. He had been educated in an effeminate Softness and brutal Pride. He accounted Men as nothing, believing them made only to be his Slaves, and himself to be of a Nature different from them. He thought of nothing but how he might gratify his Passions, waste the vast Treasures his Father had husbanded with so much Care, oppress the People, satiate himself with the Blood of the Unfortunate, and follow the flattering Counsels of young Fools, whom he kept about him; whilst he treated with the utmost Contempt all the old wise Men, who had been entrusted by his Father. In a Word, he was a Monster, and not a King. All *Egypt* groan'd under him; and tho' the Name of *Sesostris*, which was so dear to the *Egyptians*, made them bear with the base and cruel Conduct of his Son, yet he made Haste to Ruin; for 'twas impossible that a Prince so unworthy of the Throne should enjoy it long.

As for me, I thought no more of returning to *Ithaca*; I was confin'd to a Tower that stands by the Sea, near *Pelusium*, where I should have embark'd, if *Sesostris* had not dy'd. *Metopbis* had the Cunning to get out of Prison, and to be receiv'd into Favour by the new King. 'Twas he that caus'd my Confinement, to revenge the Disgrace I had brought upon him. I pass'd the Days and Nights in the profoundest

Melancholy. All the Things which *Termosiris* had foretold, and those that I had heard from the Cave, appear'd to me to be but Dreams. I was overwhelm'd with the most bitter Grief: I saw the Waves beating at the Foot of the Tower, where I was Prisoner. I often employ'd my Time in observing the Ships that were toss'd by Storms, and in Danger to be split against the Rocks upon which the Tower was built; and instead of pitying those who were threaten'd with Shipwreck, I envy'd their Condition. In a short Time, said I to my self, they will either see an End of all their Misfortunes, or arrive in their own Country; but, alas! I can hope for neither.

Whilst thus I consum'd away in fruitless Regrets, I perceiv'd, as if it were, a Forest of Masts, the Sea was cover'd with Ships, and the Winds swell'd all their Sails. The Waters foam'd under the stroke of innumerable Oars. I heard a confus'd Noise on every Side. I saw one part of the *Egyptians* upon the Shore, terrify'd and running to their Arms, whilst others seem'd going to receive the Fleet which they saw approaching. I soon perceiv'd, that Part of these Ships were of *Phenicia*, and the Rest of the Island of *Cyprus*; for my Misfortunes began to render me experienc'd in every Thing that relates to Navigation. The *Egyptians* appear'd to me to be divided among themselves; and I doubted not that the foolish King *Bocchoris* had, by his Violences, caused his Subjects to revolt, and rais'd a Civil War. I was Spectator of a bloody Battle from the Top of my Tower.

That part of the *Egyptians*, who had invited these Foreigners to their Assistance, having favoured

voured their Descent, fell upon the other *Egyptians*, who had the King at their Head. I saw this King animating his Men by his own Example. He appear'd like the God of War. Streams of Blood ran down by his Side. The Wheels of his Chariot were dy'd with black, thick and foaming Gore, and could hardly move for the Heaps of dead Men that lay in the Way.

This young King, comely, vigorous, fierce haughty in his Looks, had Rage and Despair painted on his Face. He was like a beautiful but ungovernable Horse. His Courage pushed him on to Danger; but he had no Prudence to moderate his Valour. He knew neither how to repair a Fault, nor to give necessary Orders, nor to foresee the Dangers that threaten'd, nor to manage his Men to the best advantage. Not that he wanted a Genius, for his Knowledge was equal to his Courage, but he had never been instructed by Adversity. His Masters had poisoned his good Nature with their Flattery. He was intoxicated with his own Power and Felicity. He thought every Thing must yield to his impetuous Desires. The least resistance put him in a Rage; and then he consulted his Reason no longer; his Pride transform'd him into a Savage Beast; his innate Good-nature and Equity forsook him in an Instant; the most faithful of his Servants were forc'd to fly from him, for he liked none but those who flattered his Passions. By this Means, he always fell into Extremities against his true Interest, and made all honest Men detest his foolish Conduct. His Valour sustained him for a long time against the Multitude of his Enemies; but at last he was
borne

borne down with Numbers. I saw him perish; the Arrow of a *Phenician* pierc'd his Breast: Not being able to hold the Reins any longer, he fell from his Chariot, and was trampled under Foot by the Horses. A Soldier of *Cyprus* cut off his Head: and holding it up by the Hair, shewed it in Triumph to the victorious Army.

I shall ever remember the Sight of that Head smeared with Blood; the Eyes shut and extinguish'd; the Face pale and disfigured; the Mouth half open, and seeming to attempt to utter some broken Words; a fierce and menacing Air, which Death it self could not efface. This Image will be always before my Eyes to the last Day of my Life; and if ever the Gods permit me to reign, I shall never forget, after this fatal Example, 'That no King is worthy to command, or can be happy in the Possession of his Power, unless he himself be governed by Reason; and that 'tis the utmost of all Misfortunes, for a Man, who is created for the Publick Good, to be Master of such vast Numbers of Men, for no other End than to render them miserable!



THE



THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates how he was set at Liberty by the Successor of Bocchoris, with all the Tyrian Prisoners, and with them carried to Tyre, on Board of the Ship of Narbal, who commanded the Tyrian Fleet; That Narbal gave him the Character of their King Pygmalion, whose cruel Avarice was to be dreaded; That afterwards he learn'd from Narbal all the Regulations observed in the Commerce of Tyre; and that he was going to embark on Board of a Cyprian Ship, in Order to go by the Island of Cyprus to Ithaca, when Pygmalion discover'd him to be a Stranger, and had a Mind to have him secured; That he was then upon the Point of being destroy'd; but that Astarbe, that Tyrant's Mistress, had saved him, in order to put to Death in his Room a young Man, whose Disdain had provok'd her Anger.

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CALYPSO heard with Astonishment these wise Reflections; and whad charm'd her most, was to see how ingenuously the young *Telemachus* related the Faults he had committed, thro' Precipitation, and Disregard of the Counsels of the sage *Mentor*. She was surpriz'd with the Greatness and Generosity of his Mind; who accused himself, and made so good Use of his own Oversights, to become wise sagacious and moderate. Continue, said she, my dear *Telemachus*; I long to know how you left *Egypt*, and where you found the wise *Mentor*, whose Loss was so irksome to you.

Telemachus resuming his Discourse, said, The best of the *Egyptians*, who were most faithful to the King, finding themselves over-power'd, and the King dead, were compell'd to submit to the rest, and another King, call'd *Termutis*, was set up. The *Phenicians* and the Troops of *Cyprus* departed from *Egypt*, after they had made an Alliance with the new King. All the *Phenicians*, that were Prisoners, were set at Liberty, and as I was accounted one of them, I departed from the Court; embark'd with the rest, and my Hopes began to revive in the Bottom of my Heart.

Already a favourable Gale fill'd our Sails; our Oars cut the foaming Waves; the wide Sea was cover'd with our Ships; the Mariners shouted for Joy; the Shores of *Egypt* fled from us; the Hills and Mountains diminished; we began to see nothing but the Heavens and the Waters, whilst the Sun, surrounded with sparkling Flames, seem'd to rise from the Bosom of the Sea; his Rays gilded the Tops of the Moun-

Mountains, which we could still discover upon the Horizon, and the whole Face of Heaven, painted with a deep Azure, gave us Hopes of a happy Navigation.

Though I had been set at Liberty, as one of the *Phenicians*, yet none of them knew who I was. *Narbal*, who commanded the Ship I was in, ask'd me my Name and my Country. Of what City, said he, in *Phenicia* are you? I am not a *Phenician*, said I, but the *Egyptians* took me at Sea in a *Phenician* Ship. I have been a long Time Prisoner in *Egypt* as a *Phenician*; under that Name I have long suffer'd, and under that Name I am deliver'd. Of what Country art thou then, said *Narbal*? I am, said I, *Telemachus*, Son to *Ulysses* King of *Ithaca*, in *Greece*. My Father made himself famous among the Kings who besieged the City of *Troy*, but the Gods have not permitted him to return to his own Country. I have sought him in many Climates, but Fortune persecutes Me also. You see an unfortunate Person, who desires no other Happiness than to return to his own Country, and to find his Father.

Narbal look'd upon me with Astonishment, and thought he saw in my Face some marks of Happiness, that proceeded from the Favour of Heaven, and are not in the rest of Men. He was, by nature, sincere and generous. He was mov'd with my Misfortunes, and put a Confidence in me, which the Gods inspir'd him with, for my Preservation.

Telemachus, said he, I neither do nor can doubt the Truth of what you say: The lively Images of Good-nature and Virtue drawn upon your Face, will not give me Leave to distrust you.

you. I perceive that the Gods, whom I have always serv'd, love you, and will have me to love you, as if you were my Son. I will give you safe and useful Advice, and for my Recompence desire nothing of you, but Silence. Fear not, said I, for I can, without Difficulty, keep any Thing secret that you can trust to my Discretion. Though I am young, yet I have grown up in the habit of not discovering my own Secret, and much more of not betraying, under any Pretext, the Secret of another. How have you been able, said he, to accustom your self to keep Secrets in such tender Years? I shall be glad to know by what Means you have acquir'd this admirable Quality, which is the Foundation of the wisest Conduct, and without which, all other Talents are useless.

When *Ulysses*, said I, departed to repair to the Siege of *Troy*, he took me upon his Knees, and embrac'd me, (for thus I have been told the Story) and after he had kissed me in the tenderest manner, he said these Words to me, though I could not then understand them: 'O my Son! 'may the Gods never let me see thee again; let 'rather the fatal Scissars cut the Thread of thy 'early Days, as the Reaper cuts down with the 'Sickle the tender Flower that begins to blow; 'let my Enemies dash thee in Pieces, before the 'Eyes of thy Mother and me, if ever thou art to 'be corrupted, and abandon Virtue. O! my 'Friends, continu'd he, I leave my dear Son 'with you; take care of his tender Years; if you 'love me, banish all pernicious Flatterers from 'about him; instruct him how to overcome his 'Passions; and let him be like a tender Plant, 'that Men often bend, in order to make it grow 'upright.

‘upright. Above all, forget not to render him
‘just, beneficent, sincere, and faithful in kee-
‘ping a Secret. Whoever is capable of a Lie,
‘is unworthy to be counted a Man; and whoe-
‘ver knows not how to be silent, is unworthy
‘to govern.

I am exact in the Repetition of these Words, because Care was taken to inculcate them often into me, and they have made a deep Impression in my Heart; for I often repeat them to my self. My Father’s Friends made it their Business to exercise me early in keeping Secrets. I was yet in my Infancy, when they trusted me with all their Uneasinesses and Disturbances of Mind, to see my Mother expos’d to the Persecutions of so many bold Suitors who offer’d to marry her. Thus they began early to treat me as Man of Reason, and one that could be trusted. They entertain’d me privately with the most important Affairs, and acquainted me of all the Measures they took to remove those Pretenders.

I was overjoy’d to be trusted in this manner, for thereby I look’d upon my self as a grown Man. I never abus’d the Confidence repos’d in me; I never let fall one single Word, that might discover the least Secret. The Pretenders often endeavour’d to make me talk, expecting that a Child, who had seen or heard any Thing of Importance, would not have been able to conceal it. But I knew how to answer them without Lying, and without informing them of any Thing that I ought not to discover.

Upon this *Narbal* said to me, you see, *Telemachus*, the power of the *Phenicians*: They are formidable to all their Neighbours, by their
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mighty Shipping. The Trade they drive" as far as the Pillars of *Hercules*, procures them Riches surpassing those of the most flourishing Nations. The Great *Sesostris*, who could never have subdu'd them by Sea, did, with great difficulty, defeat them by Land, with those Armies that had conquer'd all the East, and impos'd a Tribute upon us, which has not continu'd long. The *Phenicians* found themselves too rich and too potent, to wear the Yoke of Servitude with Patience. We recover'd our Liberty. *Sesostris* was prevented by Death from finishing the War against us. 'Tis true, we had Reason to fear the Event, and that, rather on account of his Wisdom, than his Power. But as soon as his Power, without his Wisdom, had pass'd into the Hands of his Son, we concluded we had no more to fear. In effect, the *Egyptians* have been so far from returning in Arms, to make an entire Conquest of our Country, that they have been constrain'd to call us to their Assistance, to deliver them from the Fury of an impious and outrageous King. We have been their Deliverers, and have added the Glory of this Action to the Liberty and Riches of our Country.

But whilst we deliver others, we our selves are Slaves. O *Telemachus*! beware of falling into the cruel Hands of *Pygmalion*, our King. He has already embrued them in the Blood of *Sycheus*, his Sister *Dido's* Husband. *Dido*, full of Horror and Revenge, is fled from *Tyre* with many Ships. Most of those who are best affected to Liberty and Virtue, have attended her. She has founded a magnificent City upon the Coast of *Africk*, and call'd it *Carthago*. *Pygmalion*,
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tormented with an insatiable Thirst of Wealth, renders himself every Day more wretched and odious to all his Subjects. 'Tis a Crime at *Tyre* to be rich. His Avarice fills him with Suspicion, Distrust, and Cruelty. He persecutes the Wealthy, and fears the Poor. 'Tis still a greater Crime at *Tyre* to be virtuous: For *Pygmalion* supposes that Good Men cannot bear with his Injustice and Baseness. As Virtue condemns him, so is he exasperated and incensed at it. Every Thing disturbs him, affrights him, preys upon him. He trembles at his own Shadow; he sleeps neither by Night nor by Day. The Gods, to confound him, load him with Treasures which he dares not enjoy. The Things he covets to make him happy, are precisely those that make him miserable. He regrets whatever he gives; dreads to lose, and torments himself with Hopes of Gain. He is seldom seen. He shuts himself up in the remotest Parts of his Palace, sad, lonely and disconsolate. His very Friends dare not approach him, for fear of being suspected. A Guard, terrible to see, stands round his Palace with Swords drawn, and erected Pikes. Thirty Chambers on a Floor, with Doors of Iron, and six massy Bolts on each, make up the dreadful Apartment where he hides himself. No one ever knows in which of these Chambers he lies. 'Tis said, he never lies in any of them two Nights together, for fear his Throat should be cut. He knows no sweet Enjoyments, nor the sweeter Delights of Friendship. If any one speaks to him of Joy, he finds it will not come near him, nor ever enter into his Heart. His hollow Eyes are full of a fierce and savage Fire, and incessantly rolling on every

side. He hearkens to the least noise, and is all over in a Sweat, becomes pale and dejected; and anxious Care sits pictur'd upon his wrinkled Face. He sighs, is silent, and fetches deep Groans from the Bottom of his Heart. He is unable to conceal the Remorse that rends his Soul. He nauseates the most delicious Food. His Children, instead of being the Hopes of his Age, are the Subjects of his Fear. He looks upon them as his most dangerous Enemies. He never thought himself secure one Moment of his Life. He preserves himself only by shedding the Blood of every one he fears. Foolish Man! who sees not that his Cruelty, which he so much relies upon, will be his Destruction! Some domestick Servant, as suspicious as he, will soon deliver the World from this Monster.

As for me, I fear the Gods, and will be faithful to the King they have set over me, let the Consequence be what it will. I had rather die, than take away his Life, or fail to defend him. For your part, O *Telemachus*! let him not know that you are the Son of *Ulysses*, for he would make you a prisoner, in Expectation of a great Ransom, when *Ulysses* returns to *Ithaca*.

When we arriv'd at *Tyre*, I follow'd his Counsel and found every Thing he had said to be true. I could not comprehend how a Man could make himself so miserable as *Pygmalion* appear'd to be. Surpriz'd with a Thing so astonishing, and so new to me, I said thus to myself: This Man design'd to be happy, and persuaded himself, that Riches and arbitrary Power would make him so. He possesses all he can desire, and yet is made miserable even by his Power,

Power, and his Riches. If he were a Shepherd, as I lately was, he would be as happy as I have been: He would enjoy the innocent Pleasures of the Country, nay, enjoy them without Remorse. He would not fear either Dagger or Poison. He would love Men, and be belov'd by them. He would not indeed be Possessor of those vast Treasures, which are as insignificant to him as Sand, since he dares not touch them; but he would really enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, and suffer no manner of Want. This Man seems to do whatever pleases him; but the Case is far other wise, for he does all that his fierce Passions command. He is compell'd to follow wheresoever his Covetousness and Suspensions lead. He seems to be Master of all other Men, but is not Master of himself; and has as many Masters and Tormentors, as he has violent Desires.

Thus I reason'd concerning *Pygmalion*, without seeing him; for he was not to be seen. Men only beheld with Awe, those lofty Towers that were surrounded Night and Day with dreadful Guards, where he shut himself up, as it were in a Prison, with his belov'd Treasures. I compar'd this invisible King with *Sesostris*, who was so good, so easy of Access; so affable, so ready to hear any Stranger, so attentive in giving Audience to all Men, and to find out the Truth, which is always conceal'd from Kings. *Sesostris*, said I, fear'd nothing, and had nothing to fear. He shew'd himself to all his Subjects, as to his own Children. This Man fears all, and has all to fear. This wicked King is always expos'd to the Danger of a violent Death, even within his unaccessible Palace, and in

the midst of his Guards. On the contrary, the good King *Sesostris* was always safe in the midst of the greatest Numbers of his People, as a gentle Father in his own House, with all his Family about him.

Pygmalion gave Orders to send home the Forces of *Cyprus*, that came to his Assistance, by Virtue of an Alliance that was between the two Nations. *Narbal* took this Occasion to set me at Liberty. He caus'd me to be muster'd among the *Cyprian* Soldiers; for the King was jealous even in the minutest Things. The common Fault of too easy and lazy Princes, is blindly to give themselves up to the Conduct of crafty and corrupt Ministers: Whereas on the contrary, it was this Man's Fault to distrust the best and most virtuous. He knew not how to distinguish Men of Probity and Uprightness, who always act without Disguise. He had never seen an honest Man, for such will never flatter a corrupt King. Besides, he had found, in all those who had serv'd him since his Accession to the Crown, so much Dissimulation and Perfidiousness, which so many horrid Vices disguis'd under the Appearances of Virtue, that he look'd upon all Men, without Exception, as living under a Mask, and concluded there was no real Virtue in the World: Therefore he look'd upon all Men to be much alike; and upon this Supposition, when he found a Servant tricking and corrupt, he took not the pains to look out for another, because he reckon'd that he could not better his Choice. Nay, good Men appear'd to him worse than the barefac'd Wicked, because he thought them as bad and more deceitful.

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But to return to my self. I pass'd in the Muster for a *Cyprian*, and escap'd the watchful Jealousy of the King. *Narbal* trembled for fear I shou'd be discover'd, which wou'd have cost his Life, and mine also. He was under great Impatience to see us embark'd; but contrary Winds detain'd us at *Tyre*.

I made Use of this Time to inform my self of the Manners of the *Phenicians*, so famous in all Parts of the Known World. I admired the happy Situation of their City, which is built upon an Island in the midst of the Sea. The neighbouring Coast is delightful by its Fertility, abounding in exquisite Fruits, and so cover'd with Towns and Villages, that they seem to be contiguous to one another. The Air is sweet and temperate, for the Mountains shelter that Coast from the scorching Winds which come from the South. The Country is every where refreshed by the North Wind that blows from the Sea. It lies at the foot of Mount *Libanus*, whose Summit pierces through the Clouds, and advances to meet the Stars. His Brow is cover'd with an eternal Ice; and Rivers, mingled with Snow, fall down like Torrents from the Rocks that surround his Head. Beneath is seen a vast Forest of ancient Cedars, which appear as old as the Earth on which they grow, and shoot their spreading Branches to the Clouds. Under this Forest, are rich Pastures, leaning on the Descent of the Mountain. Here one may see the bellowing Bulls wandering up and down, and the bleating Ewes with their tender Lambs, skipping upon the Grass. A thousand Streams of the clearest Water run down these charming Fields. Below these

Pastures, is the foot of the Mountain, which appears like a Garden on every side. Here *Spring* and *Autumn* reign together, and joyn the Fruits of the one to the Flowers of the other. Neither the Pestilent Breath of the South-Wind, that parches and burns up all, nor the cruel Blast of the North-East, have ever dared to deface the lively Colours that adorn this Garden.

Hard by this beautiful Coast, an Island rises in the Sea, where the City of *Tyre* is built. This great City seems to float upon the Waters, and to be Queen of all the Sea. The Merchants resort thither from all Parts of the World; and its Inhabitants are the most famous Merchants in the Universe. When Men enter into this City, they cannot think it to be a Place belonging to a particuler People, but rather to be a City common to all Nations, and the Center of all Trade. Two great Moles, advancing their Arms into the Sea, embrace a vast Port, where the Winds cannot enter. In this Harbour, one may see, as it were, a Forest of Masts; and the Ships are so numerous, that the Sea which carries them, can hardly be discover'd. All the Citizens apply themselves to Commerce, and their vast Riches never divert them from that Labour which is necessary to increase their Treasure. In every part of the City, one may see the fine Linnen of *Egypt*, and the *Tyrian* Purple, twice dy'd, and of a noble Lustre. This double Tincture is so lively, as not to be defaced by Time. 'Tis us'd upon the finest Cloth, which is usually embroider'd with Gold and Silver. The *Phenicians* drive a Trade with all People, as far as the Straits of *Gades*:

Gades: Nay, they have penetrated into the vast Ocean that encompasses the Earth. They have made long Voyages upon the *Red Sea*, and visited unknown Islands, from whence they bring Gold, and all sorts of Perfumes, with various Animals, no where else to be seen.

I could not satiate my Eyes with the Sight of this great City, where every Thing was in Motion. I did not see, as in the Islands of *Greece*, idle and inquisitive Persons, going about to hear News in the publick Places, and to gaze upon Strangers as they arrive in the Ports. The Men are employ'd in unloading their Ships, sending home their Goods, putting their Warehouses in Order, selling their Merchandise, and keeping an exact Account of what is due to them from foreign Merchants. The Women are always busy in spinning of Wool; in folding up the richest Stuffs, and in various Works of Embroidery.

Whence comes it, said I to *Narbal*, that the *Phenicians* are Masters of the Trade in all Parts of the World, and enrich themselves at the expence of all other Nations? You see, said he, the situation of *Tyre*, how conveniently it lies for Trade: Our Country has the Honour of having invented Navigation; the *Tyrians* were the first (if we may believe what is told us concerning obscure Antiquity) who first tam'd the boisterous Waves, long before the Times of *Typhis* and the *Argonauts*, so fam'd in *Greece*. They were the first who in a feeble Ship durst commit themselves to the Mercy of the Waves and Storms; who founded the Depths of the Sea; who observ'd the Stars that are so far from the Earth, according to the Knowledge they

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had learn'd from the *Egyptians* and *Babylonians*; and who, by these Means, reunited so many People, that the Sea seem'd to have separated for ever. The *Tyrians* are industrious, patient, laborious, cleanly, sober and frugal; exact in their Civil Government, and united among themselves. No Nation has ever been more constant, more sincere, more faithful, more honest, and more kind to all Strangers.

These, these are the Things that have given them the Empire of the Sea, and all the Advantages of Trade. If they should fall into Divisions and Jealousies; if they should emasculate themselves with Pleasures and Idleness; if the principal Citizens should come to despise Labour and Frugality; if Arts should cease to be accounted honourable among them; if they should violate their Faith with Strangers, and in the least transgress the Rules of Free-trade; if they neglected their Manufactures, and ceased to make the necessary Advances to Artificers, in Order to enable them to make their Goods perfect, each in its Kind; you would soon see the Ruin of that Power you admire.

But pray, said I, instruct me how I may hereafter establish the like Commerce in *Ithaca*. Do, said he, as you see done here: Receive all Strangers Kindly; let them find safety in your Ports, with Conveniency, and entire Liberty. Suffer not your self to be possess'd with Covetousness or Pride. The true Way to gain much, is never to desire to gain too much, and to know how and when to lose; acquire the Love of all Strangers, and even suffer small Wrongs from them. Beware of exciting their Suspicions by insolent Behaviour. Be constant to the Rules
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of Trade: Let them be plain and easy: Accustom your Subjects to observe them inviolably: Punish Fraud with Severity: Correct the Negligence and Pride of Merchants, who ruin Trade by ruining those that carry it on: Above all, never go about to restrain Trade, or govern it by your own Fancy. The Prince must not intermeddle with it, for Fear of discouraging his People; who, as they have the Pains, ought to have all the Profit. He will find sufficient Advantages by the vast Riches that will be brought into his Kingdom. Commerce is like certain Springs, if you force them to alter their Course, you dry them up. 'Tis only Profit and Conveniency that invite Strangers. If you render their Trade less easy and less beneficial, they will insensibly withdraw themselves, and return no more; because other Nations, taking Advantage of your Imprudence, will invite them thither, and accustom them to live without you. I must own, that for some Time past, the Glory of *Tyre* has been much clouded. O! if you had seen it, my dear *Telemachus*, before the Reign of *Pygmalion*, you would have been much more surpriz'd. You find only here the dismal Remains of a Grandeur that tends to its Ruin. O unhappy *Tyre*! into what Hands art thou fallen? The Sea formely brought Thee the Tribute of all the Nations in the World. *Pygmalion* is afraid of all, both Strangers and Subjects. Instead of opening his Ports with an entire Liberty to all People, however remote, he requires constantly to be informed what number of Ships arrive, and from what Country, the Names of the Men on Board, the Trade they drive, the Nature and Price of their Merchandise, and the Time

Time they Design to stay. He does yet worse; for he uses all Manner of Artifices to surprize the Merchants, and to confiscate their Goods: He contrives to ensnare the most Wealthy, under various Pretences: He burdens Trade with innumerable Imposts: He will be a Merchant himself, and all Men are afraid to deal with him. Thus our Commerce languishes: Foreigners, by Degrees, forget the Way to *Tyre*, which was once so agreeable to them; and if *Pygmalion* will not alter his Conduct, our Glory and our Power must in a short Time be transferred to some other People who are under a better Government.

I then demanded of *Narbal*, by what Means the *Tyrians* had render'd themselves so powerful at Sea; for I was not willing to be ignorant of any Thing that might contribute to the good Government of a Kingdom. We have, said he, the Forests of *Libanus*, which furnish us with Timber for the building of Ships, and we preserve them with Care, for that Use. We never fell the Trees, but for the publick Service; and as for the building of Ships, we are provided with very able Shipwrights. How came you, said I, to find these excellent Artists? They grew up, said he, by Degrees in the Country. When those who excel in Arts, are liberally rewarded, Men will quickly be found, who shall carry them to the utmost Perfection: For Men of the best Talents and Understanding, never fail to apply themselves to those Arts that are attended with the greatest Recompences. In this City, we Honour all such Persons as excel in any of those Arts and Sciences which are useful to Navigation. We respect a Man skill'd
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in Geometry; we esteem an able Astronomer; and bountifully reward a Pilot who surpasses the rest of his Profession. We despise not a good Carpenter; on the contrary, he is well paid, and well us'd. Men dextrous at the Oar, are sure of a Reward proportion'd to their Service: They are fed with wholesome Provisions; they are carefully attended when sick; Care is taken of their Wives and Children in their Absence; if they perish by Shipwreck, their Families are indemnified; every Man is sent home to his Habitation, after he has serv'd a certain Time. By these Means, the *Tyrians* have as many Sea-men as they will. Fathers are glad to bring up their Children in so good an Employment, and hasten to teach them in their tender years to handle an Oar, manage the Tackle, and scorn a Storm. These Rewards, and this good Order, lead Men to be useful to the Publick, without Compulsion. 'Authority never does well alone; the Submission of Inferiors is not enough; their Hearts must be won, and they ought to find their own Account in serving the State.'

After this Discourse, *Narbal* conducted me to see all the Magazines, the Arsenals, and the several Trades that serve for the building and fitting out of Ships. I enquired into all particulars, even the minutest Things, and wrote down all that I had learn'd, for Fear of forgetting any useful Circumstance.

In the mean Time, *Narbal* who knew *Pygmalion*, as well as he lov'd me, was impatient for my Departure, fearing I might be discover'd by the King's Spies, who went up and down the Town Day and Night; but the Winds would
not

not permit us yet to embark. One Day, as we stood viewing the Port, and asking Merchants divers Questions, an Officer of *Pygmalion* came up to us, and said to *Narbal*, The King is just now inform'd by a Captain of one of those Ships which return'd with you from *Egypt*, that you have brought a certain Stranger, who passes For a *Cyprian*. 'Tis the King's pleasure to have him seiz'd, and examined, that he may know who he is: And for this you are to answer with your Head.

In that Moment I was at some Distance from *Narbal*, in Order to take a nearer, View of the Proportions which the *Tyrians* had observ'd in building a Ship, that was then almost new, and accounted, by reason of the exact Proportion of all its Parts, the best Sailor that had ever been seen in the Harbour. I ask'd the Builder, who he was that had drawn the Plan of that Ship?

Narbal, surpriz'd and terrify'd with this Message, answered. I will make it my Business to find out that *Cyprian* stranger; but as soon as the Officer was gone out of his Sight, he ran to me, and inform'd me of the Danger I was in. I too well foresaw, said he, what would happen: My dear *Telemachus*, we are both undone; the King, who is Night and Day tormented with Diffidence, suspects you not to be a *Cyprian*. He will have you seiz'd, and will take away my Life, if I do not put you into his Hands. What shall we do? O Gods! give us Wisdom to escape this Danger! I must, *Telemachus*, carry you to the King's Palace, where you shall affirm, that you are a *Cyprian* of the City of *Amathonte*, and Son to a Statuary of *Venus*. I will declare, that I formerly knew your Father; and per-

perhaps the King may let you depart without any further Examination. I see no other Way to save your Life and mine.

I answered, O *Narbal*! suffer me to perish, since Fate has decreed my destruction. I know how to die, and am too much indebted to you, to draw you into my Misfortune. I cannot persuade my self to tell a Lie, I am not a *Cyprian*, I cannot say that I am. The Gods see my Sincerity; to them it belongs to preserve my Life by their Power, but I will not save it by Falshood.

Narbal answered me, This Falshood, O *Telemachus*! is in all Respects innocent; it cannot be disapprov'd by the Gods themselves; it does no injury to any one; it saves the Lives of two innocent Persons, and deceives the King, only to prevent him from committing a great Crime. You carry the Love of Virtue too far, and are too scrupulous in your Fears of offending Religion.

But, said I, Falshood is Falshood still; and on that account, unworthy of a Man, who speaks in the presence of the Gods, and owes the highest Reverence to Truth. He that offends the Truth, offends the Gods, and injures himself, because he speaks against his Conscience. Propose no more, O *Narbal*! that which is unworthy of us both. If the Gods have any Pity for us, they know how to deliver us; but if they suffer us to perish, we shall fall the Victims of Truth, and leave an Example to instruct Men, to prefer unblemish'd Virtue before long Life. My own is already too long, and too unhappy. 'Tis you alone, my dear *Narbal*, that grieve my Heart: Why must your Kindness to an unfortunate Stranger, prove so fatal to you? We

We continu'd long in this Kind of Conflict, till at last we saw a Man quite out of Breath, running towards us. He was another of the King's Officers, and sent to *Narbal* by *Astarbe*. This Woman was beautiful as a Goddess: To the Charms of her Body were added those of a refined Wit; she was gay, insinuating, flattering: But under the Appearance of Gentleness, she, *Syren* like, had a Heart fill'd with Malice and Cruelty. Yet she knew how to conceal her Designs with the profoundest Art. She had conquer'd the Heart of *Pygmalion*, by her Wit and Beauty, and by the Charms of her Voice and Lute: And *Pygmalion*, blind with Love, had abandon'd *Tapha*, his legitimate Wife. He thought of nothing so much, as how to gratify the Passions of the ambitious *Astarbe*. His Love for this Woman was little less pernicious to him, than his infamous Covetousness. But tho' he had so great a Passion for her, she despis'd and loath'd him in her Heart; yet understood so well how to cover her private Sentiments, that she seem'd to live only for him, at the same Time, that she could not endure him. There was in *Tyre* a young *Lydian*, call'd *Melackon*, of admirable Beauty, but voluptuous, effeminate, and drown'd in Pleasures. His chief Business was to preserve the Delicacy of his Complexion; to comb his Hair, that fell down in Curls upon his Shoulders, to perfume, to dress nicely, to sing amorous Songs, and play upon the Lute. *Astarbe* saw him, fell in love with him, and became furiously transported with her Passion. He despis'd her, because he was in love with another Woman: and besides, he dreaded to expose himself to the
cruel

cruel Jealousy of the King. *Astarbe*, finding she was scorn'd, abandon'd her self to Resentment. In her Despair, she imagin'd it possible to make *Malachon* pass for the Stranger whom the King had sent for, and who was said to have come with *Narbal*. In effect, she soon persuaded *Pygmalion* as she desir'd, and corrupted all those who were able to undeceive him. For having no affection for virtuous Men, whom he neither knew, nor valu'd, he was always surrounded by such only as were Covetous, full of Artifice, addicted to their Interest, and ready to execute his unjust and bloody Orders. These Men fear'd the Authority of *Astarbe*, and help'd her to deceive the King, that they might not offend this haughty Woman, who entirely possess'd his Confidence. Thus the young *Malachon* though known by all the City to be of *Crete*, pass'd for the young Stranger that *Narbal* had brought from *Egypt*. He was seiz'd and sent away to Prison.

Astarbe, who fear'd *Narbal* might go to the King, and discover her Imposture, had dispatch'd this Officer in Haste, and commanded him to say these Words: *Astarbe* forbids you to discover your Stranger to the King; she requires nothing of you but Silence, and promises to satisfy him concerning you. In the mean Time, take Care that the young Stranger, who came with you from *Egypt*, may embark among the *Cyprians* with all Expedition, and be no longer seen in the City. *Narbal*, overjoy'd to save his own Life and mine, promis'd to be silent; and the Officer, pleas'd with having obtain'd what he demanded, immediately re-

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turn'd to *Astarbe*, with an Account of his Commission.

Narbal and I admir'd the Goodness of the Gods, who had rewarded our Sincerity, and taken such Care of those who had hazarded all for the Sake of Virtue. We reflected with Horror upon a King given up to Voluptuousness and Avarice. He deserves to be deceiv'd, said we, who dreads it so excessively: And he is so, most frequently and grossly; for he trusts not Men of Honesty, but abandons himself to Villains. He is the only Person who knows nothing of whath is doing. See how *Pygmalion* is made the Sport of an immodest Woman, whilst the Gods make Use of wicked Men to save the good, who chuse to part with Life, rather than tell a Lie. As we were making these Reflections, we perceiv'd the Wind to turn, and become favourable to the *Cyprian* Fleet. The Gods declare themselves, said *Narbal*; they resolve to take Care of your Safety; my dear *Telemachus*, fly from this unfortunate, accurs'd Land. Happy he, that can follow you to the remotest Parts of the Earth! Happy, who may live and die with you! But my cruel Fate ties me to my unhappy Country. I must suffer with her, and perhaps be buried in her Ruins. No matter, provided I may always speak the Truth, and my Heart love nothing but Justice. As for you, O my dear *Telemachus*! I pray the Gods, who lead you as it were by the Hand, to grant you the most precious of all their Gifts, a pure and unblemish'd Virtue to the last Moment of your Life. Live, return to
Ithaca,

Ithaca, comfort *Penelope*; deliver her from the Persecutions of her rash Lovers. May your Eyes see, and your Arms embrace the wise *Ulysses*; and may he find in you, a Son equal to him in Wisdom. But in the midst of your felicity, remember the unhappy *Narbal*, and continue always to love me.

When he finish'd these Words, my Tears ran down so fast, that I was not able to answer him. My Sighs, which I drew from the Bottom of my Heart, would not suffer me to speak. We embrac'd in Silence: He brought me to the Ship. He stay'd upon the Shore; and when the Vessel put off, we continu'd looking upon each other, till we lost Sight of one another.





THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Calypso, interrupts Telemachus's Narrative, that he may repose himself. Mentor blames him privately for having undertaken the Recital of his Adventures; but however, since he has begun, he advises him to go through. Then Telemachus relates that in his Voyage from Tyre to the Isle of Cyprus, he had a Dream wherein he saw Venus and Cupid, against whom he was protected by Minerva; that afterwards he thought he saw Mentor likewise, who exhorted him to fly from the Isle of Cyprus; that as he waked, they fell into a Storm in which they must have perish'd, had he not himself got hold of the Rudder, the drunken Cyprians not being in a Condition to steer the Ship; that upon his Arrival in the Island, he saw with Horror the Voluptuousness and Effeminacy of the Inhabitants; but that the Syrian Hazael, to whom Mentor was sold as a Slave, Happening to be then in Cyprus, taking

king a liking to Telemachus, brought him and his former Companion together, and put them on Board of his Ship, to carry them to Crete: and that in their Passage, they saw the glorious Show of Amphitrite, drawn in her Chariot by Sea-Horses.

CALYPSO, who all this while had hear-ken'd with the utmost Attention and Pleasure to the Adventures of *Telemachus*, interrupted the Pursuit of his Narration, that she might persuade him to take some Rest. It is Time said she, after so many Toils, to taste the Sweetness of Sleep. In this Place, you have nothing to fear; All that's here, is favourable to you: Abandon your Heart to Joy and Tranquility, and enjoy all the Blessings which Heaven is going to shower down upon you. To Morrow when *Aurora* has open'd the golden Gates of the East with her rosy Fingers, and the Horses of the Sun, springing from the briny Main, spread the Flames of Light, and drive away the Stars before them, we will, my dear *Telemachus*, resume the History of your Misfortunes. No, your Father never equall'd you in Wisdom and Courage. *Achilles*, who conquer'd *Hector*; *Theseus*, who return'd from Hell; the great *Alcides* himself, who purg'd the Earth from Monsters, never shew'd so much Constancy and Virtue. May the softest and profoundest Sleep make the Night seem short to you. But alas! how tedious will it be to me! How I shall long to see you again! To hear your Voice! To make you to repeat what I know already, and to ask you what I know not yet! Go, my

dear *Telemachus*, with the wise *Mentor*, whom the favour of the Gods has restor'd to you; go into the Grotto, where every Thing is prepar'd for your Repose. May *Morpheus* shed the sweetest of his Charms upon your heavy Eye-lids; may he infuse a Divine Vapour through all your weary'd Limbs, and send you easy Dreams, which hovering about you, may flatter your Senses with the most delightful Images, and chase away whatever might disturb your Rest, or awaken you too soon.

The Goddess brought *Telemachus* to the Grotto, which was separated from her own, but not less agreeable, nor less rustick. A Fountain of liquid Chrystal ran down in one Corner, and sweetly murmuring, seem'd contriv'd to invite Sleep. The Nymphs had prepar'd there two Beds compos'd of the softest Greens, and had cover'd them with two large Skins, the one of a Lyon for *Telemachus*, and the other of a Bear for *Mentor*.

Before Slumber had clos'd their Eyes, *Mentor* spoke thus to *Telemachus*. The Pleasure of relating your Adventures, has carry'd you too far you have charm'd the Goddess with the History of those Dangers, from which your Courage and Industry have deliver'd you. By this Means, you have added to the flames of her Heart, and are preparing to your self a most dangerous Captivity. How can you hope she shou'd suffer you to depart from her Island; you, who have charm'd her with the relation of your Story? A vainglorious Levity has caused you to speak without Caution. She had promis'd to tell you Stories, and to acquaint you with the Destiny of *Ulysses*; she has found the
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Way to speak long and say little, but she has engaged you to tell her all she desires to know; such is the Art of flattering and passionate Women! When will you be wise enough, O *Telemachus*! never to speak with Vanity? And when will you know how to conceal what may be for your Reputation, if it be not fit to be said? Others admire your Wisdom at such Years as may want it without Blame; but for me, I can forgive you nothing; I alone know and love you enoug to tell you of all your Faults. How far yet do you come short of your Father's Wisdom!

But, said *Telemachus*, cou'd I refuse to relate my Misfortunes to *Calypso*? No, reply'd *Mentor*, 'twas absolutely necessary; but you ought so to have related them, as might only excite her Compassion. You might have told her, that you had been sometimes wandering in Desarts, then a Prisoner in *Sicily*, and afterwards in *Egypt*. This had been enough; and all the rest has only serv'd to inflame the Poison, that has already scorch'd her Heart. May the Gods grant, that your's may be untouched.

But what shall I do now, said *Telemachus*, in a modest and submissive Manner? It is now in vain, reply'd *Mentor*, to conceal the Rest of your Adventures; she knows enough to secure her from being deceiv'd in that which is to come; any reserve on your Part, would only serve to provoke her. Finish therefore your relation to Morrow; tell her all that the Gods have done for you, and learn for the future to speak with more Reserve of all Things that may tend to your own Praise. *Telemachus* kindly receiv'd this good Advice; and both lay down to sleep.

As soon as *Phæbus* had spread the first Rays of his Glory upon the Earth, *Mentor*, hearing the Voice of the Goddess, who call'd to her Nymphs in the Wood, awaken'd *Telemachus*. It is Time, said he, to shake off Sleep. Come, let us return to *Calypso*, but beware of the Charms of her bewitching Tongue: never open your Heart to her, dread the insinuating Poison of her Praises. Yesterday she exalted you above your wise Father, above the invincible *Achilles*, the renowned *Theseus*, or even *Hercules* himself, who has obtain'd Immortality by his glorious Actions. Cou'd you not perceive the Excess of these Commendations? Or did you believe what she said? Know, that she believes it not herself; She only commends you, because she thinks you weak and vain enough to be deceiv'd with Praises far exceeding your Actions.

After this Discourse, they went to the Place where the Goddess expected them. She smil'd when she saw them approaching, and, under an Appearance of Joy, conceal'd the Fears and Suspicions that disturb'd her Heart: for she foresaw, that *Telemachus*, under the Conduct of *Mentor*, would escape her Hands, as *Ulysses* had done. Go on, said she, my dear *Telemachus*, and satisfy my Curiosity. I thought all the Night, I saw you departing from *Phœnicia*, and going to seek a new Destiny in the Island of *Cyprus*. Tell me then the Success of this Voyage, and let us not lose one Moment. They sat down in a shady Grove, upon the green Turf, enamell'd with Violets.

Calypso could not refrain from looking upon *Telemachus* with Tenderness and Passion; nor
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see, without Indignation, that *Mentor* observ'd even the least Motion of her Eyes. In the mean Time, the Nymphs stood silent, forming half a Circle, and leaning somewhat forward, that they might both hear and see with more Advantage. The Eyes of all the Assembly were immoveably fix'd upon the young Man. *Telemachus*, looking down, and gracefully blushing, thus resum'd the Thread of his Discourse:

Scarce had the Breath of a favourable Wind fill'd our Sails, when the Coast of *Phœnicia* entirely disappear'd from us. And because I was with the *Cyprians*, whose Manners I knew not, I resolv'd to be silent, and to observe all, keeping my self within the strictest Rules of Discretion, that I might acquire their esteem. But during my Silence, a soft and powerful Slumber seiz'd upon me; my Senses were ravish'd and suspended; my Heart was quiet and full of Joy. On a sudden, I thought I saw *Venus* launching down from the Clouds in her flying Chariot drawn by a Pair of Doves. She had the same shining Beauty, the same lively Youth and those blooming Graces that appear'd in her, when she arose from the Foam of the Ocean, and dazzled the Eyes of *Jupiter* himself. She descended with extream Rapidity, plac'd herself by me, laid her Hand upon my Shoulder, call'd me by my Name, and smiling, pronounc'd these Words: Young *Greek*, thou art going into my peculiar Empire; thou shalt soon arrive in that fortunate Island, where Pleasures, Sports, and wanton Joys attend my Steps: There thou shalt burn Perfumes upon my Altars: There I will plunge thee into a River of Delights: Open thy Heart to the most charming

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Hopes,

Hopes, and beware of resisting the most powerful of all the Goddesses, who resolves to make Thee happy.

At the same Time, I saw young *Cupid*, gently moving his little Wings, and hovering about his Mother. He had the tenderest Graces in his Face, and the Smiles of an Infant; yet there was something so fierce in his Eyes, as to make me afraid. He smil'd when he look'd upon me, but his Smiles were malicious, scornful, and cruel. He took the sharpest of his Arrows from his golden Quiver; he drew his Bow, and was going to pierce my Heart, when *Minerva* appear'd, and cover'd me with her immortal Shield. The Face of this Goddess had not the same effeminate Beauty, nor that passionate languishing, which I had observ'd in the Face and Posture of *Venus*. On the contrary, her Beauty was natural, unaffected, modest; all was grave, vigorous, noble, full of Force and Majesty. The Arrow, too weak to pierce the Shield, fell down upon the ground. *Cupid*, in a Rage, sigh'd bitterly, and was ashamed to see himself overcome. Be gone, cry'd *Minerva*, rash Boy, be gone; thou canst conquer none but the Base, who prefer dishonourable Pleasures before Wisdom, Virtue and Glory. At these Words, *Cupid*, fired with Indignation, flew away; and as *Venus* reascended towards *Olympus*, I saw her Chariot and Doves, rowling in a Cloud of Gold and Azure, a long Time before she disappear'd. When I turn'd my Eyes towards the Earth, I could no where see *Minerva*.

Me thought, I was transported into a delicious Garden, such as Men paint the *Elysian* Fields.

Field. There I found *Mentor*, who said to me, Fly from this cruel Country, this pestilent Island, where the Inhabitants breathe nothing but Pleasure. The boldest Virtue ought to tremble, and cannot be safe, but by Flight. As soon as I saw him, I endeavour'd to throw my Arms about his Neck, and to embrace him; but I found my Feet unable to move, my Knees sunk under me, and my Hands, attempting to lay hold on *Mentor*, followed an empty Phantom that still mock'd my Grasp. As I was making this Effort, I awak'd, and perceiv'd, that this mysterious Dream was no less than a Divine Admonition. I found in my self a firm Resolution against the Allurements of Pleasure, a watchful Jealousy of my own Conduct, and a just Abhorrence of the dissolute Manners that reign'd in *Cyprus*. But that which wounded me to the Heart, was, that I thought *Mentor* dead; that he had pass'd the *Stygian* Lake, and was become an Inhabitant of those fortunate Fields, where the Souls of the Just reside.

This Thought made me shed a flood of Tears. The *Cyprians* ask'd me, Why I wept? These Tears, said I, are but too suitable to the Condition of an unhappy Stranger, who has lost all Hopes of ever seeing his Country more. In the mean Time, all the *Cyprians* that were in the Ship, abandon'd themselves to the most extravagant Follies; the Rowers, who hated to take Pains, fell asleep upon their Oars. The Pilot put a Garland of Flowers on his Head, quitted the Rudder, and held a vast Flaggon of Wine in his Hands, which he had almost empty'd. He, and all the rest of the Crew, inflam'd with the Furies of *Bacchus*, sung such
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Verfes in Honour of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as ought to strike a Horror into all that love Virtue.

Whilst they thus forgot the Dangers of the Sea, a sudden Tempest arose: The Elements seem'd to mix: The Winds let loose, roar'd in every Sail: The Waves beat furiously against the Side of the Ship, which groan'd under the Weight of their strokes. One while, we mounted upon the back of the swelling Waters; another while the Sea seem'd to steal from under the Vessel, and to precipitate us into the dark Abyss. We saw the Rocks close by our Side, and the angry Waves breaking upon them with a dreadful Noise. Then I found, by Experience, the truth of what I had heard from *Mentor*, that Men of dissolute Lives, and abandon'd to Pleasure, always want Courage in the Time of Danger. All our *Cyprians* sunk into Despair, and wept like Women. I heard Nothing but lamentable Exclamations; bitter Regrets upon the Pleasures of Life; vain and insignificant Promises of large Sacrifices to the Gods, if they should arrive safe in the Harbour. No one had sufficient Presence of Mind, either to give necessary Orders, or to work the Ship. In this Condition, I thought my self obliged to save my own Life, and the Lives of those that were with me. I took the Rudder into my Hand, because the Pilot, like a raving *Bacchanal*, was utterly incapable of knowing the Danger we were in. I cheer'd the astonish'd Mariners; I made them take down the Sails; they ply'd their Oars vigorously; we steer'd by the Rocks and Quick-sands, and saw all the Horrors of Death staring us in the Face.

This Adventure seem'd like a Dream to all those

those who ow'd the Preservation of their Lives to my Care. They look'd upon me with Astonishment. We landed at *Cyprus* in that Month of the Spring which is consecrated to *Venus*. This Season, say the *Cyprians*, is most suitable to this Goddess, because she seems to revive the whole System of Nature, and to give Birth to Pleasures and Flowers at the same Time.

As soon as I arriv'd in the Island, I perceiv'd an unusual Sweetness in the Air, rendering the Body slothful and unactive, but infusing a jovial and wanton Humour. I observ'd the Country, though naturally fruitful and delightful, to be almost every where uncultivated, through the Idleness and Negligence of the Inhabitants. I saw great Numbers of Maids and Women, vainly and fantastically dress'd, singing the Praises of *Venus*, and going to devote themselves to the Service of her Temple. Beauty, Graces, Joy, and Pleasure, were equally conspicuous in their Faces and Gesture: But their Graces were too much affected; there was not that noble Simplicity, not that lovely Modesty, which makes the greatest Charm of Beauty. A certain Air of Wantonness, an artful Way of adjusting their Looks, their vain Dress, and languishing Gestures, their Eyes that seem'd in Pain to find out the Eyes of Men; the mutual Jealousy, who should raise the greatest Passions: In a Word, all that I saw in these Women, appear'd vile and contemptible to me. By endeavouring to Please me immoderately, they excited my Aversion.

I was conducted to a Temple of the Goddess, who has several in this Island; for she is particularly ador'd at *Cythera*, *Idalia* and *Paphos*; it was

was to that of *Cythera* I was brought. The Temple is built with Marble; it is a perfect Peristylum; the Pillars are lofty, and so well proportion'd, that they give a Majestick Air to the whole Fabrick. At each Face of the Temple above the Architrave and Frise, are large Pediments, in which the most agreeable Adventures of the Goddess are curiously represented in *Basso-Relievo*. Great Numbers of People are always at the Gate, attending to make their Offerings. No Victim ever suffers the Knife within the Precinct of the sacred Ground. The Fat of Bulls and Heifers is not burnt here, as in other Places. No Blood is ever shed. The Cattle to be offer'd, are only presented before the Altar; and no Beast may be offer'd, unless it be young, white, without Blemish or Defect. They are adorn'd with Purple Fillets, embroider'd with Gold; their Horns are garnish'd with Bunches of the most fragrant Flowers; and when they have been presented at the Altar, they are led to a private Place without the Wall, and kill'd for the Table of the Priests that belong to the Goddess.

Here also are offer'd all Sorts of perfum'd Liquors, and Wines more delicious than Nectar. The Priests are cloath'd in long white Robes, with Girdles of Gold, and Fringes of the same. The most exquisite Perfumes of the East, are burnt Night and Day upon the Altars, and form a courling Cloud, as they mount up the Sky. All the Pillars are adorn'd with Festoons of wreathed Flowers; all the Vessels for the Service of the Altar, are of pure Gold; a sacred Wood of Myrtle encompasses the Building; none but Boys and Girls of admirable Beauty may present
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the Victims to the Priests, or kindle the Fire upon the Altars. But Dissolution and Impudence dishonour this magnificent Temple.

At first, I detested what I saw, but it soon began to grow familiar to me. I was no longer afraid of Vice; all Companies inspir'd me with an Inclination to Intemperance. They laugh'd at my Innocence, and my Modesty became the Sport of this dissolute People. They forgot nothing that might ensnare me, excite my Passions, and awaken in me an Appetite to Pleasure; I found my self losing Ground every Day. The Good Education I had receiv'd, could support me no longer; all my best Resolutions vanish'd away; I found not in me Strength to resist the Evil that press'd me on every Side; I grew even ashamed of Virtue. I was like a Man swimming in a deep and rapid River: At first, he cuts the Waters, and vigorously goes up against the Stream; but if the Banks are so steep that he can find no Place to rest on either Side, he, at last, tires by degrees; his Force abandons him; his exhausted Limbs grow stiff, and the Torrent carries him down. So my Eyes began to grow dim, my Heart fainted, I could no longer recall either my Reason, or the Remembrance of my Father's Misfortunes. The Dream that shew'd me *Mentor* in the *Elysian* Fields utterly discourag'd me. And easy and secret Languishing seiz'd upon me; I already began to love the flattering Poison that crept into my Veins, and penetrated through the Marrow of my Bones. Yet, for all this, sometimes I would sigh; I shed bitter Tears; I roar'd like a Lion in my Fury. O! unhappy Youth! said I. O Gods! that divert your selves so cruelly with the Fate of Men! Why do you
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cause them to pass through that Age, which is a Time of Folly, and resembles a burning Fever? O! why am not I cover'd with grey Hairs, bow'd down and sinking into the Grave, like my Grandfather *Laertes*! Death would be more welcome to me, than the shameful Weaknes I now feel.

Scarce had I utter'd these Whords, when my Grief began to abate, and my Heart, drunk with a foolish Passion, shook of almost all Shame. After this, I found my self plung'd into an Abyss of Remorse. Whilst I was under these Disorders, I went raving up and down the sacred Wood, like a Hind that has been wounded by a Hunter; she crosses vast Forests to assuage her Pain, but the fatal Arrow sticks fast in her Side, and follows her wheresoever she flies. Wherever she goes, she carries the murd'rous Shaft. Thus I endeavour'd to run away from my self, but nothing could ally the Wound of my Heart.

In that very Moment, I perceiv'd, at some Distance from me, under the most shady Part of the Wood, the Figure of the wise *Mentor*; but his Face appear'd to me so pale, so sad, and so severe, that I knew not how to rejoice. Is it you then, O my dear Friend? My last, and only Hope, is it you? Is it you your self? Or is it a deceitful Image come to abuse my Eyes? Is it you, O *Mentor*? Or is it your Ghost, still sensible of my Misfortunes? Are you not among the blessed Spirits that possess the Reward of their Virtue, and, by the Bounty of the Gods, enjoy an eternal Peace, and uninterrupted Pleasures in the *Elysian* Plans? Speak, *Mentor*, do you yet live? Am I so happy to see you? Or is it

it only the Shadow of my Friend? With these Words, I ran to him so transported, that I was quite out of Breath. He stood still unmov'd, and made not one step towards me. O Gods! you know with what Joy I felt him in my Arms. No, 'tis not an empty Shadow, I hold him fast; I shed a flood of Tears upon his Face; I hung about his Neck, and was not able to speak. He look'd sadly upon me, with Eyes full of tender Compassion.

At last, I said, Alas! where have you been? To what Dangers have you abandon'd me, by your Absence? And what should I now do without you? But he, without answering my Questions. With a terrible Voice, cry'd out, Fly, fly, without Delay: The Soil produces nothing but Poison: The Air you breathe, is infected with the Plague: The Men are contagious, and converse with each other only to spread the fatal Venom: Base and infamous Voluptuousness, the worst of all those Evils that issued out of *Pandora's* Box, dissolves them in Luxury, and suffers no Virtue in this Place. Fly, stay not a Moment; look not once behind you, and as you run, shake of the very Remembrance of this execrable Island.

He said, and immediately I felt as it were a thick Cloud, dispersing from about my Eyes, and perceiv'd a more pure and beautiful Light. A sweet and noble Serenity, accompany'd with Resolution and Courage, reviv'd in my Heart. This Joy was very different from that loose and wanton Pleasure which had before poison'd my Senses. The one is disorderly and unquiet, in-
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interrupted with extravagant Passions and cruel Remorse; the other is a Joy of Reason, attended with a Kind of celestial Happiness. 'Tis always pure, equal, inexhaustible. The deeper we drink, the more delicious is the Taste. It ravishes the Soul, without the least Disorder. I began to shed Tears of Joy, and found a Sweetness in Weeping. Happy, said I, are those Men, who can see the Beauty of Virtue! Is it possible to see her without loving her? Is it possible to love her without being happy?

Here *Mentor* said, I must leave you; I must depart this Moment; I am not allow'd to stay any longer. Where, said I, are you going? Into what Desert will I not follow you? Don't think you can leave me; for I will rather die than not attend you. Whilst I spoke these Words, I held him fast, with all my Strength. It is in vain, said he, for you to hope to detain me. The cruel *Metopbis* sold me to certain *Æthiopians*, or *Arabs*. These Men going to *Damascus* in *Syria*, on the Account of Trade, resolv'd to sell me, supposing they should get a great Sum of Money for me of one *Hazael*, who wanted a *Greek* Slave, to inform him of the Customs of *Greece*, and instruct him in our Arts and Sciences. This *Hazael* purchas'd me at a dear Rate. What he has learn'd from me concerning our Manners, has given him a Curiosity to go into the Island of *Crete*, to study the wise Laws of *Minos*. During our Voyage, the Weather has forc'd us to put in at *Cyprus*; and in Expectation of a favourable Wind, he is come to make his Offerings in the Temple; see there he is going out; the Winds call; our Sails

Sails are aloft: Adieu, dear *Telemachus*; a Slave that fears the Gods, ought faithfully to serve his Master. The Gods do not permit me to dispose of my self: If I might, they know it, I wou'd be only yours *Farewell*; remember the Labours of *Ulysses*, and the Tears of *Penelope*: Remember that the Gods are just. O Gods, the Protectore of Innocence! in what a Country am I constrain'd to leave *Telemachus*!

No, no, said I, my dear *Mentor*, it shall not be in your Power to leave me here; I'll rather die, than see you depart without me. Is this *Syrian* Master inexorable? Was he suckled by a Tygres? Would he tear you out of my Arms? He must either kill me, or suffer me to follow you. You exhort me to fly, and will not permit me to fly with you. I'll go to *Hazael*, perhaps he may compassionate my Youth and my Tears. Since he loves Wisdom, and goes so far in search of it, he cannot have a savage and insensible Heart. I will throw my self at his Feet, I will embrace his Knees, I will not let him go, till he has given me leave to follow you. My dear *Mentor*, I will be a Slave with you, I will offer my Service to him; if he refuses me, it is decreed, I will ease my self of this burthensom Life.

In this very Moment, *Hazael* call'd *Mentor*: I prostrated my self before him; he was surpriz'd to see an unknown Person in this posture. What is your desire, said he? Life, reply'd I; for I cannot live, unless you suffer me to follow *Mentor*, who belongs to you. I am the Son of the great *Ulysses*, the most wise of all those *Grecian* Kings that destroy'd the great City of *Troy*,
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which was so famous throughout all *Asia*. It is not out of Vanity that I acquaint you with my Birth, but only to inspire you with some Pity of my Misfortunes. I have sought my Father in all the Seas, accompany'd by this Man, who has been to me another Father. Fortune, to compleat my Miseries, has taken him away from me; she has made him your Slave; let me beg of you to be so too. If it be true, that you are a Lover of Justice, and that you are going to *Crete*, to learn the Laws of the good King *Minos*, harden not your Heart against my Sighs and Tears. You see the Son of a King reduc'd to desire Servitude, as his only Refuge. Formerly I would have chosen Death in *Sicily* to avoid Slavery; but my first Misfortunes were only the weak Essays of Fortune's Outrages; now I tremble lest I should not be receiv'd among Slaves. O Gods! see my Calamity; O *Hazael*! remember *Minos*, whose Wisdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the Kingdom of *Pluto*.

Hazael, looking upon me with Mildness and Humanity, stretch'd forth his Hand and rais'd me up. I am not ignorant, said he, of the Wisdom and Virtue of *Ulysses*. *Mentor* has often told me of the Glory he has acquir'd among the *Greeks*; and besides, swiftwing'd Fame has not been wanting to spread his Name over all the Nations of the East. Follow me, Son of *Ulysses*, I will be your Father, till you find him who gave you Life. Though I were not mov'd with the Glory of your Father, his Misfortunes, and your own; yet the Friendship I have for *Mentor*, would engage me to take care of you. It is true, I bought him as
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a Slave, but I keep him as a faithful Friend; the Money he cost, has acquir'd me the dearest and most valuable Friend that I have in the World: in him I have found Wisdom; I owe all the Love I have for Virtue to his Instructions. From this moment he is free, and you shall be so too; I ask nothing of either but your Heart.

In an instant, I pass'd from the bitterest Grief, to the most lively Joy that Men can feel; I saw my self deliver'd from the worst of Dangers; I was drawing near to my Country; I had found one to assist me in my Return; I had the Comfort of being with a Man, who lov'd me already for the Sake of Virtue. In a Word, I found every thing in finding *Mentor*; whom I fear'd not to lose again.

Hazael advances to the Shore; we follow; we embark with him: our Oars cut the gentle Waves; the Zephyrs play in our Sails; give Life and easy Motion to the Ship; the Island of *Cyprus* soon disappears. *Hazael*, impatient to know my Sentiments, ask'd me, what I thought of the Manners of that Island? I told him ingenuously, to what Dangers my Youth had been expos'd, and the Conflict I had suffer'd within me. He was tenderly mov'd with my Abhorrence of Vice, and said these Words; O *Venus*! I acknowledge your Power, and that of your Son; I have burn'd Incense upon your Altars; but give me leave to detest the infamous Effeminacy of the Inhabitants of your Island, and the brutal Impudence; with which they celebrate your Festivals.

After this, he discoursed with *Mentor* of that first Being, which form'd the Heavens and the Earth; of that pure, infinite and unchangeable Light which communicates it self to all, without being divided; of that supream and universal Truth, which enlightens the spiritual World, as the Sun enlightens the corporeal. He who has never seen this Light, said he, is as blind as one born without Sight; he passes his Life in a dismal Night, like that of those Regions, where the Sun never shines for many Months of the Year. He thinks himself wise, and is a Fool; he fancies he sees all, and sees nothing; he dies, without seeing any Thing; at the most he perceives only false and obscure Glimmerings, vain Shadows, Phantoms that have no Reality, Of this Kind are all those, who are carry'd away by sensual Pleasures, and the Inchantments of Imagination. There are no true Men upon the Earth, but those who consult, Love, and obey this eternal Reason. It is she that inspires us when we think well: It is she that reproves us when we think ill. Our Reason, as well as our Life, is her Gift. She is like a vast Ocean of Light; the Reason of Men is like little Rivulets which flow from her, and which return and lose themselves in her again.

Though I did not yet perfectly apprehend the Wisdom of this Discourse, I tasted nevertheless something in it so pure and so sublime, that my Heart grew warm, and Truth seemed to shine in every Word he utter'd. They continued to speak of the Original of the Gods, of the Heroes, of the Poets, of the Golden Age, of the Deluge, of the first Histories of the World,

World, of the River of Oblivion, into which the Souls of the Dead are plung'd, of the eternal Punishments prepar'd for the Impious in the dark Gulph of *Tartarus*, and of that blessed Tranquility which the Just enjoy in the *Elysian* Fields, without any Apprehensions of ever losing it.

Whilst *Hazael* and *Mentor* were conversing together, we saw great Numbers of Delphins cover'd with Scales, that seem'd to be of Gold and Azure. They play'd in the Sea, and lash'd the Floods into a Foam. After them, came the *Tritons* founding their wreath'd Trumpets, made of Shells: They surrounded the Chariot of *Amphitrite*, that was drawn by Sea-Horses, whiter than Snow, and which, cutting the briny Flood, left vast Furrows behind-them. Their Eyes darted Fire, and Smoak issued from their Nostrils. The Chariot of the Goddess was a Shell of a wonderful Figure; it was more white than the finest Ivory, and the Wheels were all of Gold. This Chariot seem'd to fly upon the Surface of the Waters. A Shoal of Sea-Nymphs came swimming after the Chariot: Their lovely Hair hung loose upon their Shoulders, and wanton'd with the Winds. With one Hand the Goddess held a Golden Scepter, with which she commanded the Waves; with the other, she held upon her Knee, the little God *Palemon*, her Son, who hung upon her Breast. Her Face was so serene, and so sweetly majestic, that the black Tempests, and all the seditious Winds fled from before her. The *Tritons* guided the Horses, and held the Golden

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den Reins. A large Sail of the richest Purple hung floating in the Air, above the Chariot; a Multitude of little Zephyrs hover'd about it, and labour'd to fill it with their Breath. In the midst of the Air, *Æolus* appear'd diligent, restless, and vehement; his stern and wrinkled Face, his menacing Voice, his thick Eye-brows hanging down to his Beard, his Eyes, full of a dim and austere Fire, dispers'd the Clouds, and kept the fierce Aquilons silent. The vast Whales, and all the Monsters of the Sea, came out of their profound Grotto's to gaze upon the Goddess, and with their Nostrils made the briny Waters ebb and flow.



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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates that, upon his Arrival in Crete, he learn'd, that Idomeneus, the King of that Island, had sacrific'd his only Son to perform a rash Vow; that the Cretans, in Order to avenge the Son's Blood, had compell'd the Father to fly their Country; and that after various Consultations, they were actually assembled in Order to elect a new King. Telemachus adds, that being admitted into that Assembly, he carry'd the Prize of several Games, and explain'd the Queries left by Minos, in the Book of his Laws, whereupon the old Men, the Judges of the Island, and all the People, admiring his Wisdom, would have made him their King.

AFTER we had admired this wonderful Sight, we began to discover the Mountains of *Crete*, though yet we could hardly distinguish them from the Clouds of Heaven, and the Billows of the Sea. Soon after we discover'd the summit of Mount *Ida*, which rises above all other Mountains of the Island, as an ancient Stag carries his branching Head above the young Fawns that follow him in the Forest. By Degrees, we saw more distinctly the Coast of the Island which rose in the Form of an Amphitheatre. As we found the Lands in *Cyprus* neglected and uncultivated, so those of *Crete* appear'd plentifully cover'd with all Manner of Fruits, by the Industry of the Inhabitants.

On all Sides, we perceiv'd well built Villages, Towns equalling Cities, and magnificent Cities. We observ'd no Spot of Ground, where the Hand of the diligent Husbandman was not stamped; the Plough had left deep Furrows in every Place. Thorns, Briars, and such Plants as are a useless Burthen to the Earth, are utterly unknown in this Country. We contemplated with Pleasure the fruitful Vallies, where Troops of Oxen go lowing in the rich Pastures, that abound with Springs of running Water; the Sheep every where feeding upon the Descent of the Hills; the champain Ground cover'd with golden Ears of Corn, presented with a liberal Hand by the bountiful *Ceres*: In a Word, the Mountains adorn'd with Vines, and Grapes of a rich purple Colour, promising a plentiful Vintage of the delicious Presents of *Bacchus*, which charm away the anxious Cares of Men.

Mentor

Mentor told us he had been formerly in *Crete*, and inform'd us of what he knew. 'This Island, said he, admired by all Strangers, and famous for its hundred Cities, is more than sufficient to nourish all the Inhabitants, though they are innumerable; for the Earth never ceases to produce her Fruits, if Industry be not wanting; her fertile Bosom can never be exhausted. The more numerous Men are in a Country, provided they be laborious, the more Plenty they enjoy. They need not be jealous of one another; the Earth, like a tender Mother, multiplies her Gifts according to the Number of her Children, if they deserve her Favours by their Labour. The Ambition and Covetousness of Men, are the only Springs of their Unhappiness. They covet all, and make themselves miserable, by desiring what is superfluous. If they would be moderate, and contented with a Competency, we should see Plenty, Peace, Union and Happiness, restor'd to the World.

Minos, the wisest and the best of Kings, understood this well. All the admirable Things you shall see in this Island, are owing to the Excellency of his Laws. The Education he appointed for Children, renders their Bodies strong, and healthful: They are accusom'd, from their Infancy, to a plain, frugal laborious Life; upon a Maxim that all Pleasures enervates both the Body and Mind. No other Pleasure is ever propos'd to them, but the acquisition of an invincible Virtue and solid Glory. This People do not measure Men's Courage only by despising Death in the Hazards of War; but by the Contempt of superfluous Riches and ignoble Pleasures. Three Vices are punish'd here, which remain unpunish'd

nish'd in all other Nations; Ingratitude, Dissimulation, and Avarice.

They have no need of Laws to suppress Luxury and Dissolution of Manners; for such Things are unknown in *Crete*. Every Man works, yet no Man desires to be rich. They think all their Labour sufficiently recompens'd with an easy and regular Life, in which they enjoy plentifully and quietly all that is truly necessary to Men. Costly Furniture, rich Apparel, delicious Feasts, and gilded Palaces, are not permitted in this Country. Their Cloaths are of fine Wooll, beautiful in Colour, but without Embroidery, or any other Ornament. Their Repasts are sober; they drink little Wine; good Bread, with excellent Fruits, which the Trees spontaneously yield, and the Milk of Cattle, make the principal Part of their Meals. At the most, their Meat is plain dress'd, without Sauce or Ragou; and they always take Care to reserve the best and strongest of the Cattle to be employ'd in Husbandry. Their Houses are neat, commodious, pleasant; but without Ornaments. They are not ignorant of the most magnificent Architecture; but that's reserv'd for the Temples of the Gods: They dare not live in Houses like those of the immortal Powers.

The great Riches of the *Cretans*, are Health, Strength, Courage; Peace and Union in Families; the Liberty of all the Citizens; Plenty of Things necessary, and a Contempt of those that are superfluous; a Habit of Labour, and an abhorrence of Sloth; a mutual emulation of virtuous Actions; submission to the Laws, and a Reverence of the just Gods.

I ask'd him, wherein the Authority of the King consisted? And he answer'd thus: 'The King
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'is above all the People, but the Laws are above
'the King. He has an absolute Power to do
'Good; but his Hands are tied, so soon as he at-
'tempts to do Ill. The Laws entrust him with
'the Care of the People, as the most valuable of
'all Trusts, on Condition that he shall be the Fa-
'ther of his Subjects. They intend, that one Man
'shall, by his Wisdom and Moderation, serve to
'make whole Nations happy; and not that so
'many Men shall, by their misery and abject Sla-
'very, serve to flatter the Pride and Luxury of
'one Man. The King ought to have nothing mo-
're than order Men, but what's necessary, either
'to the Discharge of his painful Functions, or to
'imprint on the Minds of the People, that Re-
'spect which is due to the Person who is to main-
'tain the Vigour of the Laws. On the other
'Hand, the King ought to be more sober, more
'averse to Luxury, more free from Vanity,
'Haughtiness and Ostentation, than any other
'Man. He is not to have more Riches and Plea-
'sure, but more Wisdom, Virtue and Glory than
'the rest of Men. Abroad, he is to be the De-
'fender of his Country, at the Head of their Ar-
'mies; at Home, he is to distribute Justice to the
'People, to make them Good, wise and happy.
'It is not for his own Sake that the Gods have
'made him King, but only that he may be the
'Man of his People. He owes to the People all
'his Time, all his Care, all his Affection; and he
'is no otherwise worthy of his Crown, than as
'he forgets his own Interests, to sacrifice himself
'to the publick Good. *Minos* appointed that his
'Children should not reign after him unless they
'would reign by these Rules; for he lov'd his Pe-
'ople more than his Family. By this Wisdom he
ren-

render'd *Crete* so powerful and so happy. By this Moderation he has effac'd the Glory of all Conquerors, who make their People subservient to their Greatness, that is, to their Vanity. In a Word, by his Justice he deserv'd to be the supreme Judge of the Dead in the Regions below.

While *Mentor* was thus speaking, we arriv'd in the Island. We saw the famous Labyrinth, built by the Hands of the ingenious *Dædalus*, in Imitation of the great Labyrinth which we had seen in *Egypt*. As we were considering this curious Fabrick, we beheld the Shore cover'd with People, and Multitudes pressing towards a Place that was near the Sea. We ask'd the Reason of their Haste, and receiv'd this Account from one *Nausicrates*, a Native of *Crete*.

Idomeneus, said he, the Son of *Deucalion*, and Grandson to *Minos*, went with the rest of the *Grecian* Kings to the Siege of *Troy*. After the destruction of that City, he set Sail in Order to return to *Crete*; but was surpriz'd by so violent a Storm, that the Pilot, and the most experienc'd Mariners in the Ship thought they should inevitably be cast away. Every one had Death before his Eyes; every one saw the Abyss open to swallow him up; every one deplor'd his Misfortune, and had not so much as the wretched Hopes of that imperfect Rest, which the Souls enjoy, that have cross'd the River *Styx*, after their Bodies have receiv'd Burial. *Idomeneus*, lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, invoc'd *Neptune* in these Words: O powerful God! who commandest the Empire of the Sea, vouchsafe to hear the Prayers of the Distressed: if thou deliverest me from the Fury of the Winds, and bringest me safe to *Crete*, the first Head I see, shall

shall fall by my own Hands a Sacrifice to thy Deity.

In the mean Time his Son, impatient to see his Father, made Haste to meet and embrace him at his Landing: Unhappy Youth! who knew not that he was running to his own Destruction! The Father, who had escap'd the Storm, arriv'd safe in the wish'd-for Haven. He return'd Thanks to *Neptune* for hearing his Prayers, but soon found how fatal they had been to him. A black presage of his Misfortune made him bitterly to repent his rash Vow. He dreaded his coming amongst his Friends and Relations; and he fear'd to see whatever was dear to him in the World. But the inexorable Goddess *Nemesis*, who is ever watchful to punish Men, and especially haughty Kings, push'd him on with a fatal and invisible Hand. *Idomeneus* arrives, hardly daring to lift up his Eyes: He sees his Son: He starts back with Horror; his Eyes, in vain, look about for some other Head to serve for his vow'd Sacrifice. His Son approach'd, and threw his Arms about his Neck, surpriz'd to see his Father dissolving in Tears, and making no Return to his Tenderness.

O my Father! said he, whence comes this Sadness, after so long Absence? Are you displeas'd to see your Kingdom, and to be the Joy of your Son? What have I done? You turn your Eyes away for Fear of seeing me. The Father, overwhelm'd with Grief, made no Answer. At last, after many deep fetch'd Sighs, he said, Ah! *Neptune*, what have I promis'd? At how dear a Rate hast thou preserv'd me from Shipwreck. Restore me to the Waves, and to the Rocks, which ought to have dash'd me in Pieces, and finish'd my

my wretched Life. Let my Son live; O thou cruel God, here, take my Blood, and spare his. As he spoke, he drew his Sword to pierce his own Heart, but those that were about him stay'd his Hand. The aged *Sophronymus*, by whom the Will of the Gods is convey'd to Men, assur'd him that he might satisfy *Neptune* without the Death of his Son. Your promise, said he, was rash and indiscreet: The Gods will not be honour'd by Cruelty: Beware of adding to the Error of your Promise, the Crime of accomplishing it against the Laws of Nature: Offer a hundred Bulls, whiter than Snow, to *Neptune*; let their Blood stream about his Altar crown'd with Flowers; let the sweetest Incense smok in Honour of the God.

Idomeneus heard this Discourse, bending his Head towards the Earth, and answer'd not one Word: Fury sat glaring in his Eyes; his pale and disfigur'd Face chang'd Colour every Moment; and all his Limbs shook with Horror. In the mean Time his Son said to him. My Father, here I am; your Son is ready to die appease the God of the Sea. Do not provoke his Anger. I die contented, since my Death will have prevented your's. Strike, O my Father, and suspect not to find in me the least Fear of Death, or any Thing unbecoming your Son.

In that Moment *Idomeneus*, grown mad, and push'd on by the infernal Furies, acted a Thing that astonish'd all that stood about him. He thrust his Sword into the Heart of the Youth, and drew it out again reeking and full of Blood, to plunge it into his own Bowels; but he was once more prevented by those that were present. The Youth sunk down into his own Blood; the
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Shades of Death hung upon his Eyes; he open'd them a little to the light, but could by no Means bear its brightness. As a beautiful Lilly in the midst of the Field, cut up from the Root by the Ploughshare, lies down and languishes on the ground; it receives no more Nourishment from the Earth, and the Springs of Life are intercepted; yet the snowy white and noble Lustre in Part remains: So the Son of *Idomeneus*, like a young and tender Flower, is cruelly mow'd down in the Bloom of his Age. The Father through Excess of Grief, is become insensible, he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do; he reels towards the City, and demands his Son.

In the mean Time, the People being touch'd with Pity for the Son, and full of Horror at the barbarous Action of the Father, cry out, That the just Gods have abandon'd him to the Furies: Their Rage furnishes them with Arms; they lay hold on Sticks and Stones; Discord breathes a deadly Venom into their Breasts. The *Cretans*, the wise *Cretans*, forget their belov'd Wisdom; they will no longer acknowledge the Grnadson of sage *Minos*; *Idomeneus*'s Friends know not how to consult his Safety; but by conducting him back to his Ship; they embark with him, and commit their flight to the Waves. *Idomeneus*, being come to himself, returns them Thanks for carrying him away from a Land he had besprinkled with his Son's blood, and which he could no longer inhabit: The Winds waft them over to *Hesperia*, where they go to lay the Foundation of a new Kingdom in the Country of the *Salentines*.

In the mean Time, the *Cretans*, being de-
stitute of a King to govern them, resolve to
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chuse such a one as will keep up the Purity of the establish'd Laws: And these are the Measures they take for that Purpose. All the Chief Men of an hundred Cities are now met at this Place: They have begun with offering Sacrifices; they have assembled all the most renown'd Sages of the neighbouring Countries, to examine the Wisdom of those who shall be thought worthy of Command; they have order'd publick Games, where all the Competitors are to fight; for the Crown is the Prize which they propose to him who shall excel, both as to strength of Body and Endowments of Mind. They will have a King whose Body is strong and active, and his Soul adorn'd with Wisdom and Virtue: They invite all Strangers to this Grand Assembly.

Nausicrates having recounted to us this wondrous Story, said to us; Haste therefore, you Strangers, to our Assembly; you shall contend with the Rest, and if the Gods decree the Victory to either of you, he shall reign in this Country. We follow'd him, not out of any Desire of being victorious, out of a Curiosity to see so extraordinary an Election.

We arriv'd at a Place resembling a very large *Circus*, surrounded with a thick Wood. The middle of this *Circus* was an *Arena* (or Pit) prepar'd for the Combatants; it was surrounded by a large Amphitheatre of green Turf, whereon sat in Order an innumerable Multitude of Spectators. As soon as we came there, we were honourably receiv'd; for the *Cretans*, of all Nations in the world, are the most honourable and religious observers of Hospitality: They desir'd us to take our Places, and invited us to enter the Lists. *Mentor*
excu-

excused himself, upon account of his age, and *Hazael* on the score of his ill State of Health. My Youth and Vigour left me without Excuse; however, I cast a Look upon *Mentor* to discover his Mind, and I perceiv'd he desir'd that I should engage: I therefore accepted their Proposal, and stripp'd my self of all my Cloaths: They pour'd Streams of sweet and shining Oyl an all my Limbs; and I put in for one among the Combatants. It was said on every Side, that the Son of *Ulysses* was come to dispute the Prize; and several *Cretans*, who had been at *Ithaca* during my Infancy, knew me again.

The first Exercise was Wrestling. A *Rhodian*, about five and thirty Years of Age, surmounted all those who dared to encounter him. He had still all the vigour of Yourh; his Arms were nervous and brawny; at the least of his Motions you might discover all his Muscles, and he was no less nimble than strong. He did not think it worth his while to overcome me, and looking with Pity upon my tender Age, he was about to retire, when I challeng'd him. Hereupon we laid hold on each other; we almost squeez'd the breath out of one another's Bodies; we stood Shoulder to Shoulder; Foot to Foot; all our Nerves, were distended; and our Arms interwoven like twining Serpents; both of us striving to lift his Antagonist from the ground. Sometimes he endeavour'd to trip me over, by pushing me on the right side; sometimes he endeavour'd to bend me on the left: But whilst he was plying me in this manner, I gave him such a violent Push, as made his Back bend, and so he tumbled down on the Stage; I fell upon him, and, thou' he us'd all his Strength to

get uppermost, yet I kept him immoveable under me. All the People cryd, Victory to the Son of *Ulysses*, and so I help'd the dismay'd *Rhodian* to get up again. The Combat with the *Cestus* was more difficult: The Son of a rich Citizen of *Samos* having acquir'd a great Renown in this Exercise, all the rest yielded to him, and I alone offer'd to dispute the Victory with him. At first he dealt me such fierce blows on my Head and Breast, as made me spite Blood, and spread a thick Cloud over my Eyes; I stagger'd, he press'd me; I was almost out of Breath; but I was re-animated by *Mentor's* Voice, who cry'd to me, O Son of *Ulysses*, will you suffer your self to be vanquish'd? Anger supply'd me with fresh Strength, and I avoided several Blows which would have crush'd me to the Earth. As soon as the *Samian* had made a false blow at me, and that his Arm was stretch'd out in vain, I surpriz'd him in that stooping posture, and as he began to step back, I lifted up my *Cestus*, that I might fall upon him with greater force; he endeavour'd to recover, but whilst he was in this ballancing posture, he gave me an opportunity to throw him down. He had scarce measur'd the ground with his length when I reach'd him my hand to raise him up. He got up by himself, cover'd with Dust and Blood, full of Confusion and Disorder, but he durst not renew the Fight.

Immediately after began the Chariot-Races: The Chariots were distributed by Lot; mine happen'd to be the worst, both as to the lightness of the Wheels, and the Mettle of the Horses: We started; a Cloud of Dust flew about us, that darken'd the very Sky; at first I let all my Com-

Competitors go before me; a young *Lacedemonian*, nam'd *Crantor*, distanc'd all the rest; a *Cretan*, *Polycletes* by Name, follow'd him close; *Hippomachus* a Relation of *Idomeneus*, who aspir'd to o'ertake him, giving the Reins to his Horses, who were reeking with Sweat, leaned on their loose Manes, and his Chariot-Wheels turn'd so vety swift, that they seem'd to be without Motion, like the Wings of an Eagle that cuts the Air. My Horses being animated, and having gather'd Breath by degrees, I outstrip'd most of those who started with so much Ardour. *Hippomachus*, *Idomeneus's* Kinsman, driving his Horses too fast, the most mettlesome of them fell down, and his fall depriv'd his Master of the Hopes of the Crown.

Polycletes, leaning too much upon his Horses, and having no firm sitting, tumbled down as his Chariot gave a Jolt, lost his Reins, and 'twas great Luck that he escap'd Death. *Crantor* seeing, with Eyes full of Indignation, that I was got up close to him, redoubled his Eagerness: Now he invoked the Gods, promising rich Offerings; then he cheer'd up his Horses with his Voice: He was afraid lest I should pass between him and the Mark, for my Horses, which I spared at first, were now able to beat his; so that he had no other Hopes left him, than to stop up my Passage: In order to it, he ran the Risque of breaking his Wheel against the Mark, and broke it accordingly. I turn'd about presently to avoid his broken Chariot, and a moment after he saw me at the Goal. The People shouted a second Time, and cry'd out, Victory to che Son of *Ulysses*, 'tis he the Gods have destin'd to reign over us.

In the mean Time the most illustrious, and the wisest amongst the *Cretans*, conducted us into an old, consecrated Wood, remote from the Sight of prophane Men, where the old Men whom *Minos* had establish'd to be the Judges of the People, and Guardians of the Laws, conven'd us. We were the same who had contended at the Exercises, no other being admitted. The Sages opened the Books, wherein all the Laws of *Minos* are collected. As I drew near those old Men, whom Age render'd venerable, without impairing the Vigour of their Mind, I felt my self seized with an awful Respect and Confusion. They sat in Order, and motionless in their Places; their Hair was hoary; some of them had none at all; a calm and serene Wisdom was conspicuous in their grave Countenances; they spoke with Deliberation, and said nothing but what they had well weigh'd before. When they happen'd to differ in Opinion, they were so moderate in maintaining their Sentiments, that one would be apt to think that they were all of one Mind. Their long Experience of past Transaction, and their constant Application to Labour and Study, gave them a clear distinct Idea of every Thing: But what most conduc'd to perfect their Reason, was the Tranquility of their Minds, freed from the fond Passions and wild Caprices of Youth. They were actuated by Wisdom alone, and the Advantage they reap'd from their accomplish'd Virtue, was, that they had such a perfect Mastery over their Passions, that they enjoy'd without Emotion, the pleasant and noble Delight, of being govern'd by Reason. As I was admiring them, and wish'd my Life were contracted,

tracted, that I might arrive on the sudden to so valuable an old Age; I counted Youth unhappy, for being at so great Distance from so calm and clear-sighted Virtue.

The Chief among those old Men opened the Volume of *Minos's* Laws, which was a great Book usually kept among Perfumes in a golden Box. All those old Men kiss'd it with great Respect, for they say, That next the Gods, from whom good Laws are deriv'd, nothing ought to be more sacred among Men, than those Laws themselves, which tend to make them good, wise and happy. Those who have in their Hands the Administration of the Laws for the Government of the People, ought themselves to be govern'd by those very Laws upon all Occasions: 'Tis the Law, and not the Man, that ought to reign. Such was the Discourse of these Sages. Afterwards he who presided at the Assembly, propounded three Questions, which were to be decided by the Maxims of *Minos*.

The first Question was, *Which of all Men are most free?* Some answer'd, 'Twas a King who had an absolute Power over his People, and had conquer'd all his Enemies. Others maintain'd, that 'twas a Man who had sufficient Riches to gratify all his Desires. Others said, 'twas a Man who being never marr'yd, travell'd all his Life-time through divers Countries, without being ever subject to the Laws of any Nation. Others fancied, That it was a *Barbarian*, who living upon Hunting in the midst of the Woods, was independent upon any Government, and subject to no Manner of Want. Others thought it was a Man newly made free, who, coming out of a rigorous Servitude, en-

joy'd more than any other the Sweets of Liberty. Others, at last, ventur'd to say, That it was a dying Man, because Death freed him from all Troubles; and all Men put together had no longer any Power over him.

When it came to my turn, I was not puzzl'd how to answer, because I still remember'd what *Mentor* had often told me: The most free of all Men, answer'd I, is he who can be free, even in Slavery it self: In what Condition or Country soever a Man be, he is most free when he fears the Gods, and none but them; In short, that Man is truly free, who, desingag'd from all manner of Fear, or anxious Desire, is subject to the Gods and his Reason only. The old Men looked upon one another smiling, and wonder'd to find that my Answer was exactly the same with that of *Minos*.

Afterwards, they propos'd the second Question in these Words; *Which is the most Unhappy of all Men?* Every one answered as he thought. One said, 'Tis a Man who has neither Estate, Health, nor Honour. Another said, 'Tis a Man who is Friendless. Others maintained, That 'tis a Man who has disobedient, ungrateful, and unworthy Children. There came a Sage of the Isle of *Lesbos*, who said, That the most Unhappy of all Men, is he who thinks himself so; for Unhappiness doth not entirely proceed from what we suffer, put rather from our own Impatience and Uneasiness, which aggravate our Misfortunes. This Speech was highly commended and applauded by the whole Assembly, and every one thought that the *Lesbian* Sage would carry the Prize, in thus solving this Question; but being asked my Opinion, I
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answered according to *Mentor's* Maxims, The most unhappy of all Men, is a King, who thinks himself happy, when he makes all the rest of Mankind miserable: His Blindness makes him doubly unhappy; for not knowing his Misery, he cannot apply Remedies to it; Truth cannot pierce through the Croud of his Flatterers, and reach his View; his Passions tyrannize over him; he is a Stranger to his Duty; he never tasted the Pleasures of doing Good, nor felt the Charms of untainted Virtue; he is unhappy, and deserves to be so; his Unhappiness encreases daily; he runs to his own Ruin, and the Gods prepare an eternal Punishment to confound him. All the Assembly confessed I had overcome the wise *Lesbian*, and the old Men declared I had hit upon the true Sense of *Minos*.

The third Question they asked, was, *Which of the two is to be preferred, either a King victorious and invincible in War, or a King unexperienced in War, but able to rule his People wisely in Peace?* The Majority answer'd, That the King invincible in War was to be preferred. What are we the better, said they, for having a King who knows how to govern well in Peace, if he knows not how to defend his Kingdom when a War breaks out? For then his Enemies will overcome him, and make his People Slaves. Others on the contrary maintain'd, That the peaceful King was much better, because he would be afraid of War, and consequently take Care to avoid it. Others said, that a conquering King would consult and advance as well the Honour of his People as his own, and make his

subjects Masters of other Nations ; whereas a peaceful King would sink their Courage into a shameful Effeminacy. They desired to know my Opinion, and I answered thus :

A King who knows how to govern, but only in Peace, or in War, and is incapable to rule his People in both, is but half a King ; but if you compare a King, who is only skilled in War, to a wise King, who, without being acquainted with War, is able to maintain it upon Occasion, by his Generals, I think he is to be preferred to the other : A King whose Mind shall be entirely bent upon War, would always be for making War in Order to extend his Dominion, and advance his Glory, and not Care if all his People were ruined. What are a People the better for the Conquests their King makes over other Nations, if they are miserable under his Reign ? Moreover, long Wars are still attended with great Disorders ; the Conquerors themselves grow loose and licentious in those Times of Confusion. See at what a dear rate *Greece* has triumphed over *Troy* ; she was deprived of her Kings for above ten Years. Whilst all is ruined by War, the Laws grow faint, Agriculture is neglected, all Arts languish and decay ; even the best Princes, when they have a War to carry on, are obliged to commit the greatest of Ills ; which is, to tolerate Licentiousness, and make Use of wicked Men. How many profligate Villains would be punished during the Peace, whose Audaciousness must be rewarded during the Disorders of War ? Never had any Nation a conquering Sovereign, but they must suffer much upon account of his Ambition. A Conqueror, intoxicated with his Glory,

ry, ruins as much his victorious People, as the Nations he has vanquish'd. A Prince, who wants the necessary Qualifications for Peace, cannot make his Subjects relish the Fruits of a War happily ended; he is like a Man who could defend his own Field against his Neighbour, and usurp even that of his Neighbour himself, but could neither plough nor sow his Grounds, and so reap no Harvest. Such a Man seems to be born to destroy, lay waste, and turn the World topsyturvy, and not to make the People happy by a wise Government.

Now let's consider a peaceful King; 'Tis true, he is not fit for great Conquests; that is to say, he is not born to disturb the Tranquility of his own People, by endeavouring to subdue those other Nations who are not his lawful Subjects; but if he be truly fit to govern in Peace, he is Master of all the Qualifications necessary to secure and protect his People against their Enemies, The Reason of it is plain: For he is just, moderate, and easy, with respect to his Neighbours; he never attempts to do any Thing that may disturb the publick Peace; he is religiously faithful in all his Alliances; his Allies love him, they are not in Fear of him, but rather repose an entire Confidence in him. If he happens to have some stirring, haughty, ambitious, and troublesome Neighbour, all the other Kings, who Fear that stirring Neighbour, and in no Manner distrust the peaceful King, join themselves in Confederacy with that good King, and keep him from being oppress'd. His Integrity, Honesty, and Moderation, make him the Arbiter of all the States that surround him: Whilst the ambitious King is odious to all the
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Rest, and ever expos'd to their Leagues; the peaceful Prince has the Honour of being; as it were the Father and Guardian of all the other Kings. These are the Advantages he has abroad; those he enjoys at home, are still more solid: Since he is fit to govern in Peace, 'tis certain he governs according to the wisest Laws; he discourages Pomp, Luxury, and all those Arts that serve only to cherish and foment Vice; he promotes and encourages those that are useful, and can supply Mankind with the real Necessaries of Life; more particularly, he causes his Subjects to apply themselves to Agriculture, and by that means he procures them Plenty of all Necessaries. This laborious People, plain in their Manners, and thrifty in their Way of Living, get an easy Livelihood by tilling of their Lands, and multiply every Day. This Kingdom contains not only a vast Multitude of People, but a People sound in Body, vigorous and strong, and not soften'd by Pleasures; exercis'd and inur'd in Virtue, not addicted to the Enjoyments of an effeminate, luxurious Life; a People that know how to despise Death, and had rather part with their Lives, than with the Liberty they enjoy under a wise King, who reigns only by the dictates of Reason and Justice. Let now a Neighbouring Conqueror attack this People, perhaps he may find them not so well skill'd in pitching a Camp, or drawing up an Army in Order of Battle, or in erecting Machines for the Besieging of a Town; but he will find them invincible by their Numbers, their Courage, their Patience upon hard Duty, their Familiarity with Want and Poverty, their Resolution and Obstinacy in Fight, and their constant Virtue, not to
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be shaken even by ill Success and Disasters. Moreover, if the King have not Experience enough to command his Armies in Person, he will easily find those who shall be able to command them, and will make use of them without losing his Authority. In the mean Time, his Allies will furnish him with Supplies; his Subjects will rather die, than undergo the Yoke of another unjust and tyrannical King; nay, the Gods themselves will fight for him. See how many Helps and Advantages he will find amidst the greatest Dangers: I therefore conclude, That a peaceful King, who is unskill'd in War, is a very imperfect King, since he cannot discharge one of his most important Functions, which is to overcome his Enemies; but at the same Time, he is infinitely superior to a conquering King, who wants the necessary Qualifications to govern in Peace, and is only fit for War.

I perceiv'd a great many in the Assembly, who seem'd to dislike my Opinion; for the Generality of Men, dazzled by glittering Things, such as Victories and Conquests, prefer them before what is plain, easy, and solid; such as Peace, and an equal dispensation of Justice. But, however, the old Men declar'd I had spoken the Sentiments of *Minos*.

The first of these old Men cry'd out, I see the fulfilling of one of *Apollo's* Oracles, which is known thro'all our Island: *Minos* having consulted to Gods, the know how long his Progeny would reign, according to the Laws he had establish'd, *Apollo* answer'd him, Thy Offspring

spring will cease to rule when a Stranger, coming into thy Island, shall cause thy Laws to reign. We Fear'd lest some Stranger should come and conquer the Isle of *Crete*, but *Idomeneus's* Misfortune, and the Wisdom of the Son of *Ulysses*, who best of any Mortal understands the Laws of *Minos*, do plainly discover to us the Meaning of the Oracle. Why do we any longer defer Crowning of him, whom Destiny appoints to be our King?



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates, how he refused the Crown of Crete, in Order to return to Ithaca; That the Cretans desiring him to name a King, he proposed Mentor, who likewise declined the Royal Diadem; That at last the Assembly pressing Mentor to chuse for the whole Nation, he told them what he had learnt of Aristodemus's Virtues, whereupon he was immediately proclaim'd King; That afterwards Mentor and he embark'd for Ithaca; but that Neptune, to gratify Venus's Resentment, raised the late Storm; after which the Goddess Calypso receiv'd them into her Island.

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THereupon the old Men went out of the sacred Wood, and the Chief of them, taking me by the Hand, declar'd to the People, who were impatient to know the Decision, That I had carry'd the Prize. His Words were scarce out of his mouth, when there was heard a confus'd Noise of all the Assembly, every one giving a Shout for Joy; the Shore, and all the neighbouring Hills eccho'd with this general Acclamation, Let the Son of *Ulysses*, who is as wise as *Minos*, reign over the *Cretans*.

I waited a while, and making Signs with my Hand, I demanded Silence. In the mean Time *Mentor* whisper'd me in the Ear; What! will you renounce your Country? Will your ambitious Desire of a Crown make you forget *Penelope*, who now expects you as her only Hopes; and the great *Ulysses*, whom the Gods resolve to restore to his Family? These Words went to my Heart, and check'd my Ambition of being a King. But now the profound Silence of this tumultuous Assembly gave me Occasion thus to speak: Illustrious *Cretans*, I am unworthy to command over you. The Oracle you mention'd, shews indeed that the Offspring of *Minos* shall cease to rule, when a Stranger comes into this Island, and causes the Laws of that wise King to reign therein; but is not said, That Stranger shall rule. I will suppose I am that Stranger, mark'd out by the Oracle: I have made this Prediction good; I am come into this Island; I have discover'd the true Sense of the Laws, and I wish my Explanation may contribute to make them reign with the Man you chuse: For my own Part, I prefer my Country, the poor little

little Island of *Ithaca*, before the Hundred Cities of *Crete*, and the Glory and Wealth of this fine Kingdom. Suffer me to pursue what Fate has destin'd: If I enter'd your Lists here, 'twas not with Hopes to rule here, but only to merit your Esteem and your Pity, and that I might be furnish'd by you with Necessaries for my speedy Return into my Native Country; I would rather chuse to obey my Father *Ulysses*, and comfort my Mother *Penelope*, than reign over all the Nations of the Universe. Oh *Cretans*! you see the Bottom of my Heart: I must leave you, but Death alone shall put a Period to my Gratitude: Yes, *Telemachus* will love the *Cretans*, and be no less concern'd for their Honour than his own, as long as he has Breath.

I had scarce done speaking, when there arose through the whole Assembly a hollow Noise, like that of the Sea-Waves, which dash one against another in a Storm. Some said, Is this a God in an Humane Shape? Others maintain'd, they had seen me in other Countries, and that they knew me again. Others cry'd, we must force him to reign here. At last, I resum'd my Discourse, and every one was silent in a moment, not knowing whether or no I was going to accept what I had at first rejected; in these Words I address'd my self to them:

Suffer me, oh *Cretans*! to tell you my Thoughts: You are the wisest of all Nations, but methinks Wisdom requires a Precaution, which you seem to have forgot; you ought to fix your Election, not on that Man who best discourses about the Laws, but on him who with a most steady and constant Virtue puts them in Practice. For my

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part, I am young, and consequently unexperienc'd, expos'd to the Violence of Passions, and more fit to be instructed, by obeying, in Order to command hereafter, than to command at present; Therefore, seek not a Man that has overcome others in those Trials of Wit and Strength, but one that has overcome himself; look for a Man that has your Laws deeply engraven in his Heart, and whose Life is a continu'd Practice of those Laws: Let his Actions, rather than his Words, recommend him to your Choice.

All the old Men, charm'd with this Discourse, and seeing the Applauses of the whole Assembly still encreasing, told me, since the Gods will not suffer us to hope to see you reign amongst us, at least do us the Favour to assist us in the finding out a King, that will govern according to our Laws: Do you know any Body that can command with that Moderation you speak of? I know a Man, answer'd I, to whom I am beholden for all you have admir'd in me, 'tis his Wisdom and not mine that spoke to you, 'tis he who suggested to me all those Answers you heard just now.

Thereupon the whole Assembly cast their Eyes upon *Mentor*, whom I shew'd to them, holding him by the hand. Moreover, I told them what Care he had taken of me from my Infancy; what Dangers he had rescu'd me from; what Misfortunes had befallen me as soon as I began to neglect his Counsels. At first, they took no Notice of him, by Reason of his plain, negligent Dress; his modest Countenance, his being silent almost all the while, and his reserv'd Looks: But when they view'd him more
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attentively, they discover'd in his Countenance something that bespoke in him a firm, noble, and elevated Soul; they observed the Vivacity of his Eyes, and the Briskness with which he perform'd the least Action. They ask'd him several Questions, which he answer'd to the Admiration of all; upon which they resolv'd to make him their King, but he excus'd himself without any Concern: He told them, he prefer'd the Sweets of a private Life, before the Pomp of a Crown; that even the Best of Kings were unhappy, in that they scarce ever did that good they had a Mind to do; and that through Surprise, and the insinuations of Flatterers, they often did that Mischief they never intended. He added, That if Slaves be miserable, the Condition of a King is no less wretched, since 'tis but Servitude in a Disguise. When a Man, said he, is King, he is still dependant upon all those whom he has Occasion for, in Order to make others obey: Happy is he who is not oblig'd to command! 'Tis only to his own Country, when she invests a Man with Power, that he ought to offer the dear Sacrifice of his Liberty, in Order to consult and promote the Publick Good.

At these Words, the *Cretans*, not being able to recover from their Surprise, ask'd him, What Man they ought to chuse? A Man, reply'd he, that knows well every one of you, since he must govern you; and such a one as is shy of governing you. Whoever desires Sovereignty, is not acquainted with it, and how then will he perform the Duties incumbent upon his Dignity, if he be a Stranger to them? He courts a Crown for himself, but you ought

to have such a one, as only accepts it for your Sake, and not for his own.

All the *Cretans* being strangely surpriz'd to see these two Strangers refuse a Crown, which many others seek after with eager Ambition, they enquir'd who came along with them? *Nausistrates*, who had conducted them from the Port to the *Circus*, where the Games were celebrated, shew'd them *Hazael*, who was come with *Mentor* and my self, from the Isle of *Cyprus*; but their Wonder still encreas'd, when they heard that *Mentor* had been *Hazael's* Slave; that *Hazael*, deeply affected with the Wisdom and Virtue of his Slave, had made him his Counsellor and intimate Friend; that that Slave made free, was the same who just now refus'd to be King; and that *Hazael* was come from *Damascus* in *Syria*, to instruct himself in the Laws of *Minos*; so much was his Heart possess'd with the Love of Wisdom.

The old Men said to *Hazael*, Whe dare not desire you to rule over us, for we suppose your Thoughts are the same with those of *Mentor*, you despise Men too much, to be willing to take upon you the Conduct of them. Besides, you have so far renounc'd Riches, and the vain Pomp of a Crown, that you would not purchase them at the Expence of your Liberty, and with the Fatigue and anxious Cares which are inseparable from Rule and Government. *Hazael* answer'd, Do not understand me, Oh *Cretans*! as if I despis'd Men. No, I know too well what a great and noble Employment it is to make them good and happy; but that Employment is full of Trouble and Dangers; the Pomp that attends it is but a false Brightness, which

which can only dazzle the Eyes of vainglorious Men. Life is short; Greatness and Exaltation do more provoke the Passions, than they can satisfy them. My Design in coming so far, was not to purchase those false Goods, but only to learn to be easy without them. I must bid you farewell; I have no other Thoughts than to return to a peaceful and retir'd Life, where Wisdom shall fill my Heart, and nourish my Soul; and where the Hopes that result from Virtue towards a better Life after Death, shall comfort me under the Miseries of old Age. If I were to wish for any Thing, it should not be to be a King, but rather never to be parted from those two Men you see here before you.

At last, the *Cretans* (addressing themselves to *Mentor*) cry'd out, You, the wisest and greatest of all Mortals, tell us then, who it is we must chuse to be our King, for we will not let you go till you have directed us where to fix our Choice? To which he answer'd; Whilst I was among the Crowd of Spectators, I took Notice of a vigorous old Man, who shew'd no Manner of Eagerness or Concern; I ask'd who he was? And Answer was made, He was call'd *Aristodemus*. Afterwards, I heard some Body telling him, that his two Sons were among the Combatants; at which he express'd no Manner of Joy: He said, That as for the one, he did not wish him the Dangers which attend a Crown; and as for the other, he lov'd his Country too well, ever to consent that he should be King. By that I understood that the Father had a rational Love for one of his Sons, who is good and virtuous, and that he did not indulge the other in vicious Excesses. My

Curiosity still encreasing, I enquir'd into the Life and Character of this old Man; one of your Citizens answer'd me: He bore Arms a long Time; his Body is cover'd with Wounds and Scars, but his plain and sincere Virtue, entirely averse to Flattery, render'd him troublesom to *Idomeneus*, which is the Reason that King did not employ him in the *Trojan War*. He fear'd a Man who would give those wise Counsels, which he was not inclin'd to follow; he was even jealous of the Honour and Reputation which he would infallibly have acquir'd in a little Time; he forgot all his past Services, and left him here poor, and expos'd to the Scorn of those sordid, base Men, who value nothing but Riches; but contented in his Poverty, he lives a pleasant Life, in a retired Place of this Island, where he tills and manures his Ground with his own Hands. One of his Sons helps him in his Work; they have a tender Love for each other; their Frugality and Labour make them happy, and supply them with all Necessaries for a plain Way of Living. That wise old Man distributes to the Sick and Poor of his Neighbourhood, all that he can spare from his own Wants and his Son's: He sets all young People to work, and encourages, admonishes, and instructs them: He decides all Controversies amongst his Neighbours, and is, as it were, the Father of all Families. His own Misfortune is, that he has a second Son, who would never follow his Advice in any Thing: The Father, having borne with him a long Time, with Hopes to reclaim him from his Vices, has at last turn'd him out of his House; since which he has abandon'd himself to fond Ambition, and all extravagant Pleasures.

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This, Oh *Cretans*! is what I have been inform'd; you can best tell whether that Relation be true; but if that Man be such as he is describ'd to be, what need you celebrate any Games? Why do you assemble together so many unknown Persons? You have amongst you a Man who knows you, and whom you know; one who understands War; who has shewn his Courage not only against Dearts and Arrows, but against dreadful Poverty, and has despis'd Riches gain'd by Flattery; one who loves Labour; who knows how useful Agriculture is to a Nation; who abhors Pomp and Luxury; who suffers not himself to be unman'd by a blind Fondness of his Children, and loves the Virtue of the one, and condemns the Vice of the other: In a Word, a Man who is already the Father of the People: This must be your King if so be you desire to see the Laws of wise *Minos* reign amongst you.

All the People cry'd out: 'Tis true, *Aristodemus* is such as you describe him; 'tis he that deserves the Crown. The old Men order'd he should be call'd; he was fetch'd from among the Crowd, undistinguished from the meaner Sort, and having appear'd before them, calm and unconcern'd, they declare to him, That they made him King. He answer'd, I cannot consent to it, but upon these three Conditions: First, that I shall lay down my Dignity in two Years Time, in case I can't make you better than you are at present, and if you remain refractory to the Laws. Secondly, That I shall be free to maintain my plain and frugal Way of Living. And thirdly, That my Children shall have no Rank or Precedence; and that

after my Death they shall be treated without any other Distinction, than according to their Merit, like the rest of the Citizens.

At these Words, the Air was fill'd with joyful Acclamations; the Chief of those old Men, who were the Guardians of the Laws, put the Crown on *Aristodemus's* Head; and afterwards they offer'd Sacrifices to *Jupiter*, and the other great Gods. *Aristodemus* gave us Presents, not with that Magnificence which is usual to Kings, but with a noble Simplicity: He gave to *Hazael* the Laws of *Minos*, written with *Minos's* own hand; he likewise gave him a Collection of the whole History of the Isle of *Crete*, from *Saturn* and the Golden Age, down to that Time: He sent aboard his Ship all Kinds of the choicest Fruits that grow in *Crete*, but are unknown in *Syria*, and offer'd him all the Assistance he had occasion for.

Now, because we press'd for our Departure, he order'd a Ship to be fitted up, and man'd with a great Number of strong Rowers, and arm'd Men; he gave us withal, Changes of Cloaths, and all Manner of Provisions. At that very Instant, there arose a fair Wind for *Ithaca*; this Wind, being contrary to *Hazael*, oblig'd him to stay behind; he saw us go away, and embrac'd us as dear Friends, whom he fear'd he should see no more: However, said he, the Gods are just; they see a Friendship founded on Virtue alone; and those happy *Elysian* Fields, where the Good and Just are said to enjoy an eternal Peace after Death, shall see our Souls meet, never to be parted any more. Oh! that my Ashes might be gathered into the same Urn with yours! As he spoke these
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last Words, he shed a Flood of Tears, and his Voice was stifled by deep Sighs: We wept no less than he, and in this solemn Woe he conducted us to our Ship.

As for *Aristodemus*, he told us, 'Twas you made me King; remember what Dangers you have exposed me to, and therefore, request the Gods that they may vouchsafe to inspire me with true Wisdom, and make me as much superior to other Men in Moderation, as I am above them in Authority. For my Part, I beseech them to conduct you safe into your Country, to confound the Insolence of your Foes, and bless you with the Sight of *Ulysses*, reigning in Peace with his dear *Penelope*. *Telemachus*, I give you a good Ship, full of able Mariners and Soldiers, who may serve you against those unjust Men that teaze your Mother. O *Mentor*! whose boundless Wisdom leaves me no Room even to wish you an addition of any Thing, go both in peace, and make each other happy; remember *Aristodemus*; and if ever the *Ithacians* have Occasion for the *Cretans*, depend upon me as long as I have Breath. He embrac'd us, and we could not forbear mingling our Tears with our Thanks.

In the mean Time, the Wind which fill'd our spreading Sails, seem'd to promise a safe Voyage. Already Mount *Ida* began to decrease in our Sight, and look'd like a little Hill; the *Cretan* Shore disappear'd, and the Coast of *Peloponnesus* seem'd to advance into the Sea to meet us half Way: But on a sudden, a lowring Storm over-cast the Sky, and provok'd the Boisterousness of the Waves; the Day was turn'd into Night, and ghastly Death hover'd over us.

O *Neptune*, it is you, who with your proud Trident, stirr'd up the Rage of the watty Deep! *Venus*, to be reveng'd upon us for despising her even in her Temple of *Cythera*, went to that God, and spoke to him full of Grief, and with Eyes dissolv'd in Tears; at least it is what *Mentor*, who is acquainted with Celestial Things, has assured me. O *Neptune*, said she, will you suffer those impious Men to mock my Power with Impunity? The Gods themselves are sensible of it, and these rash Mortals have dared to condemn all they have seen in my Island; they pretend to a Wisdom, Proof against all Passions, and look upon Love as a Fit of Madness. Have you forgot that I was born in your Dominions? Why do you delay any longer to swallow up in the deep Abyss of your Kingdom, those two Men whom I abhor?

She had scarce done speaking, when *Neptune* made his boisterous Waves rise up to the very Skies, and *Venus* smiled, believing our Wreck inevitable. Our Pilot, being now beside himself, cry'd out, that he could no longer oppose the Violence of the Winds, which fiercely drove us upon some Rocks; a Gust of Wind broke our Mainmast, and a moment after, we heard the Keel of our Ship splitting against a pointed Rock. The Water enters at several places; the Ship sinks; all the Crew of Rowers rend the Sky with lamentable Cries. I embrac'd *Mentor*, and told him, Death is come at last, we must receive it with Courage; The Gods have deliver'd us from so many Dangers, only to destroy us this Day: Let's O *Mentor*! let's die; it is a Comfort to me that I die with you; it
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were in vain' to contend for our Lives against the Storm.

To this *Mentor* answer'd, true Courage finds always some Resource or other; it is not enough to expect Death calmly and unconcern'd, unless, without being afraid of it, we use all our endeavours to keep it off. Let you and I take one of the Rower's Seats: Whilst that Multitude of fearful and troubled Men regret the Loss of their Lives, without using Means to preserve them; let us not lose one Moment to save our selves. Thereupon, he took a Hatchet, and cut of the broken Mast, which leaning into the Sea, made the Ship heel a port. The Mast being thus severed from its stump, he shov'd it out of the Ship, and leap'd upon it amidst the furious Waves. Then calling me by my Name, encourag'd me to follow him. As a great Tree, which all the confederate Winds attack in vain, and which remains unmov'd, and fix'd to its deep Roots, so that the Storm can only shake its Leaves: Thus *Mentor*, not only resolute and courageous, but also calm and undisturb'd, seem'd to command the Winds and Sea. I follow'd him: for who could not have follow'd, being encourag'd by *Mentor*? And now we are a drift upon the Mast, which we steer sometimes one Way, sometimes another. This Mast prov'd a great Help to us, for we sat a stride upon it; whereas, had we been forc'd to swim all the while, our strength had soon been spent. But the Storm did often over set that great Tree; so that, being sunk into the Sea, we swallow'd large Draughts of the briny Flood, which run afterwards out of our Mouths, Ears, and Nostrils; and we were fain to contend with the
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Waves, to get uppermost again. Sometimes also, we were overwhelm'd by a Billow as big as a Mountain, and then we kept fast to the Mast, for Fear that violent Shock should make us loose Hold of what was now our only Hope.

Whilst we were in that dreadful Condition, *Mentor*, as calm and unconcern'd as he is now upon this green turf, told me: Do you think *O Telemachus!* that your Life is abandon'd to the Winds and the Waves? Do you believe that they can destroy you, unless the Gods have order'd it? No, no; the Gods overrule and decree all Things, and therefore it is the Gods, and not the Sea, you ought to fear. Were you in the deep Bottom of the Sea, great *Jove's* Hand were able to deliver you out of it; and were you on the Top of *Olympus*, having the Stars under your Feet, he might Sinck you to the deep Abyss, or cast you down into the flames of black *Tartarus*. I listen'd to, and admir'd his Speech, which gave me a little comfort, but my Mind was not calm enough to answer him. We pass'd a whole Night without seeing one another, trembling, and half dead with Cold not knowing whither the Storm wou'd drive us. At Length, the Winds began to relent, and the roaring Sea was like one who having been along Time in a great Passion, has almost spent his Spirits, and feels only a ruffled Motion which draws towards a Calm: Thus the Sea grown weary, as is were, of its own Fury, made but a hollow rumbling Noise, and its Waves were little higher than the Ridges of Land betwixt two Furrows in a plough'd Field.

In the mean Time, bright *Aurora*, with her dewy Wings, came to open the Gates of the

the Sky, to introduce the radiant Sun, and seem'd to promise a fair Day. - All the East was streak'd with fiery Beams; and the Stars, which had so long been hid, began to twinkle again, but withdrew, as soon as *Phæbus* appear'd on the lighten'd Horizon. We descry'd Land afar off, and the Wind help'd us on towards it. Hereupon I felt Hopes reviving in my Heart; but we saw none of our Companions. It is probable, their Courage fail'd them, and that they sunk with the Ship. Being come pretty near the Shore, the Sea drove us against sharp pointed Rocks, which were like to have bruised us to pieces; but we endeavour'd to oppose to them the end of our Mast, which *Mentor* used to as much Advantage, as a wise Steers-man does the best Rudder. Thus we escap'd those dreadful Rocks, and found, at last, a clear and easy Coast, where we swam without any Hindrance, and came at last to a sandy Shore. There you saw us. Oh! great Goddess, who reignest in this Island; there you vouchsafed to receive and comfort us.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

BOOK VII.

The ARGUMENT.

Calypso admires Telemachus in his Adventures, and tries all Means to detain him in her Island, by engaging him in an Amour. Mentor by his wise Counsels supports Telemachus against the Artifices of that Goddess, and against Cupid himself, whom Venus had brought to her Assistance. Nevertheless, Telemachus and the Nymph Eucharis soon feel a mutual Passion, which, at first raises Calypso's Jealousy, and afterwards her Resentment against those two Lovers. She swears by the Stygian Lake, that Telemachus shall go out of her Island. Cupid goes to comfort her, and obliges her Nymphs to go and set on fire a Ship built by Mentor, at the very Time that Mentor was forcing away Telemachus, to put him on board the Vessel. Telemachus felt a secret joy at the burning of the Ship; which Mentor perceiving, throws him headlong into the Sea, and himself after him, in order, by swimming, to get to a Ship which he perceiv'd near that Coast.

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T*elemachus* having ended his Speech, all the Nymphs, whose deep Attention had kept them motionless, with Eyes fix'd upon him, began to Look upon one another, and ask among themselves, with Astonishment, who are these Men so cherish'd by the Gods? Who did ever hear such wonderful Adventures? The Son of *Ulysses* does already surpass his Father, in Eloquence, Wisdom, and Valour. What a Look! What a Beauty! What Sweetness! What Modesty! But withal, What Nobleness and Majesty! If we did not know him to be Son of a Mortal, he might easily pass either for *Bacchus*, *Mercury*, or even the great *Apollo*. But who is this *Mentor*, who Looks like a plain, obscure Man of mean Extraction? When one views him narrowly, there appears in him something more than Human.

Calypso listen'd to this Discourse, with a Concern which she could not well conceal; her Eyes still wander'd from *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, and from *Telemachus* to *Mentor*. Sometimes she would have *Telemachus* begin again that long Story of his Adventures; then, on the sudden, she contradicted her self; and, at last, rising abruptly from her seat, she carry'd *Telemachus* alone into a Grove of Myrtles, where she used all her Arts to know from him, if *Mentor* was a Deity under the disguise of a human shape? *Telemachus* could not satisfy her; for *Minerva*, who accompany'd him under the Shape of *Mentor*, had not discover'd her self to him, by Reason of his Youth, for she did not yet trust his secrecy so far, as to make him the Confident of her Designs. Besides, she had a Mind to try him in the greatest Dangers; and, had

had he known that *Minerva* was his Companion, such a Support would have made him despise the fiercest and most dreadful Accidents, without any concern. Therefore he mistook *Minerva* for *Mentor*, and all the artful Insinuations of *Calypso*, could not discover what she desir'd to know.

In the mean Time, all the Nymphs, gathering round *Mentor*, took great Delight in asking him Questions: One of them ask'd him the Particulars of his Travels into *Ethiopia*; another desir'd to be informed of what he had seen at *Damascus*; and a third ask'd him, Wheter he was acquainted with *Ulysses* before the Siege of *Troy*? He answer'd every one with civility; and though his Words were plain, yet were they not without their Graces. It was not long before *Calypso* return'd, and interrupted their Conversation; and whilst her Nymphs fell to gathering of Flowers, singing all the while to amuse *Telemachus*, she took *Mentor* aside, in Order to make him speak and discover who he was. As the soft Vapours of Sleep do gently glide into the heavy Eyes, and weary'd Limbs of a Man quite spent with Fatigue, with the same gentleness the flattering Words of the Goddess insinuated themselves, in Order to bewitch the Heart of *Mentor*, but still she met with something that baffled her Efforts, and mock'd her Charms. Like a steep Rock, which hides its proud Top among the Clouds, and despises the Rage of the insulting Winds; thus *Mentor*, unshaken in his wise Resolves, suffer'd the pressing Importunities of Inquisitive *Calypso*; nay, sometimes he gave her a Glympe of Hope, that she might puzzle him with her Questions, and draw forth
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the Truth from the Bottom of his Heart: But when she thought herself most sure to satisfy her Curiosity, her Hopes vanish'd away; what she Imagin'd she held fast, gave her presently the Slip, and a short Answer from *Mentor*, threw her back into her former Uncertainty.

Thus she spent whole Days, now flattering *Telemachus*, and then endeavouring to take him away from *Mentor*, from whom she despair'd of ever getting the Secret: She made Use of her fairest Nymphs to kindle the Fire of Love in young *Telemachus's* Heart, and a Deity more powerful than *Calypso* came to her assistance.

Venus, still full of Resentment for the contempt which *Mentor* and *Telemachus* expressed of the worship that was paid her in the Island of *Cyprus*, was enrag'd to see that these two rash Mortals had escap'd the Fury of the Winds and the Sea, in the late Storm rais'd by *Neptune*. She complain'd bitterly to *Jupiter*; but the Father of the Gods, unwilling to let her know, that *Minerva*, in the Shape of *Mentor*, had preserv'd the Son of *Ulysses*, told *Venus* with a smile. That he gave her leave to Revenge herself of those two Men: She therefore leaves *Olympus*; neglects the sweet Perfumes which are burnt on her Altars at *Paphos*, *Cythera*, and *Idalia*; flies in her Chariot, drawn by Doves; calls her *Cupid*, and with a Face full of Sorrow, but adorn'd with new Charms, she thus bespeaks him:

Do'st thou not see, my Son, those two Men, who scorn my Power and thine? Who for the future will worship us? Go and pierce with thy Arrows those two insensible Hearts; descent with me into that Island, where I shall dis-

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scourſe with *Calypſo*. She ſaid; and cutting the yielding Air in a golden Cloud, preſented her ſelf to *Calypſo*, who, at that Moment, ſat alone on the Edge of a Fountain, at ſome Diſtance from her Grotto.

Unhappy Goddeſs, ſaid ſhe to her, the ungrateful *Ulyſſes* has deſpiſed and abandon'd you; his Son, ſtill more cruel than his Father, deſigns to do the ſame: But Love himſelf is come to revenge your Cauſe. I leave him with you; he may remain among your Nymphs, as heretofore young *Bacchus* was bred among the Nymphs of the Iſle of *Naxos*. *Telemachus* will look upon him as an ordinary Child; and not miſtruſting him, will ſoon feel his forcible Influence. She ſaid; and re-aſcending into the gilded Cloud, ſhe left behind her a ſweet Smell of *Ambroſia*, which perfumed all the Woods and Thickets around.

Cupid remained in the Arms of *Calypſo*, who, tho'a Goddeſs, began to feel a ſecret Flame glide in her Breſt. To eaſe her ſelf, ſhe preſently gave him to a Nymph, who happened to be by her at that Inſtant, whoſe name was *Eucharis*; but alas! how often did ſhe repent it afterwards? At firſt, nothing appeared more innocent, more gentle, more lovely, nor more graceful than this Child. By his ſprightly, flattering, and ever-smiling Looks, one would have thought he could bring nothing but Delight; but as ſoon as one began truſt his fond Careſſes, they were found to be full of a dangerous Venom. That malicious, deceitful Boy never flattered, but with a Deſign to betray; and never ſmiled, but when he had done, or was ready to do, Miſchief. He durſt not come
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near *Mentor*, being frightened away by his Severity; besides, he was sensible, that that unknown Person was invulnerable, and not to be pierced by his Arrows. As for the Nymphs, they soon felt the Flames that were kindled by this treacherous Boy, but they took great care to hide the deep Wounds which festered in their Breasts.

In the mean Time, *Telemachus*, seeing the Boy playing with the Nymphs, was surpriz'd with his Beauty and Gentleness. He embraces him, sometimes he takes him on his Knees, and sometimes dandles him in his Arms. He feels within himself a secret Uneasiness, the Cause of which he cannot discover; the more he indulges himself in his innocent Play, the more is he disorder'd, and soften'd. Do you see those Nymphs, said he to *Mentor*? How different they are from those Women of the Isle of *Cyprus*, whose very Beauty was offensive, by Reason of their Immodesty and Lasciviousness; but these immortal Beauties display an Innocency, a Modesty, a Simplicity, all over charming! At these Words he blush'd, but could not tell why: He could neither forbear speaking of them, nor go on with his Discourse; his Words were broken, obscure, incoherent, and sometimes without Sense or Meaning. Hereupon *Mentor* told him. O *Telemachus*! the Dangers you escap'd in the Isle of *Cyprus*, were nothing, compar'd with those which now you don't mistrust. Barefac'd Lewdness strikes Horror, and brutish Impudence raises our Indignation; but a modest Beauty is most dangerous and ensnaring. When we begin to love it, we fancy we are in love with Virtue, and by insensible Degrees we yield to the de-

ceitful Allurements of a Passion, which we can scarce perceive, before it is too fierce to be extinguish'd. Fly, my dear *Telemachus*, fly from those Nymphs, who are so modest and discreet only to decoy you; fly from the Dangers your Youth exposes you to; but above all, fly from that Boy, whom you do not know. 'Tis *Cupid* himself, whom his Mother *Venus* has brought into this Island, to revenge your Contempt of those Rites which are perform'd in her Honour in the Isle of *Cythera*: He has wounded the Heart of *Calypso*, and made her passionately in love with you; he has fir'd all those Nymphs that are now about him; and even *Telemachus* himself: Oh! wretched young Man, you burn without feeling your secret Flame!

Telemachus often interrupted *Mentor*, and told him, But why shall we not stay in this Island? *Ulysses* is no longer among the Living, and must certainly have been a long Time bury'd in the Waves; and *Penelope*, seeing that neither of us return home, can never have been able to resist so many Lovers; and without doubt her Father *Icarus* has by this Time oblig'd her to marry a Second Husband. Shall I return to *Ithaca*, to see her engag'd with another, contrary to the solemn Faith she had plighted to my Father? The *Ithacians* have quite forgot *Ulysses*, and we cannot return thither, without running upon certain Death, since *Penelope's* Lovers are already possess'd of all the Avenues to the Port, the better to make our Destruction sure at our Return.

Mentor reply'd: Your Discourse is the Result of a blind Passion; we are wonderfully industrious in finding all the Reasons which seem
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to favour it, and with no less Care we avoid the Sight of those which condemn it; we employ all our Wit in deceiving our selves, and stifling those Remorses which give a Check to our Desires. Have you forgot what the Gods have done, in order to bring you back into your own Country? Which Way did you come out of *Sicily*? Those Misfortunes which beset you in *Egypt*, did they not turn on a sudden to your Prosperity? What unseen Hand dispell'd all those impending Dangers which threaten'd your Head in the City of *Tyre*? After so many wonderful Deliverances, can you be doubtful of what the Gods have in Store for you? But what do I say? You are unworthy of their Favours. For my own Part, I go out of this Island: But you, oh! degenerate Son of so wise and noble a Father, you may lead here a soft, inglorious Life among Women; and in Spite of Heaven, do what your Father thought unworthy of him.

These scornful Reproofs touch'd *Telemachus* to the very Quick; he felt his Heart relenting at *Mentor's* Words; his Grief was attended with Shame; he fear'd both the Departure and Indignation of so wise a Person, to whom he was so very much oblig'd; but a new born Passion, with which he was but little acquainted, made him quite another Man. What, said he to *Mentor* with Tears in his Eyes, do you reckon for nothing that immortal Life which the Goddess offers me? No, answer'd *Mentor* I make no Account of any thing that is inconsistent with Virtue, and against the supreme Decrees of Heaven: Virtue calls you back into your own Country, that you may see and comfort *Ulysses* and *Penelope*; Virtue forbids you to abandon your self to

an extravagant Passion: The Gods, who deliver'd you from so many Dangers, in Order to make your Glory shine as bright as your Father's; the Gods, I say, command you to quit this Island. Love alone, that base Tyrant Love, can detain you here? But what will you do with an immortal Life, bereft of Liberty, Virtue, and Honour? This Sort of Life would still be the more wretched, in that it were endless. *Telemachus* answer'd him only with Sighs; sometimes he wish'd that *Mentor* had forc'd him away from that Island; and sometimes he wish'd that his Departure had rid him of a troublesome, rigid Friend, who ever reproach'd him with his Weakness. His Soul was continually distracted by various Thoughts; nor did he continue long in any one of them. His Heart was like the Sea, which is toss'd by contrary Winds, that sport with its inconstant Waves. He often lay stretch'd at full Length and motionless on the Sea-shore; sometimes, in a lonely and gloomy Wood, he shed a Flood of bitter Tears, and cry'd like a roaring Lion: He was grown lean; his hollow Eyes were full of a devouring Fire; and by his pale, downcast Looks, and disfigur'd Face, one could never have thought he had been *Telemachus*. His Beauty, his graceful Sprightliness, and his noble Aspect, were fled from him; he was like a Flower, which being blown in the Morning, casts forth its Fragrancy around all the Day, but fades insensibly towards the Night; its lively Colours decay, its Leaves wither, and its fine Top droops, and bears down the feeble Stalk. Thus was the Son of *Ulysses* brought to the Gates of Death.

Mentor, perceiving that *Telemachus* was not
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able to resist the Violence of his Passion; he thought himself of a Stratagem to deliver him from so great a Danger. He took Notice that *Calypso* was desperately in Love with *Telemachus*, and that *Telemachus* was no less taken with the Charms of the young Nymph *Eucharis*; for cruel *Cupid*, the better to torment Mortals, makes them seldom love the Person by whom they are belov'd. Now, upon a Day, when *Telemachus* was to go out a Hunting with *Eucharis*, *Mentor*, in Order to raise *Calypso's* Jealousy, told her, I find in *Telemachus* an eager Love for Hunting, which I never perceiv'd in him before; this Recreation makes him flight all other Pleasures; he only delights in Forests and wild Mountains: Is it you, O Goddess, who have inspir'd him with this Passion?

Calypso was touch'd to the Quick with these Words, and was not able to contain her self. This *Telemachus*, answer'd she, who despis'd all the Pleasures of the Isle of *Cyprus* cannot resist the faint Charms of one of my Nymphs. How dares he to boast of so many wonderful Actions, whose Heart is so easily soften'd by shameful, effeminate Pleasures, and who seems to be born only to lead an obscure, inglorious Life among Women? *Mentor*, not a little pleas'd to find that Jealousy began to work in *Calypso's* Breast, said no more at that Time, for Fear she should distrust him; he only express'd his Concern by his sad and down-cast Looks. The Goddess complain'd to him about all she saw, and renew'd her Complaints every Day: This Hunting-match, of which *Mentor* gave her Notice, rais'd her Fury to the Height; she was told, that *Telemachus* had no other Desing in his

Sports, than to withdraw from the other Nymphs, in Order to entertain *Eucharis* alone: There was also a Talk of a second Hunting-match, wherein she foresaw he would do what he had done in the first. But to break *Telemachus's* Measures, she declar'd, that she design'd to make one amongst them; and then on a sudden, being no more able to contain her Passion, she spoke to him in these Words:

Is it for this, rash young Mortal! That thou art come into my Island, to escape the just Wreck which *Neptune* prepar'd for thee, and the Vengeance of the Gods? Didst thou come into this Island, which no Mortal ever dares to approach, only to despise my Power, and the Love I have express'd for thee? O! all ye powerful Deities of Heaven and Hell, hear the Complaints of an unfortunate Goddess: Haste to confound and destroy this perfidious, this ungrateful, impious Man. Since thou art still more cruel and unjust than thy Father, may thy Sufferings be more cruel and lasting than his; may'st thou never see thy Country again, that poor and wretched *Ithaca*, which thou didst not blush basely to prefer before an immortal Life; or rather, may'st thou be destroy'd in Sight of it, in the middle of the Sea. May thy Body become the sport of the Waves, and be cast on this sandy Shore, without any Hopes of Burial; may my Eyes see it devour'd by ravenous Vultures; May she whom you love, see it also; yes, she shall see it; that Sight will break her Heart, and her Despair shall be my Bliss and Delight.

Whilst *Calypso* was thus speaking, her Eyes, glow'd and sparkl'd with Fire; her wild, distracted.

cted. Looks were ever unsteady ; her trembling Cheeks were full of black and blue Spots ; her Colour chang'd every Moment ; her Face was often o'erspread with a deadly Paleness ; her Tears did not flow so plentifully as before, their Spring being in a great Measure dry'd up by Rage and Despair ; her Voice was hoarse, trembling, and broken. *Mentor* observ'd the different Motions of her Passion, and spoke no more to *Telemachus* ; he us'd him as we do a Man desperate ill, and abandon'd by the Physicians, yet often look'd upon him with Eyes of Pity.

Telemachus was sensible how guilty he was, and unworthy of *Mentor's* Friendship ; he durst not lift up his Eyes, for Fear he should meet those of *Mentor*, whose very Silence condemn'd him : Sometimes he had a Mind to embrace him, and confess to him how deeply he was concern'd for his Fault ; but still he was with-held, as well by a mistaken Shame, as by a Fear of doing more than he intended, to avoid a Danger which seem'd so pleasing to him ; for he could not yet be prevail'd upon by Reason, to conquer his fond and beloved Passion.

The Gods and Goddesses of bright *Olympus*, were now met together, and with profound Silence kept their Eyes fixed on the Island of *Calypso*, impatient to know who would be victorious, *Minerva* or *Cupid* ? The God of Love, by his sporting and playing with the Nymphs, had set all the Island on Fire ; and *Minerva*, under the shape of *Mentor*, employ'd Jealousy, the inseparable Companion of Love, against Love himself. *Jupiter* resolv'd to be only a Spectator of this Contest, and to stand Neuter. In the mean Time, *Eucharis*, who was afraid to

lose *Telemachus*, used a Thousand Arts to keep him in her Chains: And now she was just ready to go out a second Time a hunting with him; her Dress was exactly like that of *Diana*; *Venus* and *Cupid* had supply'd her with new Charms, infomuch, that her Beauty then enclipsed even that of *Calypso* herself. *Calypso*, seeing her afar off, viewed herself in one of her Chrystal Fountains, and, being ashamed of her own Face, she run to hide herself in the remotest Part of her Grotto, and spoke thus:

'Tis then in vain, I have endeavour'd to disturb the Joys of these two Lovers, by declaring that I designed to be one of the Hunters; Shall I go with them? Shall I be the Occasion of her Triumph? And shall my Beauty serve only for a Foil to her's? Shall *Telemachus* at the Sight of my Charms, be still more transported with those of *Eucharis*? Oh! wretched me: what have I done? No, I'll not go; neither shall they themselves go; I know well enough how to prevent them. I'll go to *Mentor*. I'll desire him to carry away *Telemachus* from this Island, and convey him to *Ithaca*. But what do I say? And what must become of forlorn me, when *Telemachus* is gone? Where am I? Oh cruel *Venus*! what shall I do? Oh *Venus*! you have deceived me! What a treacherous Present you gave me! Perfidious Child! Poisoning Love! I gave thee free Entrance into my Heart, with Hopes to live happy with *Telemachus*, and thou hast brought nothing into my Heart but Trouble and Despair. My Nymphs have rebelled against me; and my being a Goddess serves only to make my Miseries eternal. Oh! that I could destroy my self, to end my Sorrows! But, Oh *Telemachus*! since

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ce I cannot die, Thou must. I'll revenge thy Ingratitude: Thy Nymph shall be Eyewitness of it; I will strike thee to the Heart, while she stands by. But, whither does my raving Passion hurry me? Oh unfortunate *Calypso*! What mean'st thou? Wilt thou destroy a guiltless Youth, whom thou hast thy self plung'd into an Abyss of Misfortunes! I my self have convey'd the fatal Brand into the chaste Bosom of *Telemachus*: How innocent was he before! how virtuous! how averse to Vice! how resolute against shameful Pleasures! What made me intoxicate his Heart? - - He would have abandon'd me. - - Well! shall he not leave me now? Or shall he stay to torture me, and make my Rival blest'd? No, no: I suffer nothing but what I have deserved. Go, dear *Telemachus*, go, cross the Seas; leave *Calypso*, whose Life is a Burthen to her, and who cannot meet Death, to ease her Torments; leave her disconsolate, covered with Shame, and full of Despair, with thy proud *Eucharis*.

Thus she spoke to her self in her Grotto; but rushing out on the sudden, transported with impetuous Fury: Where are you, O *Mentor*! said she? Is it thus you support *Telemachus* against the Assaults of Vice, to which he is just ready to yield! You sleep whilst Love is broad awake to undo him. I cannot bear any longer with that shameful Indifference you shew: Will you calmly look on, and see the Son of *Ulysses* disgrace his Father, and neglect the great Things to which he is destin'd? Is it you or me, whom his Parents have entrusted with his Conduct? I endeavour to find Remedies to cure his distemper'd Heart, and will you stand idle and uncon-

concern'd? There are in the remotest part of this Forest, tall Poplars, fit for the building of a Ship; there it is that *Ulysses* built his before he left this Island: You will find in the same place, a deep Cavern, wherein are all manner of Instruments necessary to cut out and joyn together all the different Parts of a Ship.

She had scarce utter'd those Words, but she repented of them. *Mentor* did not lose one moment of Time; he went down into that Cave, found the Instruments, fell'd the Poplars, and in one Day equip'd and fitted out a Ship for Sea; for *Minerva's* Power and Industry require but very little Time bring the greatest Works to Perfection.

Calypso in the mean Time, was tortur'd by a cruel Anxiety of Thoughts; she had a Mind to see whether *Mentor's* Work went forward, but could not find in her Heart to leave the Hunting-match, where *Eucharis* would have enjoy'd the Compnay of *Telemachus*, in full Liberty. Her Jealousy never suffer'd her to lose Sight of those two Lovers; but at the same Time, she endeavour'd to lead the Hunters towards that Place where she knew *Mentor* was building the Ship; she heard the Strokes of the Hatchet, and Hammer, and every Blow went to the Heart of her. But then in the same Moment, she was afraid lest the busying her Mind on *Mentor*, should make her miss some Look or Wink from *Telemachus* to the young Nymph.

In the mean Time, *Eucharis* said to *Telemachus*, in a jeering Tone, Are not you afraid of being reprov'd by *Mentor*, for going out a hunting without him? Oh! how you are to be pity'd

ty'd for living under so rigorous a Master, whose severs Austerity nothing can mitigate? He professes himself an Enemy to all Manner of Pleasure, and will not suffer you to enjoy any; he condemns, as a Crime, the most innocent Actions. You might indeed have suffer'd your self to be govern'd by him, when you was not able to govern your self; but after you have shew'd so much Wisdom, you shou'd no longer suffer your self to be us'd as a Child. These cunning, insinuating Words went deep into *Telemachus's* Heart, and fill'd it with Spite and Hatred against *Mentor*, whose Yoke he was willing to shake off; he fear'd to see him again, and was so perplex'd, that he return'd *Eucharis* no Answer. After they had spent the Day in Hunting, and in perpetual Constraint; at last, towards the Evening, they return'd home thro' that Part of the Forest, near which *Mentor* had been working all Day. *Calypso* saw afar off the Ship compleatly built, and at that Sight her Eyes were overspread with a thick Cloud, like that of gloomy Death. Her trembling Knees gave Way, and sunk beneath her Body, a cold Damp seiz'd all her Limbs: she was forc'd to lean on the Nymphs that stood about her, and as *Eucharis* reach'd her Hand to support her, she put it back with a dreadful Frown.

Telemachus who saw the Ship, but did not see *Mentor* who was already gone home, having just finish'd his Work, ask'd the Goddess, who it was that own'd that Ship, and for what Use it was design'd? She was at first puzzled for an Answer, but a while after, she said, I caus'd it to be built to send away *Mentor*; you'll not be troubl'd any longer with that severe Friend,
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who thwarts your Happiness, and would grow jealous of you, if you should become immortal. *Mentor* forsake me! I am undone! cry'd *Telemachus*. O *Eucharis*, if *Mentor* abandons me, I have no Friend left, but you: Having let these Words fall in the Transport of his Passion, he saw presently how much his Rashness was to blame, but he was not a Liberty enough to think on their Meaning at first. All the Company was silent, and full of Surprize: *Eucharis* blush'd, and cast her Eyes down; she stay'd behind the rest Speechless, not daring to shew her self: Yet, whilst her Face was overspread with Trouble and Confusion, she felt a secret Joy in her Heart. As for *Telemachus*, he could not apprehend himself, nor think he had spoke so indiscreetly; what he had done, seem'd to him as a Dream, but such a Dream as fill'd him with Perplexity and Uneasiness.

Calypso, more fierce and wild than a Lioness that has her Whelps taken from her, ran up and down the Forest, without knowing whither she was going. At last, she found her self at the Enterance of her Grotto, where *Mentor* expected her: Go out of my Island, said she, you Strangers, who came hither to trouble my Repose: Away with that young Fool: As for you, old Dotard, you shall feel the Power of an enrag'd Goddess, unless you carry him away this very Moment. I will neither see him, nor suffer that any of my Nymphs shou'd speak to him, nor so much as look upon him: I swear it by the *Stygian Lake*; an Oath which makes the Gods themselves tremble: But know *Telemachus*! that thy Misfortunes are not at an End: No, ungrateful Wretch, if I turn thee out of my
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my Island, 'tis only that thou may'st become a Prey to new Disasters. I shall be reveng'd, thou shalt regret the Loss of *Calypso*, but all in vain; *Neptune*, still angry at thy Father who offended him in *Sicily*, and solicited by *Venus*, whom thou did'st despise in the Isle of *Cyprus*, prepares new Storms for thee. Thou shalt see thy Father, who is still alive; but thou shalt see him without knowing him. Thou shalt not meet him at *Ithaca*; before thou hast been the Sport of the most cruel Fortune. Depart.--- May all the celestial Powers revenge me; may'st thou, in the middle of the raging Sea, hang Thunder-struck on the sharp Point of a Rock, invoking in vain *Calypso*, whom thy just Punishment will fill with Joy.

Having spoke these Words, her troubled and perplexed Mind was ready to recall what she had said, and put her upon Resolutions quite opposite to the former. Love revived in her Heart the fond Desire of staying *Telemachus*; Let him live, said she to her self; let him stay here; perhaps he may at last be sensible how much I have done for him. *Eucharis* cannot bestow Immortality upon him as I can. Oh! too too rash *Calypso*, thou hast betray'd thy self by thy hasty Oath; thou standest now engag'd, and the *Stygian* Waves, by which thou hast sworn, leave thee no manner of Hope. These Words were hear'd by no Body; but one might see the Picture of a Fury in her ghastly Face, and all the pestilential Venom of black *Cocytus* seem'd to reek out of her Heart.

Telemachus was seiz'd with Horror: She perceiv'd it; for what can be hid from a jealous Lover? And *Telemachus's* Disorder redoubled
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the Transports of the Goddess. Like a furious *Bacchanal*, who fills the Air with frightful Roarings, and makes the *Thracian* Mountains resound with her Shrieks: Thus *Calypso* roves about the Woods, with a Dart in her Hand, calling all her Nymphs, and threatening to strike any one that shall refuse to follow her. Frighted by her Threats, they all crowd after her with speed; even *Eucharis* advances with Tears in her Eyes, keeping her Looks fix'd at a Distance upon *Telemachus*, but not daring to speak to him any more. The Goddess shivered when she saw her; and instead of relenting upon that Nymph's Submission, her Fury redoubled when she perceived, that even Grief and Affliction served to heighten the Beauty of *Eucharis*.

In the mean Time, *Telemachus* being alone with *Mentor*, he grasps his Knees, not daring either to embrace him, or look upon him; he sheds a Flood of Tears; he offers to speak, but his Voice fails him. He knows neither what he is doing; nor what he ought to do; nor what he wou'd do. At last, he cries out, Oh my true Father! Oh *Mentor*! deliver me from my Miseries! I cannot leave you, neither can I follow you: O! rid me of my Troubles, rid me of my self; strike, strike me dead.

Mentor embraces him, comforts him, teaches him how to bear with himself, without indulging his fond Passion, and tells him: Oh! Son of the wise *Ulysses*, whom the Gods have loved so much, and whom they love still, 'tis out of that Love they have for you, that they expose you to those terrible Miseries which you now undergo: Whoever
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is unacquainted with his own Weakness, and the Violence of his Passions, cannot be called wise; for he is still a Stranger to himself, and cannot stand upon his Guard against himself. The Gods have conducted you, as it were by the Hand, to the very Brink of a Precipice, to let you see the immense Depth of it, without suffering you to fall into it; therefore conceive now what you cou'd never have comprehended, unless you had experienc'd it your self. You would in vain have been told of the Treacheries of Love, who flatters in order to destroy; and who, under an outward Sweetness, conceals the most cruel and unpleasant Bitterness. That lovely Boy is come hither, attended by Sports, Smiles and Graces; you have seen him; he has robbed you of your Heart, and you your self were pleas'd with this Robbery. You laboured to find Pretences to conceal to your self the festering Wound of your Heart; you endeavoured to deceive me, and your self; you feared nothing; see now what your Rashness is come to; you call upon Death as the only Remedy of your Ills. The distemper'd Goddess is like one of the Infernal Furies; *Eucharis* is consumed by a Fire, a thousand times more cruel than all the racking Pangs of Death; all those jealous Nymphs are ready to tear one another to pieces; and this is the Work that *Cupid* makes, for all he appears so gentle and inoffensive. Summon all your Courage to your Assistance; consider how much you are belov'd by the Gods, since they furnish you with so fair an Opportunity to avoid Love, and to return to your dear native Country. *Calypso* her self is forced to send you away; the Ship is ready;

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why should you stay any longer in an Island where Virtue cannot be safe?

As he spoke these last Words, *Mentor* took him by the Hand, and pulled him along toward the Sea-shore. *Telemachus* follow'd him unwillingly, still looking behind him, and keeping his Eyes fixed upon *Eucharis*, who went away from him; and tho' he cou'd not see her Face, yet he view'd with Admiration her fine Hair, ty'd behind with a crimson Ribband, her loose Garments playing with the Wind, and her noble portly Gate. He'd fain have kissed the very Ground on wich she went; and even when he began to lose Sight of her, he still listen'd, thinking that he heard her Voice; altho' absent, her living Picture was present to his Eyes; he fancy'd he spoke to her, and was in such a Perplexity and Concern, that he did not mind what *Mentor* said to him.

At last, when he began to recover, as if waked out of a profound Sleep, he said to *Mentor*, I am resolv'd to follow you, but I have not yet taken my leave of *Eucharis*: I had rather die, than thus ungratefully to forsake her: Stay, I beseech you, 'till I have seen her once more, and bidden her an eternal Farewel; at least, suffer me to tell her, Oh! Nymph! the cruel Gods, the Gods jealous of my Happiness, force me away from you; but they may sooner put a Period to my Life, than ever blot you out of my Memory. Oh Father! either grant me his last and just Consolation, or tear away my Life from me this Moment. No, I will neither stay in this Island, nor abandon my self to Love;
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I have no such Passion in my Breast, I only feel the Impulse of Friendship and Gratitude for *Eucharis*; I only desire to bid her once more Adieu, and then I'll follow you without delay.

How much I pity you! answer'd *Mentor*; your Passion is so fierce and violent, that you are not sensible of it, You think you are calm and compos'd, and yet you call upon Death; you boast that you are not conquer'd by *Cupid*, when you cannot leave the Nymph you love; you see and hear nothing but her, and are blind and deaf to all the Rest. You are like a Man, who being lightheaded through a violent Fever, cries he is not Sick. Oh blind *Telemachus*! you were ready to renounce your Mother *Penelope*, who expects you; *Ulysses*, whom you shall see; *Ithaca*, where you shall be a King; and finally, those great Honours, and that high Fortune, which the Gods have promised you by those many Wonders they have done in your Favour; All these Advantages you were going to renounce, to lead an inglorious Life with *Eucharis*. Will you still pretend, that it is not Love that ties you to her? What is it then that discomposes you? What makes you be willing to die? Why did you speak with so much Transport before the Goddess? I do not charge you with Dishonesty, but I lament your Blindness: Fly, oh *Telemachus*! fly; for Love is not to be conquer'd, but by Flight: With such an Enemy, true Courage consists in flying without any Deliberation, or so much as looking behind one, though at the same Time, it is with Fear and Reluctancy that one flies.

You have not forgot what Care I have taken of you since your Infancy, and what Dangers you have escaped by my wise Counfels; either be ruled by me, or suffer me to leave you. Oh! if you knew how much I grieve to see you thus rush on your own Ruin, and how much I have suffer'd during the Time that I durst not speak to you; the Pangs your Mother felt when she brought you forth, were nothing in comparison of mine I held my Tongue; I fed upon my own Grief, and stifled my Sighs, to see whether you would return to me again. My Son, my dear Son, ease my oppress'd Heart; restore to me what I hold dearer than my own Bowels; restore to me my lost *Telemachus*! restore your self to your self. If your Wisdom can surmount your Love, I shall still live happy: but if Love hurries you away from Wisdom, *Mentor* can no longer live.

Whilst *Mentor* was thus speaking, he went on his way towards the Sea; and *Telemachus*, who was not yet confirm'd enough in his new Resolution to follow him of his own Accord, was yet willing to suffer himself to be led away without Resistance. *Minerva*, who still conceal'd herself under the shape of *Mentor*, covering *Telemachus* with her invisible Shield, and spreading round him Beams of divine Light, made him feel a resolute Courage, of which he had not been sensible since his being in that Island. At last, they arriv'd at a very steep Rock on the Sea-shore, which was continually insulted by the foaming Tide. They look'd from thence whether the Ship *Mentor* had built was still in the same Place, but beheld a dismal Spectacle.

Cupid

Cupid was nettled to the Quick, not only by the unknown old Man's Insensibility, but also by his robbing him of *Telemachus*; his Rage drew Tears from him, and made him run to *Calypso*, who wander'd up and down the shady Woods; she fetch'd a deep Sigh as soon as she saw him, and felt all her Wounds bleeding afresh. *Cupid* told her, You are a Goddess. and yet you suffer your self to be conquer'd by a feeble Mortal, who is a Prisoner in your Island! Why do you let him go? Oh unlucky Boy, answer'd she, I will no more give Ear to thy pernicious Counsels; it is thou hast broken my soft and profound Tranquility, and cast me into an endless Abyss of Misery: It is now past recal, since I swore by the *Stygian* Flood to let *Telemachus* go. *Jove* himself, Almighty *Jove*, the Father of the Gods, dares not to break that dreadful Oath: But as *Telemachus* goes out of the Island, go thou away too; for thou hast done me more Mischief than he.

Cupid having wip'd off his Tears with a malicious smile, told her: Truly, this is a mighty Business to be puzzled at! leave all to my management; keep your Oath, and do not oppose *Telemachus's* Departure: Neither your Nymphs nor I have sworn by the *Stygian* Flood to let him go; I will inspire them with the Design of setting that Ship on fire, which *Mentor* has built so expeditiously. His Diligence, which fill'd you with Wonder, will be altogether vain; he shall have Reason to wonder himself in his Turn, and shall have no Means left to draw away *Telemachus* from you.

This flattering Speech convey'd pleasing Hopes and Joys into the very Bottom of *Calypso's* Heart, and allay'd the wild Fury and Despair of the Goddess; just as a cooling Breeze, which blows on the grassy Margent of a purling Stream, refreshes a Flock of Sheep, which was scorch'd by excessive Heat. Her Aspect became clear and serene; the fierceness of her Eyes was soften'd; those black Thoughts, and carking Cares, which prey'd upon her Heart, fled from her for a Moment; she stopt, she smild, she caress'd wanton *Cupid*, and by her Fondness, prepar'd new Torments for her self.

Cupid highly pleas'd with having persuaded *Calypso*, flew instantly in Order to persuade the Nymphs, who were wandering and dispers'd up and down the Mountains, like a Flock of Sheep, which the Hunger of ravenous Wolves hath frighted away from their Shepherd. *Cupid* gathers them together, and tells them, *Telemachus* is still in your Hands; haste, and let devouring flames consume the Ship which the rash *Mentor* has built to favour his Escape. Thereupon they light Torches, run towards the Sea shore, fill the Air with dreadful Roarings, and toss about their dishevel'd Hair, like frantick *Bacchanals*. And now the greedy flames devour the Ship, which burns the more fiercely as she is made of dry Wood, daub'd over with Rosin; and a Cloud of Smoak, streak'd with Flames, rises up the very Skies.

Telemachus and *Mentor* behold this Conflagration from the top of the Rok; and as *Telemachus* heard the Shoutings of the Nymphs, he
was

was almost tempted to rejoice at it, for his wounded Heart was not yet well cur'd; and *Mentor* perceiv'd that his Passion was like a Fire not quite extinguish'd, which now and then breaks through the Ashes that cover it, and casts forth bright sparks. Now, said *Telemachus*, must I return to my former Engagements, since we have no Hopes left to quit this Island.

By this *Mentor* understood that *Telemachus* was going to relapse into his Follies, and that he had not one Moment to lose: He espy'd afar off, in the main Sea, a Ship that stood still, not daring to approach the Shore, for all Pilots knew that the Isle of *Calypso* was inaccessible to all Mortals. At that very Instant the wise *Mentor* gave a push to *Telemachus*, who sat on the sharp End of the Rock, cast him down into the Sea, and threw himself after him. *Telemachus* amaz'd and stunn'd by his violent Fall, drank large draughts of briny Water, and was for a while toss'd about by the Waves; but a last coming to himself, and seeing *Mentor*, who reach'd him his Hand to help him to swim, he thought of nothing but flying from the fatal Island.

The Nymphs, who expected to have kept them Prisoners, cry'd and howl'd with great Fury, being enrag'd at the Disappointment. The disconsolate *Calypso* return'd into her Grotto, which she fill'd with hideous roarings. *Cupid*, who saw his Triumph turn'd into a shameful Defeat, shook his Wings, and through the yielding Air flew to the sacred Grove of *Idalia*, where his cruel Mother expected him.

The Son still more cruel than the Mother, comforted himself with laughing with her at all the mischief he had done.

As *Telemachus* went farther off from the Island, he felt with secret pleasure, both his Courage and his Love for Virtue reviving in his Heart. I am sensible, cry'd he to *Mentor*, of what you told me, and which I cou'd not believe, for Want of Experience: There's no Way to conquer Vice, but by flying from it. Oh Father! how kind the Gods were to me, when they gave me your Assistance, thou' by my Folly I deserve to be depriv'd of it and be left alone to my self. I fear now, neither Sea, nor Winds, nor Storms; I only am afraid of my own Passions; Love alone is more dangerous than a thousand Wrecks.



THE



THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Adoam, Brother to Narbal, proves to be the Commander of the Tyrian Ship, where Mentor and Telemachus are kindly receiv'd. That Captain knowing Telemachus again, related to him the Tragical Death of Pygmalion and Astarbe, and the advancement of Baleazar, whom the Tyrant his Father had disgraced, at the Instigation of that lewd Woman. During a Repast made for Telemachus and Mentor, Achitoas, by the melody of his Voice, draws the Tritons, Nereids, and other Sea-Deities around the Ship. Mentor taking a Lyre (or Lute) into his Hand, strikes it much finer than Achitoas: Adoam afterwards relates the Wonders of Boetica, and describes the mild Temperature of the Air, and the other Beauties of that Country, whose Inhabitants lead quiet Lives in a great Simplicity of Manners.

THE Ship that stood still, and towards which they swam, was a *Phenician*, bound to *Epirus*. Those who were aboard her, had seen *Telemachus*, in his Voyage to *Egypt*, but could not know him amidst the Waves. As soon as *Mentor* came within hearing, he lifted up his Head out of the Water, and with a strong Voice cry'd to them: Oh *Phenicians*! you, who at all Times are ready to give Assistance to all other Nations, do not deny your Help to two Men, who expect their Safety from your Humanity. If you have any Respect for the Gods, receive us into your Ship; we will go along with you where-ever you go. The Commander of the Ship answer'd, we will receive you with Joy, for we are not ignorant how we ought to relieve Strangers in your unfortunate Condition, and so they took them up into their Ship.

They were scarce got into her, but their Breath being quite spent, they sunk motionless; for they had swam a long while, and struggled with the fierce Waves. By Degrees they recover'd their Spirits; they had other Cloaths given them, for their's were soak'd through by the briny Water, which dropp'd on every Side. As soon as they were able to speak, all the *Phenicians* crowded about them, desiring to know their Adventures. Among the rest Commander ask'd them, How could you enter the Island from which you came? It is said to be possess'd by a cruel Goddess, who never suffers any Mortal to land there; besides, it is encompassed with huge craggy Rocks, which are continually insulted by the wanton Waves, and not to be approached without splitting against them, and suffering Shipwreck. Men-

Mentor answer'd, we were drove upon that Coast by a Storm; we are *Grecians*, the Isle of *Ithaca*, which lies near *Epirus* (whither you are bound) is our Country. If you are unwilling to touch at *Ithaca*, which is in your way, we are contented to be carry'd into *Epirus*, where we have Friends who will take Care to furnish us with all Necessaries, for our short Passage from thence to *Ithaca*; and we will for ever be oblig'd to you for the blissful Sight of what we hold the most dear in the World.

All this while *Telemachus* was silent, and let *Mentor* speak, for the Errors he had committed in the Isle of *Calypso*, had made him much wiser; he distrusted his own self; he was sensible how much he wanted the prudent Counsel of *Mentor*; and when he could not speak to him, to ask his Advice, he consulted his Eyes, and endeavoured to guess at his Thoughts.

The *Phenician* Master of the Ship, fixing his Eyes upon *Telemachus*, remember'd he had seen him somewhere, but 'twas a confused Remembrance, which he knew not how to clear. Give me leave, said he to *Telemachus*, to ask you whether you remember you have seen me before; for methinks I am no Stranger to your Face, tho' I cannot tell where I have seen you; perhaps your Memory will help out mine.

Telemachus answered him, with Surprise blended with Joy; when I first looked upon you, I was as much puzzled about your Face, as you are about mine; I'm sure I have seen you; I know you again, but cannot all to mind, whether 'twas in *Egypt* or at *Tyre*. Thereupon, the *Phenician*, like a Man who wakes in the Morning, and who, by degrees, calls
back

back the fugitive Dream that vanishes away at his waking, cry'd out on a sudden, you are *Telemachus*, whom *Narbal* took into his Friendship when he returned from *Egypt*; I am his Brother, of whom he has undoubtedly spoken to you often. I left you with him, after the Expedition into *Egypt*. My Affairs carry'd me to the Extremity of the Seas, into the famous *Betica*, near the *Herculean* Pillars; so that I did but just see you, and 'tis no wonder I was so puzzled to know you again at first Sight.

I perceive, answered *Telemachus*, that you are *Adoam*: I had but a Glympe of you, but I knew you again by the Discourse I had with *Narbal*. Oh! how am I filled with Joy to hear News from a Man who shall ever be so very dear to me: Is he still in *Tyre*? Is he no more exposed to the barbarous Treatment of the cruel *Pygmalion*? *Adoam* interrupting him, said, Know, Oh *Telemachus*! that Fortune has entrusted you with one who will take all the Care imaginable of you. I will carry you back to *Ithaca*, before I go to *Epirus*, and *Narbal's* Brother will love you no less, than *Narbal* himself. Having thus spoken, he took Notice that the Wind, for which he waited, began to blow; whereupon he gave Orders for weighing Anchor, and Unfurling of the Sails; which done, the Rowers ply'd their Oars amain, and cut the yielding Flood. After that, he took *Telemachus* and *Mentor* aside.

I am going, said he, addressing himself to *Telemachus*, to satisfy your Curiosity: *Pygmalion* is no more; the just Gods have rid Mankind of him; as he trusted no Man, no Man would trust him neither: The Good were contented to
groan

groan in Silence, and fly his Cruelties, without endeavouring to do him any Hurt; the Wicked thought they had no other Way to secure their Lives, than by putting a Period to his. There was not one *Tyrian* but who was every Day exposed to fall a Sacrifice to his Distrust. His very Guards were more exposed than any Body else; for his Life being in their Power, he feared them more than all the rest of Men, and upon the least Suspicion, he sacrificed them to his Safety; which yet he cou'd no where find, since those who were the Trustees of his Life, being in continual Danger, they could not deliver themselves from their uneasy Condition, but by preventing the Tyrant's cruel Suspicions, and putting him to Death.

The impious *Astarbe*, whom you have so often heard mentioned, was the first who resolved upon the Death of the King. She was passionately in love with a young *Tyrian*, *Joazar* by Name, a Man of great Wealth, whom she hoped to place on the Throne. The better to succeed in her Design, she persuaded the King, that the Eldest of his two Sons, named *Phadael*, impatient to wear the Crown, had conspired against his Life: and procured false Witnesses to prove the Conspiracy, so that the unhappy Father put to death his innocent Son. The second, named *Baleazar*, was sent to *Samos*, under pretence of learning the Manners, Customs, and Sciences of *Greece*; but indeed, because *Astarbe* suggested to the King, that his Safety required he should be removed from Court, for Fear he should enter into Combinations with the Malecontents. As soon as he had put to Sea, those who commanded the Ship, being

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corrupted by that cruel Woman, took measures in Order to be Ship wreck'd in the Night; and having cast the young Prince over board, they saved their Lives by swimming to other Barks that waited for them.

In the mean Time *Pygmalion* was the only Person that was unacquainted with *Astarbe's* Amours; for he fancy'd she wou'd never love any Man but him; and that distrustful Prince was blinded by Love to such a Degree, that he reposed an entire Confidence in that wicked Woman. At the same Time, his extream Avarice prompted him to make away with *Joazar* (whom *Astarbe* loved with so much Passion) in Order to seize upon his vast Riches.

But while *Pygmalion* was thus a Prey to his Distrust, Love and Avarice, *Astarbe* thought it convenient to put him to Death with all Speed. She was apprehensive of his having discovered her infamous Amours with that young Man; and besides, she knew the King's covetous Temper was a sufficient Motive to put him upon exercising his Cruelty upon *Joazar*; and therefore she concluded she had not one Moment to lose to prevent him. She saw the Chief Officers of his Household willing to imbrue their Hands in the King's Blood; she heard every Day of some new Conspiracy or other, but she was afraid of trusting any Body, lest she should be betray'd. At last, she thought it most safe to poison *Pygmalion*.

He was used to diet by himself with her; and dress'd all his Victuals with his own Hands, not daring to trust any Body else: he locked himself up in the remotest Part of his Palace, the better to conceal his Distrust, and that he might

might not be observed whilst he was dressing his Victuals. He deprived himself of all Dainties and Delicacies, being afraid to taste of any Thing that was not of his own Cooking. Thus, not only all manner of Meats dress'd by others, but also Wine, Bread, Salt, Oil, Milk, and other ordinary Aliments, were no longer of any use to him. He lived only upon Fruit, which he gathered with his own Hands in his Garden, or Pulse and Roots, which he had sow'd and cook'd himself. His Drink was nothing but Water, which he drew out of a Fountain within his Palace, and of which he always kept the Key. Altho' he seem'd to confide very much in *Astarbe*, yet he used all possible Precautions against her; he always caused her to taste of every Thing that was served at his Table, that he might not be poisoned without her, and that all Hopes of surviving him might be taken away from her. But to baffle this Precaution, she took an Antidote, which an old Woman still more wicked than her self, and the Confident of her Amours, furnished her with: After that she poisoned the King with great Assurance, in this Manner.

Just as they were going to sit down to take their Repast, the old Woman, of whom I spoke before, came on a sudden, and made a great Noise at one of the Doors: The King, who was ever in Fear of being assassinated, starts up in Disorder, and runs to that Door to see whether it was fast enough: The old Woman makes off, the King remains Speechless; and tho' he knew not what to think of the Noise he had heard, yet he durst not open the Door to be informed. *Astarbe* cheers him up, and with fond
 Caresses

Caresses persuades him to eat: Now, whilst the King was gone to the Door, she had put Poison into his Golden Cup, and so when he bid her drink first, she obey'd without any Fear, trusting to the Antidote. *Pygmalion* drank after her, and a little while after swoon'd away. *Astarbe*, who knew his cruel Temper, and that he would kill her upon the least Suspicions, begins to rend her Cloaths, tears off her Hair, and bemoans her self in a most hideous Manner; she clasped and hugged the dying King in her Arms, and bathed him in a Flood of Tears; for this cunning Woman had always Tears at Command. At last, when she perceived that the King's Strength and Spirits were exhausted, and that he was ready to give up the Ghost, for Fear he shou'd recover, and force her to die with him, she gave over her endearing Fondness, and the tenderest Marks of Love, and having put on horrid Cruelty, rushed upon him with Fury, and stifled him. Afterwards she plucked the Royal Signet off his Finger, took the Diadem off his Head, and called in *Joazar*, to whom she gave them both. She fancy'd that all those who had been attached to her before, would not fail to countenance her Passion, and that her Lover would be proclaim'd King; but those who had been most forward in humouring her, were mean and mercenary Souls, and therefore incapable of a sincere and constant Affection. Besides, they wanted Courage and Resolution; and feared not only *Astarbe's* Enemies, but likewise the Haughtiness, Dissimulation, and Cruelty of that impious Woman; so that all wished her Death to secure their own Lives. In the mean Time, a dreadful

ful Tumult fills the whole Palace ; The King is dead, The King is dead, is the general Cry : Some are frighted, others run to Arms ; all seem apprehensive of the Consequences, but yet overjoy'd at the News ; busy Fame carries it from Mouth to Mouth, throughout the great City of *Tyre* ; every Body speaks of the King's being poison'd, but not one is found that is concerned at it. His Death is at once the Deliverance, and the general Comfort of the People.

Narbal, deeply affected with so terrible an Accident, deplored, like a Good Man, *Pygmalion's* Misfortune, who had betray'd himself, by committing his Safety to the impious *Astarbe* ; and had chosen to be an inhuman Tyrant, much rather than the Father of his People, which is a Duty incumbent on a King. He therefore consulted the good of the State, and hastened to assemble all good and publick spirited Men to oppose *Astarbe*, under whom they were like to see a more cruel Government, than that to which she had put a Period.

Narbal knew that *Baleazar* was not drown'd when he was thrown into the Sea ; and those who assured *Astarbe* that he was dead, did it only upon a meer Conjecture : But by the Favour of the Night, he saved himself by swimming ; and some *Cretan* Fishermen, moved with Compassion, received him into their Bark. He durst not return into his Father's Kingdom, suspecting, with Reason, that his Shipwreck was contrived by his Enemies ; and fearing no less the cruel Jealousy of *Pygmalion*, than the Artifices of *Astarbe*. He remained a long while wandering and unknown on the Sea-Coast of *Syria*, where the *Cretan* Fishermen had left him : And, to get a Livelihood, he was reduced

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to the Condition of a Shepherd. At last he found Means to let *Narbal* know what Condition he was in, for he cou'd not but think his Secret and his Life safe with a Man of his untainted Virtue and Integrity. *Narbal*, tho' ill us'd by the Father, had nevertheless a Love and Respect for the Son, whose interest he all along consulted; but he took Care of him only to keep him from being wanting in his Duty to his Father, and upon that Score, he perswaded him to bear patiently with his hard Misfortune.

Baleazar had sent *Narbal* Word, that if he thought it safe for him to come to *Tyre*, he must send him a Gold Ring, upon the Receipt of which, he would meet him there. *Narbal* did not judge it convenient to invite *Baleazar* to come whilst *Pygmalion* was alive, for by that Means he would have brought both that Prince's Life, and his own, into certain Danger; so difficult a Thing it was to guard against *Pygmalion*'s rigorous Inquiries. But as soon as that wretched Prince had made an End suitable to what his Crimes deserved, *Narbal* sent the Gold Ring to *Baleazar* with all Speed. Upon the Receipt of it, *Baleazar* came away immediately, and arrived before the Gates of *Tyre*, when all the City was in an Uproar about *Pygmalion*'s Successor. *Baleazar* was soon acknowledged by the Chief Citizens of *Tyre*, and by the whole Populace. He was beloved, not upon the Account of the late King his Father, who had the universal Hatred, but because of his own Moderation, and Sweetness of Temper. His very Misfortunes, served, in a great measure, to give a heightning Brightness to all his good Qualities, and to touch all the *Tyrians* with a deep Sense of Compassion for his past Sufferings.

Narbal

Narbal assembled all the Chief Men among the People, the old Men of the City-Council, and the Priests of the great Goddess of *Phenicia*. They saluted *Baleazar* as their King, and caus'd him to be proclaim'd by their Heralds. The People answer'd them with repeated Acclamations, which reach'd the Ears of *Astarbe*, in the remotest Part of the Palace, where she was lock'd in with her base and infamous *Joazar*. All the wicked Men, whom she had made Use of during *Pygmalion's* Life, had already forsaken her; for the Wicked do naturally hate and fear the Wicked, and never wish to see them in Authority, because they know what wrong Use they would make of their Power, and how tyrannically they would exert it. As for good Men, the Wicked think them better for their turn, because upon Occasion they hope to find in them Indulgence and Moderation. *Astarbe* had no Body left about her, but the most notorious Accomplices of her enormous Crimes, who were continually in fearful Expectation of their deserved Punishment.

The Gates of the Palace being broke open, those profligate Wretches durst not make a long Resistance, and only endeavour'd to run away. *Astarbe*, in the Habit of a Slave, would have made her Escape through the Crowd, but, being discover'd by a Soldier, she was presently secured, and it was with much ado that *Narbal* kept her from being torn to pieces by the enraged Multitude, who began already to drag her along in the dirt. In this Extremity she desired to speak with *Baleazar*, thinking she might dazzle him by her Charms, and amuse him with the Hopes that she would discover some important Secrets to him. *Baleazar* could not but admit her, to hear what she had to say;

and at first, besides her Beauty, she display'd such soft and gentle Modesty as would have melted the fiercest Anger. She flatter'd *Baleazar* with the nicest and most insinuating Commendations; she represented to him how much *Pygmalion* loved her; she conjured him by his Father's Ashes, to take Pity on her: She invok'd the Gods, as if she had paid a sincere Adoration to them; she shed Floods of Tears; she grasp'd the Knees of the new King; but afterwards she used all possible Arts to render his best-affected Servants both suspected and odious to him. She accused *Narbal* of being enter'd into a Conspiracy against *Pygmalion*, and endeavouring to withdraw the People from their Obedience to *Baleazar*, in Order to make himself King: She added that the design'd to poison that young Prince; and invented such other Calumnies to asperse all the Rest of the *Tyrians*, who were addicted to Virtue. She hoped to have found the Heart of *Baleazar* susceptible of the same Distrust and Suspicions, which she had found in the King his Father: But *Baleazar* not being able to bear any longer with the black Malice of that wicked Woman, he interrupted her, and call'd for a Guard to secure her. Being sent to Prison, the wisest old Men were appointed to examine into all her Actions.

They discover'd with Horror, that she had poisoned and stifled *Pygmalion*; and the whole Course of her Life appear'd to be a continual Course of monstrous Villainy. They were ready to sentence her to suffer the Punishment which is inflicted on great Offenders in *Phenicia*, that is, to be burnt alive by a lingring Fire; but when she found she had no manner of Hopes left, she became fierce and mad like a Fury, and swallow'd down a Poison which she us'd to carry about her, with Design to
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make away with her self, in Case they would put her to lingring Torments. Those who guarded her, took Notice that she was in violent Pain, and offer'd to give her Ease; but she would never answer their Questions, only by Signs she let them understand that she would receive no Relief. They mention'd to her the just and avenging Gods, whom she had provok'd; but instead of shewing any Trouble or Sorrow that might atone for her Crimes, she look'd upon Heaven with Scorn and Arrogance, as it were to insult the Almighty Powers. The Image of Rage and Impiety, was impressed on her agonizing Countenance; nor was there the least Remainder of that excellent Beauty which had been the destruction of so many Men; all her Graces were wholly defaced; her faint, hollow Eyes rolled in their Orbits, with wild staring Looks; a convulsive Motion shook her Lips, and kept her Mouth open in a hideous Manner; all her Face, shrivell'd and wrinkl'd, yielded a ghastly Prospect by its continual Distortions; a dead Coldness and Paleness had seiz'd all her Limbs; sometimes she seem'd to gather fresh Spirits, and come to her self again, but it was only a faint Struggle of Nature, which spent it self in hideous Howlings; at last she expired, leaving all the Spectators full of Horror and Fear. Without doubt, her impious Ghost went down into those Places of Sorrow, where the cruel *Danaids* do eternally draw water with bored Vessels; where *Ixion* perpetually turns his Wheel; where *Tantalus*, parch'd with Thirst, can never catch the wanton Water that flies his eager Lips; where *Sisphus* vainly rolls up to the top of a Mountain, a Stone which tumbles down again continually; and where *Titius* will for ever feel a Vulture preying upon his growing Liver.

Baleazar being deliver'd from this Monster, return'd the Gods Thanks by innumerable Sacrifices. His Conduct, at the Beginning of his Reign, was the Reverse of *Pygmalion's*; he applies himself to the Promoting of Trade, which languish'd and decay'd more and more every Day; he consults with *Narbal* about the most important Affairs, and yet is not govern'd by him; for he will see every Thing with his own Eyes; he hears every Body's Opinion, but afterwards determines according to his own. He is generally beloved by his People, and being Master of their Hearts, he enjoys more Riches than ever his Father heaped up with his insatiable and cruel Avarice; for there is never a Family, but what would part with all they have, if he happen'd to be reduc'd to a pressing Necessity, Thus, what he suffers them to enjoy, is more at his command, than if he should forcibly take it from them. He needs not use any Precaution, or to be solicitous to secure his Life; for he has still the safest Guard about him, which is the Love of all his Subjects; every one of them being afraid to loose him, and therefore willing to hazard his own Life to preserve that of so good a King. He lives happy with his People, and all his People live happy under him. He is ever afraid of burthening his People; whereas they are afraid of giving him too little a Share in their Estates. He lets them live in Plenty, and yet this Plenty makes them neither refractory nor insolent; for they are laborious, addicted to Trade, and steadfast in preserving the Purity of their ancient Laws. *Phenicia* has now recover'd the Height of her Greatness and Glory, and it is to her young King, she owes so much Prosperity. *Narbal* governs under him. *O Telemachus!* were he now to see you, with how much

much Joy would he load you with Presents! What a Pleasure would it be to him to send you back into your own Country in State and Magnificence? Am I not then very fortunate in doing what he cou'd wish to do himself, in going to the Isle of *Ithaca*, there to place on the Throne the Son of *Ulysses*, that he may reign there, as wisely as *Balear* reigns at *Tyre*?

Adoam having thus spoken, *Telemachus*, highly pleas'd with this Story, and much more with the marks of Friendship he receiv'd from him, embrac'd him with great Tenderneſs and Affection. Afterwards, *Adoam* ask'd him, what extraordinary Adventure had led him into the Island of *Calypso*? *Telemachus*, in his Turn, gave him the Story of his Departure from *Tyre*, and his going over to the Isle of *Cyprus*: He related to him, his meeting again with *Mentor*: their Voyage into *Crete*; the publick Games for the Election of a new King after *Idomeneus*'s flight; *Venus*'s Anger; their Shipwreck; the kind and joyful welcome *Calypso* had given them; the Jealousy of that Goddess against one of her Nymphs; and *Mentor*'s throwing his Friend into the Sea; as soon as he espy'd the *Phenician* Ship.

After they had given each other the respective Stories of their Adventures, *Adoam* caus'd a magnificent Entertainment to be serv'd up; and the better to express his excessive Joy, he procur'd all the Diversions that could be had. Whilst they were at Table, attended by young *Phenician* Boys, clad in white, with Garlands of Flowers on their Heads; the most exquisite Perfumes of the East were burnt. All the Rowers Seats were fill'd with Musicians, playing on the Flute. *Achiroas* now and then interrupted them, by the sweet Har-

mony of his Voice and his Lyre, fit to entertain the Gods at their Revels, and even to please the Ears of *Apollo* himself. The *Tritons*, the *Nereids*, all the Deities who obey the Command of *Neptune*, and the Sea-Monsters themselves forsook their deep watry Grottos, and came in shoals round the Ship, charm'd by this Divine Melody. A Company of young *Phenicians* of excellent Beauty, and clad in fine Lawn, as white as the driven Snow, danc'd for a long Time several Dances of their own Country; afterwards they danc'd after the *Egyptian* Manner, and last of all, after the *Grecian*. Now and then the loud Trumpets made the Waves resound with their Clangor as far as the distant Shore. The Silence of the Night, the Stillness of the Sea, the trembling Light of the Moon, which play'd on the Surface of the Water, and the azure Blue of the Skies, studded with bright twinkling Stars, serv'd to heighten the Nobleness and Majesty of the Show.

Telemachus, being of a quick and sprightly Temper, easily affected with the Impressions of sensual Objects, relish'd all those Pleasures with Delight; but he durst not indulge himself too far in the Enjoyment of them, since he had experienc'd, to his Grief and Shame in the Isle of *Calypso*, how ready Youth it to be inflam'd. He was shy and afraid, even of the most innocent Pleasures, and suspected every Thing. He look'd upon *Mentor*, and consulted both his Face and his Eyes to know what he ought to think of all those Pleasures.

Mentor was not a little pleas'd to see him in that Perplexity, but made as if he did not take Notice of it; at last mov'd with *Telemachus's* Moderation, he told him with a smile; I perceive what you are afraid of, and cannot but commend your Fear; but ho-

however, you must have a Care not to carry it too far. No Man can wish you more earnestly than I the Enjoyment of Pleasure, provided it be such Pleasure as will not hurry you to Excess, nor emasculate your Nature. You must enjoy Pleasure only to unbend your self; but still in such a manner as to preserve the Use of your Reason. I wish you moderate Diversions, that will not make you like a furious Brute. It is now convenient you should refresh your self after all your Troubles and Fatigues; relish, with a grateful Complaisance to *Adoam*, all those Enjoyments he offers you: Be merry, *Telemachus*, be merry and rejoice; Virtue is neither morose, austere, nor affected: It is she yields true Pleasures; she alone knows how to season and temper them, to make them solid and lasting; she knows how to mix Mirth and Sports with the most important and serious Affairs. She prepares us for Pleasure by Labour, and refreshes the Hardships of Labour by Pleasure. Wisdom it self is not ashamed to be gay and sprightly upon Occasion.

Having spoke these Words, *Mentor* took up a Harp, and touch'd it with such exquisite Art, that *Achitoas*, stung with Jealousy, let his drop from his Hands; his Eyes were flaming with Spite, his troubled Face turn'd pale again; and every Body would have taken Notice of his Pain and Confusion, but that at the same Moment, *Mentor's* Harp had ravish'd into an Extasy the Souls of all the Assistants. No Man hardly durst draw Breath, for Fear of breaking in upon the profound Silence, and so losing something of the divine Song; all were still in Pain, lest he should end it too soon. *Mentor's* Voice had no effeminate Softness, but was flexible, mellow, and strong; and he us'd it with
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such Art, that he humour'd to Admiration every Thing he sung.

He, at first, rehears'd the Praises of mighty *Jove*, the Father and King both of Gods and Men, who with a Nod shakes the whole Universe. Afterwards he represented *Minerva* coming out of his Head, that is, Wisdom, which that supreme God creates within himself, and which issues from him, to instruct those who are willing to be taught. *Mentor* sung all these Truths in such divine and lofty Strains, and in so religious a Manner, that the whole Assembly thought themselves transported to the very Top of *Olympus*, in the Presence of *Jupiter*, whose Looks are more piercing than his Thunder. Next to that, he sung the Misfortunes of young *Narcissus*, who being fondly smitten with his own Beauty, which he was continually viewing in a Fountain, consum'd himself with Grief, and was chang'd into a Flower, that bears his Name. Lastly, he sung the fatal Death of fair *Adonis*, whom a fierce wild Boar tore in pieces, and whom *Venus*, tho' passionately in love with him, could never bring to Life again, with all the bitter Complaints she put up to Heaven.

None of those who heard him, were able to contain their Tears; and every one felt a secret pleasure in Weeping. When he had done Singing, the *Phenicians* look'd upon one another full of Wonder and Amazement. One said this is *Orpheus*; for thus with his Harp he us'd to tame fierce Beasts, and draw after him both Woods and Rocks. 'Tis thus he enchanted *Cerberus*, suspended for a while the Torments of *Ixion*, and of the *Danaids*, and prevail'd with the inexorable *Pluto*, to consent to the Release of the fair *Euridice*. Another cry'd, No, 'tis *Linus*, the Son of *Apollo*;

to whom somebody answer'd, You are mistaken, this, must be *Apollo* himself. *Telemachus's* surprize was little less than that of the Rest; for he never knew before, that *Mentor* could play on the Harp with so much Mastery. *Achitoas*, who by this Time had conceal'd his Jealousy, began to give *Mentor* those Commendations he deserv'd; but he could not praise him without blushing, neither was he able to make an End of Discourse. *Mentor*, who saw the Trouble he was in, began to interrupt him, and endeavour'd to comfort him by commending his Musick. However, his Praises did not comfort *Achitoas*; for he was sensible, that *Mentor* surpass'd him yet more by his Modesty, than by the Charms of his Voice,

In the mean Time *Telemachus* said to *Adoam*, I remember you spoke to me of a Voyage you made into *Batica*, since we came away from *Egypt*; and because *Batica* is a Country, of which common Fame relates so many incredible Wonders, vouchsafe to tell me what we must believe of them. I will be extream glad, reply'd *Adoam*, to give you a Description of that famous Country which deserves your Curiosity, and which is much beyond what Fame proclaims about it; whereupon he thus began:

The River *Batis* runs through a fruitful Land, blest with a temperate, and ever serene Sky. The Country has its Name from the River, which discharges its Waters into the great Ocean near the famous Pillars of *Hercules*, and about that Place where the furious Sea, breaking thro' its Banks, divided heretofore the Land of *Tarsis* from *Great Africa*. This Country seems to have preserv'd the Delights of the Golden Age. Here Winters are lukewarm, and the fierce Northern Winds
never

never rage in it; the scorching Heat of the Summer is ever allay'd by refreshing *Zephyrs*, which fan the sultry Air towards Noon; so that the whole Year is but a happy Hymen betwixt Spring and Autumn, which seem ever to go Hand in Hand. The Land, both in the Vallies and the Plains, yields every Year a double Harvest; the Roads are hedg'd with Bay-Trees, Pomegranate-Trees, *Jesamine*, and other Trees, ever green, and ever in Blossom. The Hills are overspread with numerous Flocks of Sheep, whose fine Wooll is a choice Commodity among all Nations of the known World. There are a great many Mines of Gold and Silver in that happy Country; but its rude Inhabitants, contented and happy with their Plainness, disdain to count Gold or Silver among their Riches, and only value what is really necessary to answer the Exigencies of humane Nature.

When we first began to trade with that Nation, we found Gold and Silver employ'd among them about the same Uses as Iron; as for Example, for Plough-shares. As they had no foreign Trade, so they wanted no Coin. Most of them are either Shepherds or Husbandmen; Artificers and Tradesmen are but few in this Country; for they only tolerate those Arts which procure Necessaries of Life; and besides, tho' most of the Inhabitants either follow Agriculture, or the tending of Herds and Flocks, yet they are skill'd in those Arts which are requisite to the Support of their plain and frugal Way of Living. The Women spin that silky Wooll I told you of, and make extraordinary fine and white Stuffs; they bake Bread, dress Victuals, and all those Labours are easie to them; for in this Country their ordinary food is Fruit and Milk, and very rarely Flesh. Out of the Leather of their
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Sheep, they make thin Shoes for themselves, their Husbands, and their Children; they make Tents some of wax'd Skins, and others of Barks of Trees. They wash the Cloaths, keep the Houses in Order, and sweet and clean to Admiration, and make Garments for all the Family. Those Garments are easily made; for in this mild and happy Climate, they only wear a thin and light Piece of Stuff, neither cut nor sew'd, and which, for Modesty's Sake, every one laps about his Body in long Folds, and in what from he pleases.

The Men, besides Husbandry, and the Tending of their Herds and Flocks, have no other Art to exercise, but the working and fashioning of Wood and Iron; and even in these, they seldom make any use of Iron, unless it be for Tools necessary for Husbandry. All those Arts wick respect Architecture, are altogether useless to them; for they never build Houses. It argues, say they, too great a Fondness for the Earth, to build a Dwelling upon it much more lasting than one's self; it is sufficient to have a Shelter against the Injuries of the Weather. As for all other Arts, so much esteem'd among the *Grecians*, the *Egyptians*, and other civiliz'd Nations, they abhor and detest them, as the Inventions of Pride and Effeminacy.

When they hear of Nations that have the Art of erecting stately Buildings, of making gold and silver Household-goods, Stuffs adorn'd with Embroidery and precious Stones, exquisite Perfumes, delicious and dainty Dishes of Meat, and Instruments of Musick, whose harmony enchants the Soul, they answer in these Words; those Nations are unhappy, thus to have bestow'd so much Time Labour, and Industry, upon the corrupting of themselves. Those superfluities soften, intoxicate
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and torment the Possessors of them, and empt those that are depriv'd of them, to acquire them by Injuste and Violence. Can that superfluity be call'd a Good, which serves only to make Men wicked? Are the Men of those Countries more sount, strong, and robust than we? Do they live longer? Are they better united among themselves? Is their Life more free from Cares, more calm, and more chearful? Nay, on the contrary, they must needs be jealous of one another, devour'd by Shameful and base Envy, ever disquieted by Ambition, Fears, and Avarice; and incapable of enjoying plain, unmix'd, and solid Pleasures, since they are Slaves to so many imaginary Necessities, in which alone they place their Felicity. Thus it is, continu'd *Adoam*, that these wise Men speak, who owe all their Wisdom to their diligent Study of simple Nature; they have an Abhorrence for our Politeness, and it must be confess'd, that there is something great in their admirable Plainness: They live all together, without dividing their Lands; every Family is govern'd by its Chief, who is real King of it. The Father of the Family has the power to punish any of his Children, or Grand-Children, that commits a Fault; but before he inflicts the Punishment, he advises with the Rest of the Family. 'Tis rare indeed, that there is any Occasion for Punishment; for Innocence of Manners, Truth, Honesty, Integrity, Obedience, and Abhorrence of Vice, dwell in this happy Place; and one would think, *Astræa*, who is said to have fled to Heaven, lies yet conceal'd here among these People: There is no need of Judges amongst them, for their own Consciences judge them: All their Goods are in common; the Fruits of the Trees, the Grain and Pulse of the Earth, the Milk
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of the Herds are so abounding, that a People so sober and moderate have no Occasion to divide them. Each Family travelling through this happy Country, carry their Tents from one Place to another, when they have eaten up the Pasturage, and consum'd the Fruits of that Part where they were seated before; so that having no private Interests to maintain one against t'other, they all love one another with brotherly Love, which nothing can impair or break in upon; 'tis the Contempt of vain Riches and of deceitful Pleasures, which confirms them in this Peace, Union and Liberty. They are all free, and all equal.

There is no other Distinction among them, except what is allow'd to the Experience of the grave old Men, or to the extraordinary Wisdom of some young Men, who being accomplish'd in all Virtue, are equal to the old Men. The cruel Outcries of Fraud, Violence, Perjury, Law-suits, and Wars, are never heard in this Country, cherish'd by the Gods. No humane Blood ever stain'd this Land; nay, even the Blood of Lambs is seldom spilt in it. When these People hear of bloody Battles, rapid Conquests, State Revolutions, which are frequent in other Nations, they stand perfectly amaz'd. What, say they, are not Men subject enough to Mortality, without precipitating one another to Death? Does Life, which is so short, seem to them too long? Are they sent here upon Earth to tear one another to pieces, and so make themselves mutually miserable? Among other Things, these People of *Batica* cannot conceive, why those Conquerors, who subdue great Empires, should be so much admir'd. What a Folly it is, say they, for a Man to place his Happiness in governing other Men, which is so painful
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an Office, if it be executed with Reason, and according to Justice? But what Pleasure can he take in governing them against their Consent? All that a wise Man can do, is to take upon him the governing of a docile People, whom the Gods have committed to his Care; or a People who intreat him to be a Father or Shepherd to them? but to govern Men against their Will, is to make one's self most miserable, to gain a false Honour for keeping them in Slavery. A Conqueror is a Man whom the Gods, in their Wrath against Mankind, have sent upon the Earth, to lay Kingdoms waste, spread Terror, Misery, and Despair every where, and to make as many Slaves, as there are Freemen. Is it not Glory enough for a Man, that thirsts after Fame, to rule those with Prudence whom the Gods have put under him? Does he think he cannot merit Praise, unless he becomes violent, unjust, insulting, usurping, and tyrannical over all his Neighbours; War should never be thought on, but for the Defence of Liberty. Happy he, who being a Slave to no Man, has not the vain Ambition to make another Man his Slave. Those mighty Conquerors whom they represent to us with so much Glory, are only like overflowing Rivers, which appear majestick, but destroy those fertile Fields which they should only refresh.

After *Adoam* had given this Description of *Batica*, *Telemachus*, charm'd with his Relation, ask'd him several curious Questions. Do these People, said he, drink Wine? They are so far from drinking it, reply'd *Adoam*, that they never car'd to make any; not that they want Grapes, since no Country whatsoever produces more delicious; but they content themselves with eating Grapes, as they do other Fruits; and dread Wine as the corrupter
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of Mankind. 'Tis a kind of Poison (say they) which raises Madness. It does not kill a Man, indeed, but it makes him a Beast. Men may preserve their Health and Strength without Wine, the Effect of which is to destroy good Manners.

Then, said *Telemachus*, I would fain know what Laws are observ'd in Marriages in this Nation. No Man, reply'd *Adoam*, can have more than one Wife, whom he must keep as long as she lives. The Honour of the Men in this Country depends as much on their Fidelity to their Wives, as the Honour of the Wives depends, in other Countries, on their Fidelity to their Husbands. Never were People so honest, nor so inviolably chaste. The Women here are beautiful and agreeable, but plain, modest, and laborious. Marriage here is peaceful, fruitful, and spotless. The Husband and Wife seem to be but one Soul in two Bodies; they bear an equal part in all domestick Cares; the Husband manages all the Concerns abroad, the Wife keeps close to her Business at Home; she comforts her Husband, and seems to be made only to help and pleasure him; she gains his Confidence, and contributes less by her Beauty, than her Virtue, to heighten the Charms of their Society, which endure as long as they live. Sobriety, Temperance, and Purity of Manners, make the Lives of these People not only long, but free from Diseases. Here are Men of an hundred, and of an hundred and twenty Years old, who are yet hearty and chearful. One Thing more that I want to know, added *Telemachus*, is how they avoid going to War with their Neighbours? Nature, said *Adoam*, has separated them from other People, on one Side by the Sea, and on the other Side by high Mountains towards the North. Besides this, the neighbouring

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Nations bear them great Respect, on account of their Virtue; and when they fall out among themselves, they frequently make Choice of these People to determine their Differences; and have often entrusted to them the Lands and Towns that were in Dispute. As this wise Nation has never committed any Violence, no Body distrusts them. They laugh when they hear of Kings who cannot settle and adjust the Frontiers of their Dominions among themselves. Is it possible, say they, for Men to fear they shall ever want Land? There will ever be more than they can cultivate: And as long as there shall remain free Lands, we would not so much as defend our own against our Neighbours, who would strive to take them from us. Pride, Arrogance, Knavery, and Avarice were never heard of among the Inhabitants of *Batica*; so that their Neighbours never have Occasion to fear such a People, nor can they ever hope to make such a People fear them, which is the Reason that they never molest them. These People would sooner forsake their Country, or meet Death, than submit themselves to Slavery. Thus they are as difficult to be enslav'd, as it is for them to desire to enslave others: Which causes so profound a Peace betwixt them and their Neighbours.

Adoam ended this Discourse, with an Account of the Manner of Traffick between the *Phenicians* and those of *Batica*. These People, pursu'd he, were amaz'd when they saw strange Men come from so far on the Waves of the Sea. They suffered us to lay the Foundation of a City in the Isle of *Gades*. They receiv'd us very kindly, and gave us Part of all they had, without taking any Payment for it. Moreover, they offer'd us all that was left of their Wooll, after they had sufficient.

ciently provided for their own Use, and indeed sent us a rich Present of it. 'Tis a Pleasure to them to give their overplus liberally to Strangers.

As for their Mines, they gave them up to us without any Manner of Uneasiness, because they made no Advantage of them; they fancy'd Men were not over wise to search with so much Pains in the Bowels of the Earth, what could not make them happy nor satisfy any real necessity. Do not dig, said they to us, so deep into the Earth; content your selves with ploughing and tilling it, and it will afford you real Goods that will nourish you; you will reap Fruits from it that are more valuable than Gold and Silver, since Men desire neither Gold nor Silver, but only to purchase sustenance for human Life.

We would often have taught them Navigation, and have carry'd the young Men of their Country into *Phenicia*; but they would never consent that their Children should learn to live after our Manner. They would learn, said they to us, to stand in need of those Things that are become necessary to you, and would forego Virtue to gain them. They would grow, like a Man who has good Legs, but having lost the Custom of walking, brings himself at last to the sad Necessity of being always carry'd, like a sick Man. As for Navigation, they admire it indeed, as an industrious Art; but they believe it to be pernicious. If those People, say they, have enough to support Life in their Country, what do they seek in another? Are they not contented with what is sufficient to Nature? They deserve to be shipwreck'd for seeking Death in the midst of Tempests, to satiate the Avarice of Merchants, and indulge the Passions of other Men.

Telemachus was ravish'd at *Adoam's* discourse; he was highly pleas'd to find that there was yet a People in the World, who following the true Dictates of Nature, was both so wise and so happy. Oh! how vastly the Manners of these People differ from the vain and ambitious Manners of those who are accounted the Wisest! We are so vitiated, that we can hardly think that so natural a Simplicity can be real. We look upon the Morals of these People only as a pleasant Fable, and they ought to look upon our's as a monstrous Dream.



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

Venus, still enrag'd against Telemachus, sues to Jupiter for his Destruction; but the Destinies not permitting him to perish, that Goddess goes to Neptune, to concert Means to drive him away from Ithaca, whither Adoam was conducting him. They employ, for that Purpose, a deceitful Deity, who imposes upon the Pilot Athamas, and makes him steer full sail into the Port of the Salentines, while he thought to arrive at Ithaca. Idomeneus King of the Salentines receives Telemachus into his new City, where he was actually preparing a solemn Sacrifice to Jupiter, for the success of a War against the Mandurians. The Priest consulting the Entrails of the Victims, gives him Hopes of Success, and that he shall be chiefly indebted for it to his two new Guests.

WHilst *Telemachus* and *Adoam* were thus discoursing together; neglectful of Sleep, and not perceiving that the Night was half spent, a deceitful unfriendly Deity led them far wide of *Ithaca*, which their Pilot *Athamas* sought for in vain. *Neptune*, tho' a Friend to the *Phenicians*, could no longer endure to think that *Telemachus* had escap'd the Storm that had dash'd him against the Rocks of *Calypso's* Island. *Venus* was yet more incens'd, to see that young Man triumphing, after his Conquest over *Cupid* and his Charms; and in the Height of her Passion, she quitted *Cythera*, *Paphos*, *Idalia*, and all the Honours which are paid to her in the Isle of *Crete*; she could no longer stay in those Places where *Telemachus* had despised her Power; and thereupon she flies to bright *Olympus*, where the Gods were assembled round the Throne of *Jove*. From this Place, they behold the Stars rowling beneath their Feet: They see the Terrestrial Globe, like a small Clod of Clay: The vast Seas appear to them only like drops of Water, with which this Clod is a little moisten'd; The largest Kingdoms are in their Eyes but as a little Sand covering the surface of this Clod. The numberless Multitudes of People, the mighty Armies seem to them but as Ants, contending for a Tuft of Grass upon this Clod. The Immortals laugh at the most weighty Affairs that agitate feeble Mortals, and their most important Concerns appear to them like the Play-Games of Children. That which Men call Glory, Grandeur, Power, profound Policy, seems to these supreme Deities to be nothing but Misery and Folly.

'Tis in this Abode, so much elevated above the Earth, that *Jupiter* has fix'd his immovable Throne:

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His Eyes pierce into the deepest Abyſs, and viſit even the moſt ſecret Recesses of the Heart. His ſweet and ſerene Aſpect diffuſes Tranquility and Joy throughout the Universe. On the contrary when he ſhakes his ambroſial Locks, he makes both Heaven and Earth to tremble: The Gods themſelves, dazzled with the beamy Glory that ſurrounds him, can't approach him without trembling.

All the Celeſtial Deities were now about him. *Venus* preſented herſelf with all thoſe Charms, that ſpring from her divine Perſon; her looſe flowing Grown was more ſplendid than all the Colours with which *Iris* decks herſelf amidſt the duſky Clouds, when ſhe comes to promiſe to diſmay'd Mortals the Ceſſation of a Tempeſt, and to declare to them the Return of fair Weather. Her Robe was faſten'd by that ſam'd Girdle on which are repreſented the Graces; the Goddeſs's Hair was negligently ty'd behind by a Locket of Gold. All the Gods were ſurpriz'd at her Beauty, as if they had never ſeen her before, and their Eyes were dazzled, like the Eyes of Mortals, when *Phæbus*, after a tedious Night comes to illumina- te the Earth with his Rays. They look'd on each other with Aſtoniſhment, but ſtill their Eyes cent- er'd on *Venus*; and they perceiv'd thoſe of the Goddeſs were bathed in Tears, and that a Cloud of Sorrows overcaſt her Face.

Mean while ſhe advanc'd towards the Throne of *Jupiter*, with a ſoft, light Pace, like the rapid flight of a Bird cleaving the vaſt ſpace of the yielding Air. He loock'd upon her with Com- placency, ſmil'd kindly on her, and then riſing up, embrac'd her; My dear Daughter, ſaid he to her, What is it grieves you? I can't ſee your Tears

without Concern: Fear not to unbosom your self freely to me, you know my Tendernefs and Indulgence for you.

Venus answer'd him with a gentle Voice, but interrupted with deep Sihs: O Father of Gods and Men! Can you, who see all Things, be ignorant of the Cause of my Sorrow? *Minerva* is not satisfy'd with overthrowing the very Foundations of *Troy's* stately Town, which I protected, and to be reveng'd on *Paris*, who had prefer'd my Beauty to her's; but she likewise conducts through Land and Sea the Son of *Ulysses*, that cruel Destroyer of *Troy*. *Telemachus* is still accompany'd by *Minerva*, which occasions her Absence from this Divine Assembly: She led this rash Youth into the Isle of *Cyprus* to affront me. He has despis'd my Power; and not only disdain'd to burn Incense upon my Altars, but has express'd an Abhorrence of the Festivals that are celebrated in my Honour. He has lock'd fast his Heart against all my Pleasures. In vain has *Neptune* stir'd up against him the Winds and Seas, at my Desire; *Telemachus*, cast by a dreadful Shipwreck on *Calypso's* Island, has triumph'd over *Cupid's* self, whom I sent thither to soften the Heart of this young *Greek*. Neither *Calypso's* blooming Youth and Charms, nor any of her Nymphs, nor even the burning Shafts of Love, could get the Ascendant over *Minerva's* Arts. She snatch'd him from the Island; behold how I am defeated; a Stripling triumphs over me.

Jupiter, to comfort *Venus*, said to her: It is true, my Daughter, *Minerva* guards the Heart of this young *Greek*, against your Son's Arrows; and prepares for him a Glory, which never yet was merited by a young Man. I am sorry he has despis'd your Altars, but cannot subject him to your Power.

Power. I consent, to gratify you, that he still wander both by Sea and Land; that he live far from his own Country, expos'd to all Sorts of Miseries and Dangers: But the Fates will neither suffer him to perish, nor his Virtue to be overcome by those Pleasures with which you decoy Mankind. Take comfort therefore, my Daughter: Content your self with ruling over so many other Heroes, and so many of the Immortal Powers. Here he smil'd at *Venus*, with the utmost Grace and Majesty. A radiant Flash, like the most piercing Lightning, darted from his Eyes: Then, tenderly kissing *Venus*, he diffus'd an Odour of *Ambrosia*, which perfum'd *Olympus* all around: The Goddess could not but be sensible of this favourable Reception from the greatest of the Gods. In Spite of her Fears and Grief, a visible Joy o'erspread her Face. She let down her Veil to hide her blushing Cheeks, and to cover the Confusion she was in. The whole Assembly of the Gods applauded *Jupiter's* Answer; and *Venus*, without losing a moment's Time, hasten'd to *Neptune*, to concert with him the Means of revenging herself on *Telemachus*. She repeated to *Neptune* what *Jupiter* said to her; I knew before, reply'd *Neptune*, the unalterable Decree of Destiny; but if we can't sink *Telemachus* to the Bottom of the Sea, let us not at least omit any Thing that may make him wretched, and retard his return to *Ithaca*. I cannot consent to the destroying of the *Phenician* Ship, on board which he is; I love the *Phenicians*; they are my People: No other Nation in the Universe cultivates my Empire as they do. The Sea, through their means, is become a Bond that ties together all the Nations of the Earth; they honour me with continual Sacrifices on my Altars; they are just,

prudent, and industrious in their Commerce; they convey the Conveniencies of Life, and Plenty through all the World: No, Goddeſs, I can't admit one of their Veſſels ſhould be wreck'd; but I will make the Pilot looſe his Courſe, and ſail wide of *Ithaca*, whither he is bound. *Venus*, ſatisfy'd with this Promise, forc'd a malicious Smile, and alighted from her flying Chariot on *Idalia's* flowry Meads, where the Graces, the Laughters, and the Sports expreſs'd their Joy to ſee her again, dancing around her on the Flowers which perfume that charming Place.

Neptune immediately diſpatch'd a deceitful Deity like the God of Dreams, ſave only that Dreams never deceive but during the Time of ſleep, whereas this Deity enchants Men's ſenſes when they are awake. This malignant Deity, attended by a numberleſs Crowd of wing'd Deluſions fluttering round him, came and pour'd out a ſubtle and enchanted Liquor upon the Eyes of the Pilot *Athamas*, who was attentively conſidering the brightneſs of the Moon, the courſe of the Stars, and the Port of *Ithaca*, whoſe ſteep Rocks he had already diſcover'd pretty near. In this very Moment, the Pilot's Eyes could diſcern nothing as it really was; a falſe Sky and a mock Land preſented themſelves to him; the Stars ſeem'd to have chang'd their Courſe, and to rerurn back again into their former Orbits: All *Olympus* ſeem'd to move by new Laws; the Earth it ſelf was alter'd; a falſe *Ithaca* ſtill offer'd it ſelf to his view to amuſe him, while at the ſame Time, he was going farther off from the true one. The more he approach'd towards this deluding Representation of the Iſland, the farther this Image recoil'd from him; it ſtill fled from before him, and he knew not what to make of its
Re-

Retreat: Sometimes he thought he already heard the Noise so usual in a Port; and so he was strait preparing, according to the Orders he had receiv'd, to steal a-shore on a little Island near the great one, to secure the Return of this young Prince against the Violence of *Penelope's* Lovers, who had conspired against him. Sometimes he dreaded the Shelves, which are so numerous on that Shore, and he fancied that he heard the hollow roaring of the Waves dashing against those Shelves: Then all on a sudden he perceiv'd that the Land appear'd at a much greater Distance: The Mountains seem'd to him like so many little Clouds, which sometimes darken the Horizon while the Sun is setting. Thus was *Athamas* perplex'd, and the Impression of the deceitful Deity, which had bewitch'd his Eyes, fill'd him with a sort of Apprehension, which till then he was a stranger to. He was even inclin'd to believe that he was not awake, and that he was under the Illusion of a Dream. Mean while, *Neptune* commanded the East Wind to blow, in order to drive Ship on the Coast of *Hesperia*: The Wind obey'd him with so much vehemence, that the Ship soon arriv'd at the Place *Neptune* had appointed.

Already had *Aurora* proclaim'd the approaching Day; already had the Stars, which dread the Rays of the Sun, and are shy of him, begun to hide in the Ocean their dusky Fires, when the Pilot cry'd out: I can no longer doubt it; we are now touching the very Island of *Ithaca*; rejoice, *Telemachus*, for in an Hour you shall see *Penelope* again, and perhaps *Ulysses*, repossess'd of his Throne. At this cry, *Telemachus*, who was lock'd fast in the Arms of Sleep, awakes, starts up, goes to the Steerage, embraces the Pilot, and with his Eyes
scarce

scarce open surveys the neighbouring Shore, and sigh'd when he could not perceive that it was the Coast of his own Country. Alas! Where are we, said he? This is not my dear *Ithaca*. *Athamas*, you are deceiv'd you are but little acquainted with this Coast so far distant from our Country. No, no, reply'd *Athamas*; I can't be deceiv'd in my Knowledge of the Bearings of this Island; I have been a great many times here; I know the smallest Rock belonging to it; the Coast of *Tyre* is scarce more recent in my Memory: See that Mountain there jutting out; behold that Headland rising like a Tower; don't you hear those Billows that break themselves against those other Rocks, that with an angry Brow, seem to threaten the Sea by their Fall? But don't you see that Temple of *Minerva*, which salutes the Clouds? Yonder is the House and Castle of your Father *Ulysses*. O *Athamas*! reply'd *Telemachus*, you are deceiv'd; I see on the contrary, a remote, but very level Coast; and I perceive a Town, but it is none of *Ithaca*. O Gods, is it thus you deride poor Mortals!

Whilst he was saying these Words, all of a sudden the Eyes of *Athamas* were restored to their wonted Certainty, and the Charm dissolv'd: He perfectly survey'd the Shore as it really was, and acknowledg'd his Error. I own, O *Telemachus*, cry'd he, some envious Deity has enchanted my Eyes. I thought I saw *Ithaca*, and a perfect Image of it presented it self to my Fancy: but now it is vanish'd like a Dream: I now behold another City, and it is doubtless *Salentum*, which *Idomeneus*, who fled from *Crete*, has lately founded in *Hesperia*; I perceive its rising Walls, as yet unfinish'd; I see a Port not yet entirely fortify'd.

Whilst

Whilst *Athamas* was taking Notice of the several Works, newly erected in this growing City, and whilst *Telemachus* was bewailing his Misfortune; the Wind that *Neptune* caused to blow, drove them full Sail into a Road, where they found themselves under shelter, and just by the Haven.

Mentor, who was no stranger either to *Neptune's* Revenge, or the cruel Devices of *Venus*, only smil'd at *Athamas's* Mistake. When they were in this Road, *Mentor* says to *Telemachus*: *Jupiter* is making Trial of you, but will not suffer you to be destroy'd: On the contrary, he only tries you, to point out to you the Road of Glory. Think on the Labours of *Hercules*; let your Father's Achievements be ever present to your Mind. He who knows not how to suffer, is not magnanimous. By Patience and Fortitude you must tire out that merciless Fortune, which takes Delight in persecuting you: I am less afraid, for your Sake, of the rigorous Treatment of *Neptune*, than I fear'd the insinuating Caresses of that Goddess who detain'd you in her Island. What do we stay for? Let us enter the Port; these People are our Friends; we are come among the *Greeks*. *Idomeneus*, who himself has been ill used by Fortune, will have pity on the Distress'd. They presently enter'd the Port of *Salentum*, where the *Phenician* Ship was receiv'd without any obstruction, because the *Phenicians* are in Peace and Commerce with all the People of the World.

Telemachus beheld with Admiration this growing City: As a young Plant, which having been nourish'd by the Night's sweet Dew, at Break of Day feels the Sun Beams coming to embellish it; it grows; it opens its tender Buds; it stretches out its green Leaves; it blows its fragrant Flowers with

with a thousand new Colours; every Moment you look upon it, you perceive a new Lustre: So flourish'd *Idomeneus's* City on the Sea side. Each Day, each Hour it rose in Magnificence, and presentend a-far off to Strangers at Sea, new Emblishments of Architecture, which tower'd to the very Skies. All the Coast resounded with the Cries of the Workmen, and the strokes of Mallets and Hammers; while by the Help of Cranes and Ropes, Stones travell'd through the Air: All the leading Men of the City, spirited up the Populace to their Work, as soon as *Aurora* appear'd; and King *Idomeneus* himself gave Orders every where, and forwarded the Works with an incredible Diligence.

Hardly was the *Phenician* Vessel got into Port, e'er the *Cretans* gave to *Telemachus* and *Mentor* all the Tokens of a sincere Friendship: They hasten'd away to inform *Idomeneus* that the Son of *Ulysses* was arriv'd. The Son of *Ulysses*, cry'd he! of *Ulysses*! he! that dear Friend, that wise Hero, by whom we at last laid stately *Troy* in Dust! Bring him to me, and let me shew him how much I lov'd his Father. Hereupon they present to him *Telemachus*, who telling him his Name, sues for Hospitality. *Idomeneus* answer'd him with a courteous smiling Countenance: Though no Body had told me who you are, I should certainly have known you. You are *Ulysses* himself; behold his very Eyes darting forth Fire, his steady Look, his Mien at first cold and reserv'd, which cover'd so much Sprightliness and so many Graces! I perceive that ingenuous Smile, his easy negligent De-meanour, his gentle Speech, plain and insinuating, which persuaded, without allowing Time for Consideration or Suspicion. Yes, you are the Son of
Ulysses,

Ulysses, but you shall be mine too. O my Son, my dear Son, what Accident brings you to this Climate? Is it to seek your Father! Alas! I can tell you nothing of him; *Fortune* has persecuted both him and me: It was his Ill-luck not to be able to find his Country again, and 'twas mine to find my Country again, fill'd with the hatred of the Gods against me. Whilst *Idomeneus* was speaking these Words, he looked wistly upon *Mentor*, as one whose Face he was no Stranger to, but whose Name he could not recal.

And now *Telemachus* answer'd him with Tears in his Eyes: O King, pardon the Grief, which, in Despight of me, will break out at a Time when I ought to express nothing but Joy and Gratitude for your generosity to me. By your lamenting the Loss of *Ulysses*, you your self teach me how much I ought to be affected by my Misfortune, in not finding my Father. 'Tis now a long, long while, I have been in search of him thro' all the known Seas. The incens'd Gods permit me not either to see him again, or to return to *Ithaca*, where *Penelope* pines away with a longing Desire to be freed from her importunate Suitors. I thought I should have found you in the Isle of *Crete*; I was there inform'd of your cruel Destiny, but little thought of ever coming near *Hesperia*, where you have founded a new Kingdom; but *Fortune*, who makes us Mortels her Play-game, and who obliges me to wander from Place to Place, and keeps me still from *Ithaca*, has at Length cast me upon your Shore. Of all the Disasters she has expos'd me to, this is what I the least repine at; for tho' she drives me from my native Country, yet she brings me acquainted with the wisest and most generous of all Kings.

At

At these Words, *Idomeneus* gave *Telemachus* a kind Embrace, and leading him into his Palace; said to him; Who is that wise old Man that accompanies you; for methinks I have seen him somewhere? 'Tis *Mentor*, reply'd *Telemachus*; *Mentor*, the Friend of *Ulysses*, to whom he committed the Government of my Infancy: What Tongue can express to you how much I am oblig'd to him!

Thereupon, *Idomeneus* stepping to *Mentor*, and taking him by the Hand; You and I, said he to him, have seen one another before. You may remember the Voyage you made into *Crete*, and what good Advice you gave me; but at that time the Heat of Youth, and the quik Relish of sensual Pleasures hurry'd me away; so that my Misfortunes only have been able to teach me what I would not believe. Would to the Gods I had taken your Advice, O sage old Man! But I am amaz'd to see that you are not in the least alter'd in so many Years; your Face is as fresh and sanguine as ever, the same strait and vigorous Body, only your Hair is grown somewhat hoary.

Great King answer'd *Mentor*, were I a Flatterer I would tell you likewise that you still preserve that Bloom, which shone in your Face before the Siege of *Troy*? but I had rather displease you than offend against Truth. Besides, I find by your wise Discourse, that you do not love Flattery, and that a Man runs no Hazard in being sincere with you. Therefore, I must needs tell you, you are very much chang'd, and that 'twas scarce possible to have known you again. I am not stranger to the Cause of it; 'tis occasion'd by your many and great Sufferings: But you have been a great Gainer by your Misfortunes, since you have acquir'd Wisdom. A Man may very easily comfort himself
himself

himself for the Wrinkles of his Face, so long as his Heart is exercis'd to Virtue. Moreover, know *Idomeneus*, that Kings always wear away faster than other Men. In Adversity, the Fatigues of the Mind and Body make them old before their Time: In Prosperity, the voluptuous Enjoyments of an easy Life, waste their Strength even more than the Tolls of War. Nothing is more detrimental to Health than immoderate Pleasure. From hence it proceeds, that Kings, either in Peace or War, do continually labour under such Pains or Pleasures, as bring upon them old Age before they are far advanc'd in Years: Whereas a sober and temperate way of Living, free from Inquietudes, plain, regular and laborious, keeps all the Limbs of a wise Man in a vigorous youthfulness; which, without these precautions flies fast away upon the Wings of Time.

Idomeneus, charm'd with *Mentor's* Discourse, would for a long Time have listen'd to him, had they not come to put him in Mind of a Sacrifice which he was to make to *Jupiter*. *Telemachus* and *Mentor* follow'd him, surrounded by a great Croud of People, who with much Eagerness and Curiosity, gaz'd at the two Strangers. The *Salentines* said one to another; these two Men are very different; the young one has a certain amiable liveliness beyond Expression, all the Graces of Youth and Beauty are diffus'd over his whole Face and Body; but this Beauty has nothing effeminate nor languid: Tho' he is in the tenderest Blossom of Youth, yet he appears vigorous, strong, and inured to Labour. But this other, tho' far older, has lost nothing at all of his Strenght: His Mien indeed seems at first not so Majestical nor his Countenance so Graceful, yet if you look nearer, you will find in his Simplicity the Marks of Wisdom and Virtue, with a surprizing Grandeur

of Deportment. When the Gods descended to earth to reveal themselves to Mortals, they undoubtedly appeared in the like Figures of Strangers and Travellers.

By this Time they were arriv'd at the Temple of *Jupiter*, which *Idomeneus* who was descended from that God, had adorn'd with much Magnificence. It was environ'd with a double Row of Marble Pillars, like *Jasper*: The Chapiters were of Silver; the Temple was all incrusted (or lined) with Marble; with *Basso Relievos* representing the Transformation of *Jupiter* into a Bull, the Rape of *Europa*, and her passage thro' the Sea into *Crete*. They seem'd to reverence *Jupiter* tho' he was in a strange form. Then in another Place they saw the birth and youthfulness of *Minos*; lastly, that wise King in a more advanced Age dispensing Laws to the whole Island, in Order to render it for ever flourishing. There likewise *Telemachus* took Notice of the principal Occurrences at the Siege of *Troy*, where *Idomeneus* had acquir'd the Reputation of a great General. Amidst the Representation of these Actions, *Telemachus* look'd for his Father, and found him taking the Horses of *Rhesus*, whom *Diomedes* had just kill'd; in another Place contending with *Ajax*, for the Arms of *Achilles*, amidst an Assembly of the *Grecian* Commanders: And, lastly, his coming out of the fatal Horse to give Death to so many *Troyans*.

Telemachus presently knew him by all these famous Actions, which he had so often heard of, and which *Mentor* himself had frequently repeated to him. The Tears presently gush'd from his Eyes; he chang'd Colour, Grief was spread all over his Face? *Idomeneus* perceiv'd it, tho' *Telemachus* turn'd aside to conceal his Trouble. Don't be ashamed, said *Idomeneus* to him, to let us see how

how much you are mov'd with the Glory and Misfortunes of your Father.

Mean while the People assembled in great Crouds under the vast Porticos form'd by the double Row of Columns which surrounded the Temple. There were two Companies of young Boys and Girls, who sung Hymns in Praise of the Thunder-grasping God. The Children, who were pick'd out for their Beauty, had their long Hair spread about upon their Shoulders; their Heads were perfum'd and crown'd with Roses, and they were all cloath'd in white. *Idomeneus* offer'd in Sacrifice to *Jupiter* a hundred Bulls, to bespeak his Blessing in War which he had undertaken against his Neighbours. The smoaking Blood of the Victims stream'd into the capacious Goblets of Gold and Silver.

The aged *Theophanes*, belov'd of the Gods and Priest of the Temple, kept, during the Time of the Sacrifice, his Head cover'd with one End of his Purple Robe; then he consulted the Entrails of the Victims still panting; after which, ascending the sacred Tripod; O ye Gods, cry'd he, what are these two Strangers whom you have sent into these Parts? Had they not come among us, the War lately enter'd upon would have been fatal to us, and *Salentum* would have fallen to ruin e'er it had been well rais'd above Ground. I have in my Eye a young Hero whom Wisdom leads by the Hand - No Mortal dares say more. In speaking these Words, his Looks were wild, and his Eyes sparkled with Fire; he seem'd to gaze on other Objects than those that were before him; his Face was inflam'd, his whole Body was in Emotion, he rag'd and grew distracted; his Hair bristled up; his Mouth foam'd his uplifted Arms motionless in the Air; his Voice was stronger than any human

Voice; he was breathless, and could no longer contain within him the Deity he was possess'd with.

O happy *Idomeneus*, cry'd he again, what do I see? What Misfortunes avoided! What amiable Peace at home! but abroad, what bloody Wars! what Victories! O *Telemachus*! thy Labours exceed thy Father's: The proud insulting Enemy groans in the Dust, whilst thy Sword flashes over his Head; the brazen Gates, the inaccessible Ramparts fall at thy Feet—O mighty Goddess! Let his Father—brave Youth! in Time thou shalt revisit—At these Words his Speech fail'd him, and he continu'd, in Spite of himself, in an amazed Silence.

The People were froze with Fear; *Idomeneus* shiver'd, not daring to bid him make an End. *Telemachus* himself, surpriz'd, could not without Difficulty conceive what he had heard: Scarce could he believe that he had heard such high Predictions. *Mentor* alone was unastonish'd at the Divine Spirit. You hear, said he to *Idomeneus*, the Purpose of the Gods; that whatever Nation you have to fight against, the Victory shall be in your Hands, and you will owe to your Friend's youthful Son the Prosperity of your Arms; therefore be not jealous of him, but make a right Use of what the Gods bestow on you by his Means.

Idomeneus, being not yet recover'd out of his Amazement, study'd in vain for Words; his Tongue continu'd motionless. *Telemachus*, more Master of himself, said to *Mentor*; even so much promis'd Glory does not move me; but what can be the meaning of those last Words, *Thou shalt revisit*? Is it my Father, or only *Ithaca* that I shall see again? Ah; why did he not make an End? Has he left me more in doubt that I was before. Oh *Ulysses*! Oh

Oh my Father! Is it possible that I should ever see you again? Can it be true? But I flatter my self--- O cruel Oracle! thou delightest in sporting with an unfortunate Wretch: One Word more, and I had been at the Height of Happiness.

Accept with Reverence what the Gods reveal, said *Mentor* to him, and attempt not to discover what they are pleas'd to keep secret. Rash Curiosity deserves to be put to Confusion. 'Tis out of a supreme Goodness and Wisdom that the Gods conceal from feeble Mortals their Destinies, involv'd in an impenetrable Darkness. It is indeed of Advantage to foresee what depends on our Endeavours, in Order to a due Performance; but 'tis no less advantageous to be ignorant of that which is not in our Power by any Means, to avert.

Telemachus, touched with these Words, contain'd himself, tho' not without the greatest Reluctance. *Idomeneus*, who by this Time had conquer'd his Surprise, began to thank great *Jove* for sending to him the young *Telemachus* and the wise *Mentor*, in Order to make him victorious over his Enemies. And after he had given them a noble Entertainment, subsequent to the Sacrifice, he spoke thus to the two Strangers.

I acknowledge I was but a Novice in the Art of Governing, when I return'd into *Crete*, after the Siege of *Troy*. You know, dear Friends, what Misfortunes disabled me from reigning over that great Island, since you tell me that you were there after I left it: Yet I am happy, exceeding happy, if the severest Strokes of Fortune can be of Use towards my Instruction, and teach me to be Master of my Passions. I cross'd the Seas like a Fugitive, whom the Revenge of Gods and Men pursues. All my past Grandeur serv'd only to render my Fall the more ignominious, and insup-

portable. I sought a Shelter for my Household-Gods upon this desert Coast, where I found nothing but wild uncultivated Lands, overrun with Thorns and Briars, cover'd with thickset Trees, as old as the Earth it self, and almost inaccessible Rocks, which serv'd for Harbour to the savage Beasts: Yet such was the Extremity to which I was reduc'd, that I was glad to possess this savage Land, and to make it my Country, in Company with a small handful of Soldiers and Friends, who were so kind as to take Share in my Misfortunes, destitute of all Hopes of ever seeing again that fortunate Island, where of the Gods allotted me from my Birth to be the King. Alas! said I to my self, what an Alteration is this! what a dreadful Example am I to all Kings! what wholesome Instructions may they draw from my Miscarriages! They fancy they have nothing to fear, because of their Elevation above the Rest of Mankind, whereas it is that very Elevation that ought to make them fear every Thing: I was dreaded by my Enemies, belov'd by my Subjects; I commanded over a powerful and warlike Nation; my Name was spread abroad upon *Fame's* swift Wings into the most distant Climates; I reign'd in a delicious fruitful Island; each Year a hundred wealthy Cities paid me Tribute; my People acknowledg'd me to be the Offspring of *Jupiter*, who was born in their Country; they lov'd me as the Grandson of the sage *Minos*, by whose Laws they are become so powerful and so happy; What was there wanting to my Felicity, except the knowing how to enjoy it with Moderation? But my own Pride, and the Flattery of others, which I listen'd to, overturn'd my Throne; and in like Manner will all Kings fall, that shall give themselves up to their own Passion and the deceitful Counsels of Flatterers. In the
Day

Day Time, I endeavour'd to put on a chearful Countenance, and such as seem'd full of Hope, in Order to keep up the Spirits of those who had follow'd me. Come on, said I to them; let us build a new City, to make us Amends for our Losses: We are surrounded by Nations who have set us a noble Example for such an Enterprize: See there *Tarentum* rearing up its Head just by us! *Phalantus*, with his *Lacedemonians*, founded that new Kingdom. *Philoctetes* has built upon the same Coast another great City, which he calls *Petilia*. Such another Colony is *Metapontus*; and shall we be outdone by those Strangers who are Wanderers like our selves? *Fortune* has dealt with us all alike, and has not us'd us disworser than them.

Whilst I endeavour'd by such Expressions as these to mitigate the distresses of my Companions, I smother'd a deadly Grief at the Bottom of my Heart: It was to me a mighty Consolation whenever the Day withdrew its Light, and the Night came to wrap me up in Darkness, for then I was at Liberty to moan my wretched Fate. Two bitter Floods of Tears roll'd from my Eyes, and balmy Sleep was an utter Stranger to me. The next Day I resumed my Toils with indefatigable Fervour, and that's the Reason, *Mentor*, you found me so much alter'd for the worse.

After *Idomeneus* had made an End of relating his Sufferings, he begg'd *Telemachus* and *Mentor* to give him their Assistance in the War wherein he was engag'd: I will, added he, most carefully send you back to *Ithaca*, as soon as the War is over; and in the mean while I will send our Ships far and wide to learn News of *Ulysses*. Whereever he is thrown, either by stormy Winds or angry Gods, I will take Care to bring him back. Heaven grant he still be living! as for you, the best Ships

that ever were built in *Crete* shall be fitted out to carry you home: They are built of Timber fell'd on the true Mount *Ida*, where *Jupiter* was born: That sacred Wood can never perish in the Waves; the Winds and Rocks do awfully respect it; and *Neptune's* self, even in his highest Rage, dares not to stir the Billows up against it. Rest therefore assured that you will happily return to *Ithaca*, and that no adverse Deity shall be any longer able to make you wander upon so many Seas any more: The Passage is short and easy; send away the *Phenician* Vessel that brought you hither, and think now of nothing but how to acquire the Glory of establishing the new Kingdom of *Idomeneus*, to retrieve his Losses. 'Tis at this Price, O Son of *Ulysses*, that you must be thought worthy of your Father: And though harsh Destiny should have already sent him down to *Pluto's* gloomy Realm, yet *Greece*, overjoy'd, will find him again in you.

At these Words, *Telemachus* interrupting *Idomeneus*: Let us, said he, send away the *Phenician* Vessel. What do we stay for? Why don't we this Moment take up Arms, and attack your Enemies, who are now become our's? If we were victorious, when in *Sicily* we fought for *Acestes*, who was a *Trojan* and profess'd Enemy of *Greece*, shall we not be yet more ardent and more befriended by the Gods, when we fight for one of those *Grecian* Heroes, who levell'd to the Ground the unjust City of *Priam*? The Oracle we have heard will not suffer us to doubt it.



THE



THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK X.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus acquaints Mentor with the Reasons of his making War against the Mandurians; and relates to him, that they had at first yielded to him the Coast of Hesperia, where he had founded his City; that they had retired to the neighbouring Mountains, where some of them having been abused by a Party of his Men, they had deputed to him two old Men with whom he had agreed upon Articles of Peace; and that after an Infraction of that Treaty, by some of Idomeneus's Men, who knew nothing of the Peace, the Mandurians were preparing to make War against him. Whilst Idomeneus was telling this Story, the Mandurians, who had taken up Arms with great expedition appear'd at the Gates of Salentum. Nestor, Philoctetes, and Phalantus, whom Idomeneus thought to be Neuter, are against him among the Mandurians. Mentor goes forth from Salentum by himself, to propose Conditions of Peace to the Enemy.

MENTOR, with a serene compos'd Countenance looking upon *Telemachus*, who now burnt with a noble Ardour for the Fight, thus bespoke him: I am much pleas'd, O Son of *Ulysses*, to see in you so laudable a Passion for Glory, but remember that the greatest Renown of your Father, was his approving himself the wisest and most moderate Commander, when that fam'd Siege was carrying on. *Achilles*, though he carry'd Terror and Death where ever he fought, yet could not master *Troy*; he fell himself, beneath the Walls of that proud Town, which triumph'd over him who conquer'd *Hector*: But *Ulysses* whose Valour was govern'd by Prudence, carry'd Fire and Sword amidst the *Trojans*; and to his Hands is owing the Fall of those high and stately Towers, which during ten long years defy'd all confederate *Greece*. As much as *Minerva* is superior to *Mars*, so much does a well-weigh'd provident Valour surpass a boisterous and savage Boldness. First, then let us enquire into the Circumstances of this War that is to be carry'd on: I, for my Part decline no Danger; but 'tis my Opinion, *Idomeneus*, that you ought first to let us know whether your War be a just one; secondly, against whom you wage it; and lastly, what Number of Forces you have to expect a happy Issue.

Idomeneus reply'd: At our first Arrivall here, we found a savage People, who liv'd in the Woods upon what they kill'd in hunting, and such Fruits as the Trees spontaneously produce; these People, who are call'd *Mandurians*, were so terrify'd at the Sight of our Ships and Arms, that they made all the Haste they could into their Mountains; but the Soldiers, whose Curiosity led them to view the Country, and likewise being minded to hunt down

down some of their Stags, met with some of those savage Run-aways, whose Leaders thus accosted our Men: We have forsaken the agreeable Shore, and yielded it to you; we have nothing left but wild Mountains, almost inaccessible, and 'tis but just that you let us alone there: We have met you wandering and weaker than we; so that we have it in our Power, if we will, to take away your Lives, nor can your own Companions have the least Suspicion of what's become of you; but we have no Inclination to imbrue our Hands in the Blood of those who are Men like our selves. Go your Ways, and forget not that you owe your Lives to our Principles of Humanity: Remember it is from a People you call rude and unciviliz'd, that you receive this Lesson of Forbearance and Generosity.

Those of our Men who were thus let go by the *Barbarians*, return'd to the Camp, and related what had happen'd to them: Our Soldiers were vex'd at it; they were asham'd that *Cretans* should owe their Lives to such a Gang of Fugitives, who seem'd to them more like Bears than Men. Thereupon they went out a hunting in greater numbers than at first, and furnish'd with all Manner of Arms: They did not go very far e'er they met with the Savages and attack'd them: The Engagement was sharp; the Darts flew on both Sides like Hail in a Storm. The Savages were forc'd at last to retire to their steep Mountains, whither our Men durst not pursue them.

A while after, those People sent to me two of their wisest old Men to sue for Peace: They brought Presents along with them, consisting of Skins of wild Beasts which they had kill'd, and various sorts of Fruits, such as the Country affords.

After

After they had given me the Presents, they began thus:

O King, in one Hand, thou seest we bear the Sword, and in the other, and Olive-Branch, (for they had them both actually in their Hands) chuse therefore, which thou wilt, Peace or War. We, for our Parts, would chuse Peace, and for the Sake thereof, we have not been asham'd to yield thee the pleasant Sea-shore, where the fertile Land, impregnated by the Sun, abounds with so many and such delicious Fruits. Yet Peace is sweeter than all those Fruits, and for that Reason we retir'd into those steep Mountains cover'd with everlasting Ice and Snow, where we never behold either the Flowers of the Spring, or the rich Fruits of the Autumn. We have in Abhorrence, that Brutality, which under the plausible Names of Ambition and Glory, wildly ravages whole Provinces, and spills the Blood of Men, who are all Brethren and Fellow-Creatures. If that false Glory affects thee, we are not such Fools as to envy thee; we pity thee, and beg the Gods to preserve us from the like Madness. If the Sciences, which the *Greeks* are so careful to learn, and if that Politeness they take so much Pride in, serves only to inspire them with such a detestable Injustice, we look upon it as our great Happiness, to be without those advantages; we will glory in being still ignorant, and being *Barbarians*, but withal, just, human, faithful disinterested, satisfy'd with little, and despising that idle Delicacy, which brings along with it a Necessity of enjoying a great Deal. What we hold in greatest Esteem is Health, Frugality, Liberty, Vigour of Body and Mind, the Love of Virtue, the Fear of the Gods, a kind disposition towards our Neighbours, Constancy to our Friends, Honesty towards every

every Body, Moderation in Prosperity, Fortitude in Afflictions, Courage to declare the Truth at all Times, Detestation for Flattery; such are the People whom we now offer to thee for Neighbours and Allies: If the Gods, in Anger to thee, do so far infatuate thee, as to cause thee to refuse this Peace, thou shalt find, when it is too late to retrieve it, that those People who are Lovers of Peace out of a Principle of Moderation, are the most formidable in War.

While these old Men were speaking to me, I thought I should never satiate my Eyes with looking upon them: They had long uncomb'd Beards, short hoary Hair, thick Eye-brows, sparkling Eyes, a resolute Look, an Utterance grave, and full of Authority, Manners plain and ingenuous. The Furs which serv'd them for Cloaths, were fasten'd negligently over their Shoulders; and discover'd their bare Arms, more nervous and brawny than even those of our Wrestlers. The Answer I gave those two Envoys, was, that I desir'd Peace. We thereupon settled between us several Conditions upon each other's Faith: We invoc'd all the Gods to witness the Treaty, which done I sent them back again with Presents. But the Gods, who drove me from the Kingdom of my Ancestors, were not yet tir'd with persecuting me. Our Huntsmen, who could not so soon have Information of the Peace we had just made, happen'd to meet the same Day a great Company of those *Barbarians* as they were attending their Ambassadors, in their Return from our Camp. They fell upon them with Fury, kill'd many of them, and pursu'd the Rest into the Woods: And thus the War is kindled anew. It is the Opinion of these *Barbarians*, that they can no longer safely trust either our Promises or Oaths.

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In Order to distress us the more, they have call'd to their assistance the *Locrians*, *Apulians*, *Lucanians*, the *Brutians*, the People of *Crotona*, *Nerita*, and *Brundusium*. The *Lucanians* use Chariots arm'd with keen Scythes. The *Apulians* are every one of them cover'd with the Skin of some wild Beast which they have kill'd; they carry in their Hands great wooden Clubs, full of large Nods, and pointed with Iron: they are for the generality as tall as Giants, and their Bodies are so robust, by hardening themselves in the most laborious Exercises, that their very Looks strike Terror. The *Locrians*, who come from *Greece*, do still retain something of their Original, and have more Humanity than the Rest: But with the exact Discipline of the *Greek* Troops, they have the additional Advantages being as lusty as those *Barbarians*, by habituating themselves to a hardy Way of living, which makes them invincible: They have a Sort of light Bucklers, made of twisted Withies, cover'd over with Skins; and they use long Swords. The *Brutians* are nimble-footed like Bucks or Does; and when they run, one would think that the tenderest blade of Grass is hardly depress'd by their Feet: They scarce leave any prints of their steps in the sand; they rush suddenly on their Foes, and are gone again with the same rapidity. The People of *Crotona* are very ready at shooting Arrows; few of the ordinary Sort among the *Greeks* can draw a Bow like the least expert of these *Crotonians*, and if they should ever apply themselves to our Games, they would infallibly carry the Prize. Their Arrows are steep'd in the Juice of certain poisonous Herbs, which are said to come from the Banks of *Avernus*, and whose Wounds are incurable. As for those of *Nerita*, *Messapia* and *Brundusium*, all they have to boast of,

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is a great strength of Body, and an untaught artless Valour. As soon as they see their Enemies they rend the Skies with such hideous Shrieks, as are really frightful. They are pretty dexterous at the Sling, and darken the air with showers of stones; but they observe no Order in fighting. This, O *Mentor*, is what you desir'd to know: You are now let into the Occasion of this War, and are acquainted what Sort of Enemies we have to deal with.

As soon as *Idomeneus* had given them this Account; *Telemachus*, impatient to fight, thought there was no more to do than to take up Arms. *Mentor* stop'd him a second Time, and thus address'd himself to *Idomeneus*: How comes it that these same *Locrians*, who are of a *Grecian* Stock, do thus confederate with the *Barbarians* against *Grecians*? How comes it that so many *Greek* Colonies are in a flourishing Condition upon this Sea Coast, without being engag'd in the same Wars with you? You say, O *Idomeneus*, that the Gods are not yet weary of persecuting you; but I say they have not yet done instructing you: It is strange that so many Misfortunes, as you have gone through, should not have yet taught you what you ought to do in Order to prevent a War! What you your self just now related, concerning the Honesty of those *Barbarians*, suffices to shew that you might have liv'd in Peace with them; but Pride and Haughtiness are always attractive of the most dangerous Wars. You might have given them Hostages, and taken some of their's, and it would have been an easy Matter for you to have sent some of your Captains along with their Ambassadors, to have reconducted them safe Home. Nay, since the Renewal of the War, you ought to have pacify'd them, by representing

sending to them that they were attack'd purely through Ignorance of the Treaty that had been made with them: You should have offer'd them all the Security they could possibly demand, and have denounc'd the severest Punishments against those of your Subjects, who should give the least Interruption or Disturbance to this Alliance: But pray what has happen'd since this Rupture?

To this *Idomeneus* reply'd, I thought it would have been a base abject submission in us to have courted those *Barbarians*, who had now assembled in Haste all their most serviceable Men, and such as were fit to bear Arms: And implor'd the Assistance of all the neighbouring Nations, to whom they made us odious and suspected. Thereupon I thought that the best Course I could take, was immediately to make our selves Masters of certain narrow Passes in the Mountains, that were ill-guarded. These we seiz'd without much Difficulty; and by that Means put our selves into a Condition of annoying those *Barbarians*. In these Defiles I have caused strong Towers to be erected, from whence our Men may, with their Darts, gaul and overwhelm such of our Enemies as shall come down from the Mountains into our Country; and at the same Time, we may enter into theirs, and destroy their cheif Settlements whenever we please. Thus with Forces much inferior, we are able to make Head against that innumerable Multitude of Enemies which surround us. This being the present State of our Case, it would be a difficult Matter to treat of Peace with them: For we cannot give up to them those Towers, without exposing our selves to their Incursions; and they look upon them as Citadels intended by us to bring them under Slavery.

Mentor

Mentor made this reply to *Idomeneus*; You are a wise King, and are pleas'd with hearing the Truth deliver'd to you without any Disguise: You are not like these foolish Men, who are afraid of seeing it, and who, for Want of Courage to correct their Faults, employ their whole Authority to maintain what they have once done amiss. Know then that this barbarous People gave you an admirable Lesson, when they apply'd to you for Peace: Was it out of Weakness they su'd for it? Did they want Courage, or Foreign Assistance to make Head against you? You manifestly see they did not, since they are so inured to War, and supported by so many formidable Neighbours. Why did not you imitate their Moderation? But a mistaken Shame, and a false Honour have cast you into this Misfortune: You were afraid of making the Enemy too proud, but did not fear the making them too powerful, by uniting so many Nations in a Confederacy against you, through your haughty and injurious Conduct. What are those Towers you so much boast of, good for? Unless it be to bring all your Neighbours under a Necessity, either of destroying you or perishing themselves, rather than truckle to you? You rear'd up those Towers for your Security only, and it is by Means of those very Towers, that you are now threaten'd with so imminent a Danger. The best Bulwark of a State, is Justice, Moderation, Integrity, and the Assurance your Neighbours have, that you will never encroach upon their Lands: The strongest Walls may fall, thro' a thousand unforeseen Accidents. Fortune is capricious and uncertain in War; but the Love and Confidence of your Neighbours, who have experienc'd your Moderation is what renders a State invincible, and what makes it scarce ever so much as attempted against: Nay,

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though an unjust Neighbour should attack it, all the Rest who are concern'd in its Preservation, do presently take up Arms in its Defence: The Support of so many Nations, who find their true Interest in maintaining your's, would have strengthen'd you much more, than these Towers, which render your Misfortunes irretrievable. Had you at first taken Care to prevent the Jealousy of all your Neighbours, your infant City would have flourish'd in a happy Tranquility, and you would have been the Arbiter of all the Nations of *Hesperia*. But, waving all other Considerations, let us now confine our selves to examine which way you can repair what is past, by taking proper Measures for the Time to come. You told me just now, that there are upon this Coast several *Greek Colonies*: These People cannot but be inclin'd from the Dictates of Nature, to assist you; for sure they have not forgot either the great Name of *Minos*, Son of *Jupiter*, or your Labours in the Siege of *Troy*, where you so often signaliz'd your self among the *Grecian* Princes, in the common Cause of all *Greece*: Why don't you endeavour to bring those Colonies over to your Side?

They are all resolv'd, answer'd *Idomeneus*, to remain neuter: Not but that they had some Inclination to assist me, but they were deterr'd from doing it by the mighty Noise this City has made, from its very Beginning. Those *Grecians*, as well as the Rest, were afraid we had some Design upon their Liberty. They were apprehensive, that after we had subdued the *Highland-Barbarians*, we should push our Ambition yet farther. To conclude, they are all against us; those very People, who declare not openly against us, would yet be glad to see us reduc'd, and the Jealousy of others deprives us of Alliances.

O strange

O strange Extremity, reply'd *Mentor*! By endeavouring to appear too powerful you ruin your Power, and whilst you are both Fear'd and hated abroad by your Neighbours, you at home exhaust your self by the vast Expences you must needs be as to maintain such a War. O wretched, doubly wretched *Idomeneus*, whom even this Misfortune has instructed but by halves! must you needs have a second Fall to teach you to foresee the Evils which threaten the greatest Kings? But leave it to my Management, and only give me a Detail of those Cities that refuse to enter into an Alliance with you.

The Principal of them, said *Idomeneus*, is *Tarentum*. About three years ago *Phalantus* laid the Foundation of it; he had got together in *Laconia* a vast Number of young men, who were born of Women that had forgot their absent Husbands during the Siege of *Troy*. When these Husbands came home, the Women did all they could to pacify them, begging Pardon for the Faults they had committed in their Absence. These numerous Youths born out of Wedlock, being disclaim'd both by Father and Mother, gave themselves up to an unbounded Licentiousness: But their disorders being check'd by the Severity of the Laws, they united together under *Phalantus*, a bold, intrepid, ambitious Captain, who by plausible Insinuations, had got the Dominion of their Hearts. He came to this Shore with his young *Laconians*, who have made *Tarentum* a second *Lacedemon*. On the other Side, *Philoctetes*, who signaliz'd himself at the Siege of *Troy* by carrying thither *Hercules's* Arrows, has rear'd in this Neighbourhood the Walls of *Petilia*, a City which is indeed less powerful than *Tarentum*, but far more wisely govern'd. Lastly, We have hard by us

the City of *Metapontus*, founded by the wise *Nestor* and his *Pyian* Subjects.

How? reply'd *Mentor*; have you *Nestor* in *Hesperia*, and could you not make him your Friend? *Nestor*, who saw you so often fight against the *Trojans*, and who then was so much your Friend? I lost his Friendship, answer'd *Idomeneus*, by the Artifice of those People, who have nothing barbarous but their Name; for they had the Dexterity to persuade him, that my Design was to make myself the Tyrant of all *Hesperia*. We will deceive him, said *Mentor*; *Telemachus* saw him at *Pylos*, before he came to settle a Colony here, and before we undertook our long Voyages in quest of *Ulysses*. He cannot yet have forgotten that Heroe, nor those expressions of tenderness which he used to his Son *Telemachus*: But the chief Point will be to cure his Distrust: Those Suspicions you raised in the Minds of your Neighbours have kindled this War, and it must be extinguish'd by removing those Suspicions: once more I say, let me alone to manage it.

At these Words *Idomeneus*, embracing *Mentor*, melted into Tears, and for a while, could not speak a Word; at last, with much ado he express'd himself in this Manner: O wise old Man, sent by the Gods to rectify all my Errors! I confess I should have had no Patience, if any other Man durst have talk'd so freely with me as you have done: I own that you, and none but you, can dispose me to sue for Peace: I was resolv'd either to conquer all my Enemies, or perish in the Attempt: but it is much fitter for me to be led by your wise Counsels, than by my own Passion. O happy *Telemachus*, you never can go astray like me, since you have such a Guide! *Mentor*, you may act entirely as you please; all the Wisdom of the Gods is in you: not even

even *Minerva's* self could have given more wholesome Advice: Go, Promise, Conclude, make any Concession that is in my Power; *Idomeneus* will approve whatever you think fit to do.

Whilst they were thus discoursing together, there was heard on a sudden a confused Noise of Chariots, Horses neighing, Men rending the Skies with horrible Howlings, and Trumpets that fill'd the Air with Martial Clangors. The general Cry is, the Enemy are come, they have gone round about to avoid the guarded Defiles; They are come, here they are ready to besiege *Salentum*. The old Men and the Women are under the greatest Consternation. Alas! said they; why were we fated to forsake our dear Country, the fertile Isle of *Crete*, and follow an unhappy Prince through so many Seas, to build a City which will now be laid in Ashes like *Troy*? They saw from the top of their new-raisd Walls, the Neighbouring Fields crowded with approaching Enemies, whose Helmets and Bucklers, glittering in the Sun, dazzled the Beholders Eyes: They saw likewise the bristling Pikes, which cover'd the Ground, in like Manner as when it is cover'd by a plenteous Crop, which *Ceres* is preparing in *Sicily* during the scorching Heats of Summer, to recompence the Labours of the Husbandman. And now they perceiv'd the Chariots arm'd with sharp Scythes, and could distinguish the several People that were come against them.

Mentor, the better to discover them, ascends a lofty Tower, whither *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus* follow'd him: He was no sooner come there, but he perceiv'd on one Side *Philoctetes*, and on the other *Nestor* with his Son *Pisistratus*. *Nestor* was easily known by his venerable old Age. What, cry'd *Mentor*, you thought, O *Idomeneus*, that

Philoctetes and *Nestor* would only remain neuter! But see, they have taken Arms against you, and, if I mistake not, those other Troops which march in so good Order, and in so leisurely a Manner, are a Body of *Lacedemonians* commanded by *Phalanxus*: All are against you; there is no neighbouring Nation upon this Coast whom you have not made your Enemy, without designing it.

Having thus spoke, *Mentor* hastens down from the Tower; makes towards one of the City Gates, on that Side where the Enemy were advancing, and causes it to be open'd: *Idomeneus*, surpriz'd at his majestick Deportment, durst not so much as ask him what he meant to do. *Mentor* waves with his Hand that no Body should follow him. He goes directly towards the Enemy, who were amaz'd to see a single Man presenting himself to them; he holds up to them at a Distance an Olive-branch in token of Peace, and when he was come with in hearing, he requir'd them to convene their Commanders, who instantly assembling themselves together, he thus spoke to them:

O generous Men, assembled out of so many Nations, that flourish in the rich *Hesperia*; I know what brings you hither is only the common Interest of Liberty. Your Zeal I commend; but suffer me to point out to you an easy Way to preserve the Liberty and Honour of all your People, without Effusion of Blood.

O *Nestor*, O wise *Nestor*, whom I perceive in this Assembly, you know full well how dreadful a War is, even to those who justly undertake it, under the Protection of the Gods! War is the greatest Evil with which the Gods afflict Mankind. You can never forget what the *Greeks* suffer'd for Ten long Years before the cursed Walls of *Troy*; what Divisions there were among the Leaders; whas

what Caprices of Fortune, what Havock was made by *Hector's* Sword, what Desolation in all the most powerful Cities, caus'd by the War, during the tedious Absence of their Kings! In their Return home, some suffer'd Shipwreck at the Cape of *Caphareus*; and others met a fatal Death even in the Bosom of their Spouses. O ye Gods, 'twas in your Wrath you arm'd the *Greeks* for that glorious Expedition; O ye Inhabitants of *Hesperia*, I wish the Gods may never grant you so ruinous a Victory! *Troy*, it is true, is now in Ashes; but it had been better for the *Grecians*, were she still in all her Glory, and that base *Paris* had still enjoy'd, unmolested, his infamous love with *Helena*, O *Philoctetes*, you who have been so long unhappy, and abandon'd in the Isle of *Lemnos*, do you not fear to meet with the like Disaster of another War? I know that the People of *Laconia* have likewise experienc'd great Misery, occasion'd by the long Absence of their Princes, Captains and Soldiers who went against the *Trojans*. O *Grecians*, you who are coming to *Hesperia*! your coming hither was only a Continuation of the Misfortunes which attended the *Trojan War*!

After *Mentor* had said this, he goes forward towards the *Pylians*; and *Nestor*, knowing him again, advanc'd likewise to salute him. O *Mentor*, said he to him, I am glad to see you again: 'Tis now many Years since I first saw you in *Phocis*: You were then but fifteen Years of Age: but yet I even then foresaw that you would prove as wise a Man as I now find you to be. Pray let me know by what accident you was brought into these Parts, and what expedient you Design to propose in Order to prevent this War which *Idomeneus* has brought upon himself? We all courted Peace; 'twas our greatest Interest to desire it; but we

could no longer live secure with him: He has violated all his Engagements with his nearest Neighbours; Peace with him would not be Peace; but only a Handle to break our League, which is our only Resource. He has too plainly discover'd to all the Rest his ambitious Designs of enslaving them, and has left us no other Means to defend our Liberty, than the using our utmost Endeavours to overthrow his new Kingdom. His Breach of Faith has reduc'd us to the Necessity either of destroying him, or becoming his Slaves. Now if you can find a Way to remove our just Fears, and settle a firm and lasting Peace: all those Nations whom you see here, will willingly lay down their Arms, and with Joy confess that you excel us in Wisdom.

Mentor answer'd: You know, wise *Nestor*, that *Ulysses* committed his Son *Telemachus* to my Care. This young Man, impatient to know what was become of his Father, went first to *Pylos*, where you gave him all the kind Reception he could expect from one of his Father's cordial Friends: You likewise appointed your own Son to conduct him on his Way: He after this undertook great Voyages at Sea; he has visited *Sicily*, *Aegypt*, the Isle of *Cyprus*, and that of *Crete*, and at last the Winds, or rather the Gods, have driven him on this Shore, as he Endeavour'd to Return to *Ithaca*: And we are come here very seasonably to prevent the Mischiefs of a furious War. 'Tis not *Idomeneus*, but the Son of the wise *Ulysses*, and myself, who will now answer for the Performance of every Thing that shall be stipulated.

While *Mentor* was thus discoursing with *Nestor* in the middle of the Confederate Troops, *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*, with all the *Cretans* in Arms, kept their Eyes fix'd on him from the Top of the Walls

Walls of *Salentum*: Their Thoughts were intent how *Mentor*'s Proposals would be receiv'd, and they would have been glad to have heard the wise Conferences of those two old Men. *Nestor* had been ever esteem'd the most experienc'd and most eloquent of all the *Grecian* Kings: It was he, who during the Siege of *Troy*, curb'd and restrain'd *Achilles*'s boiling Wrath, *Agamemnon*'s Pride, *Ajax*'s Fierceness, and the impetuous Courage of *Dio-medes*: Soft Persuasion flow'd from his Lips like a Stream of Milk: His Voice alone was always listen'd to by those Heroes, who were silent whenever he began to speak: He alone knew how to appease wild discord in the Camp. Infirmities of Age began indeed to creep on him, but yet his Expressions were full of Strength and Sweetness: He repeated Things past in Order to instruct Youth by his consummate Experience; and tho' he was somewhat slow of Speech, yet he deliver'd himself with admirable Grace.

This old Man, so much admir'd throughout *Greece*, seem'd to have lost all his Majesty and Eloquence, as soon as *Mentor* appear'd with him. He seem'd perfectly wither'd and depress'd with Years, as he stood by *Mentor*; whereas old Age seem'd to Respect and Reverence *Mentor*'s strong and vigorous Constitution. *Mentor*'s Words, tho' grave and plain, carry'd along with them a Sprightliness and Authority which began to be wanting in *Nestor*'s: Whatever he spoke was concise, exact, nervous; he never us'd vain Repetitions, never departed from the Point in Hand. If he was oblig'd to speak often of the same Thing, the better to inculcate it, or to persuade others, he did it by a new Turn, and by sensible Comparisons. He had a certain Complaisance and Gayety which is ineffable, whenever he had a

Mind to insinuate some Truth, or adapt himself to the Occasions of those he had to deal with. Those two venerable Men yielded a moving sort of Spectacle to so many assembled Nations. While all the Allies that were come against *Salentum* croud-ed upon one another to hear their wise Discourse, *Idomeneus*, with his People, endeavour'd with greedy and attentive Looks, to find out the meaning of their Gestures and Countenances.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

BOOK XI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, seeing Mentor amidst the Confederates has a Mind to know what passes between them. He causes the Gates of Salentum to be open'd to him, goes and joins Mentor, and his Presence contributes to make the Allies accept the Conditions of Peace which Mentor propos'd to them on the Part of Idomeneus. The Kings enter Salentum as Friends. Idomeneus stands to all that has been agreed on. Hostages are exchanged, and a common Sacrifice is made between the City and the Camp, in Confirmation of this Alliance.

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In the mean Time, *Telemachus*, being grown impatient, slips from the Multitude that were about him, runs to the Gate *Mentor* went out at, and imperiously Orders it to be open'd. *Idomeneus*, who thought he was still by his Side, wonder'd to see him running cross the Fields, and making towards *Nestor*: *Nestor* knew him again, and made all the Haste his Age allow'd, to go and meet him. *Telemachus* flew to embrace him, and grasp'd him in his Arms without being able to speak. At last he cry'd out: O my Father, for I am not afraid to call you so; the Misfortune of not finding my true Father, and the generous Favours I have receiv'd from you, give me a Right to use that endearing Name! my Father, my dear Father, how blest'd am I to see you, and oh that I could see *Ulysses* too! yet if any Thing could make me Amends for being depriv'd of him; 'tis certainly the finding him again in you.

Nestor could not refrain from weeping at these Words, and he was touch'd with a secret Joy in seeing those Tears which with wonderful Grace ran down *Telemachus's* Cheeks. The Beauty, Gentleness and noble Assurance of this unknown Youth, who without any Manner of Precaution went thro' so many enemies, struck all the Confederates with Amazement. May not this, said they, be the Son of that old Man, who came to speak with *Nestor*? He must be so; he can be no other; they have both the same Wisdom in the Characters of different Ages. In the one she only begins to blossom; in the other she bears a plentiful Harvest of the ripest Fruits.

Mentor, who was highly pleas'd to see how affectionately *Nestor* receiv'd *Telemachus*, laid Hold of that happy Opportunity, and said to him: This is the Son of *Ulysses*, so dear to all Greece, and

to your self, O wise *Nestor*! Here, I deliver him up to you as the most valuable Hostage that can be given you for *Idomeneus*'s promises. You may easily imagine, that I should be sorry if the loss of the Son should follow that of the Father, and that the unhappy *Penelope* should upbraid *Mentor*, with sacrificing her Son to the Ambition of the new King of *Salentum*. With this Pledge, who voluntarily offers himself to you, and whom the Gods, who are Lovers of Peace, have sent to you, I will proceed to lay before these assembled Nations, such Proposals as may establish a solid Peace to all future Ages.

At the Mention of Peace there was Heard a confus'd Noise among the Ranks. All those different Nations murmur'd with Anger and Resentment, thinking so much Time lost as was spent without fighting: They fancy'd, that the intent of all these Speeches was only to suspend their Fury, and by that Means to rob them of their Prey. The *Mandurians* in particular were enrag'd to Think that *Idomeneus* should ever have it in his power to deceive them again: They often attempted to interrupt *Mentor*, fearing lest his wise Discourses should draw off their Allies; nay, they began to distrust all the *Greeks* that were in the Assembly. *Mentor* perceiving this, made it his Business to encrease their Jealousy, the better to disunite the Counsels of those different Nations.

I confess, said he, that the *Mandurians* have just Reason to complain, and to demand Satisfaction for the Wrongs that have been done them; but then again, it is not reasonable that the *Greeks*, who plant Colonies on that Coast, should be suspected and odious to the Natives of the Place. On the contrary, the *Greeks* ought to be united
together.

together, and make themselves respected by others : The only Thing they must observe, is to be contented with what they enjoy, and never to invade the Territories of their Neighbours. I know that *Idomeneus* has been so unhappy as to Occasion Jealousies among you, but it will be no difficult Matter to remove all your Suspicions: *Telemachus* and myself offer to become your Hostages; we will be answerable for *Idomeneus's* Integrity, and will remain in your Hands 'till every Thing that shall be promis'd is faithfully perform'd. What you are incens'd at, O *Mandurians*, is, that the *Cretian* Troops have seiz'd by Surprize the Passages of your Mountains, and thereby can, in Despite of you, enter whenever they Please the Country whither you retir'd, to leave them the flat Country near the Sea-shore. The Defiles which the *Cretans* have fortify'd with high Towers, full of old arm'd Men, are therefore the real Cause of this War. Pray answer me, can you alledge any other?

Upon this, the Chief of the *Mandurians* came forwards, and spoke thus : Have we left any Thing unattempted to avoid this War? The Gods are our Witnesses that we did not renounce, Peace, till Peace had irrecoverably gone from us, thro' the restless Ambition of the *Cretans*, and the impossibility of trusting to their Oaths again: Senseless Nation! who forc'd us against our Will, to the hard Necessity of acting a desperate Part against them, and seeking our Safety in their Ruin. As long as they keep those Passes we shall ever believe that they Mean to encroach upon our Lands, and to bring us under Subjection. If they really intended to live in Peace with their Neighbours, they would be contented with what we so voluntarily yielded up to them, and would not
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Labour to Preserve an Entrance into a Country, upon whose Liberty they have no ambitious Design. But you know them not, O wise old Man; whereas, to our great Misfortune, we know them but too well. Cease then, thou Favourite of the Gods, cease to obstruct a War so just and necessary, without which *Hesperia* can never hope to enjoy a lasting Peace. O ungrateful, treacherous and cruel Nation, whom the angry Gods have sent among us to trouble our Repose, and punish us for our Faults! Yet, after you have punish'd us, O ye Gods, you will revenge us too: Neither will you be less just to our enemies than to us.

At these Words all the Assembly was in an Emotion; it seem'd as if *Mars* and *Bellona* went from rank to rank, rekindling in each Breast the Rage of War, which *Mentor* endeavour'd to quench: Whereupon he thus resum'd his discourse:

Had I nothing but Promises to make to you, you might refuse to trust to them: But the Things I offer to you are real; and before your Eyes. If you are not content to have *Telemachus* and myself for Hostages, I will cause to be put into your Hands twelve of the most noble and valiant *Cretans*: But it is just that you likewise should give Hostages: For tho' *Idomeneus* sincerely desires Peace, yet it is not thro' Fear or Cowardice that he desires it: He desires Peace just as you yourselves say you desire it, upon Principles of Wisdom and Moderation, and not out of a base Love of an easy effeminate Life, nor out of Fear of the impending Dangers of War. He is prepar'd either to die or to conquer, but he prefers Peace to the most pompous Victory. He would be ashamed to fear being overcome, but he fears to be unjust, and is not ashamed to redress what he has

has

has done amiss. Tho' he offers Peace with Sword in Hand, he is not for prescribing the Conditions of it with Imperiousness: For he sets no value upon a forced Peace. He would have a Peace which should be to the Satisfaction of all Parties; a Peace that may for ever but an End to all Jealousies, allay all Resentments, and remove all Distrusts. In a Word, *Idomeneus* has all those Sentiments which I am sure you wish he should have. All that now remains to be done, is to persuade you into a Belief of it; which will be no difficult Task, provided you will hear me calmly and without Prejudice.

Listen then, O ye warlike Nations, and you, O ye wise and united Captains, give Ear to what I offer you from *Idomeneus*. It is not just that he should have it in his Power to enter his neighbour's Territories; nor is it just that his own Territories should be expos'd to Incursions from them: He therefore consents that those Passes which he has fortify'd with high Towers, may be kept by neutral Troops: You *Nestor*, and you *Philoctetes*, are *Greeks* by birth; yet, upon this Occasion, you have declared against *Idomeneus*; and therefore you cannot be suspected of being too partial to his Interests. What animates you, is the common Interest of the Repose and Liberty of *Hesperia*; be you then the Trustees and Keepers of those Defiles which occasion'd this War. You have no less Reason, nor is it less your Interest to hinder the old Inhabitants of *Hesperia* from destroying *Salentum*, a new *Grecian* Colony, than to hinder *Idomeneus* from usurping upon his Neighbours. Do you keep an equal Balance between both of them, and instead of carrying Fire and Sword among a People whom you ought to love, reserve to your selves the Honour

nour of being Judges and Mediators. You will undoubtedly answer, that you would be extremely pleased with these Proposals, could you be sure that *Idomeneus* would faithfully perform them: And as to this point, I am going to give you Satisfaction.

For the Security of both Parties, there will be the Hostages I mention'd before, to continue till all those Defiles be put into your Possession: Now when the Safety of all *Hesperia*, and even that of *Salentum* and *Idomeneus*, shall be at your Mercy, will you not be contented? What can you distrust after this, unless you are afraid of yourselves? You dare not trust to *Idomeneus*, and yet *Idomeneus* is so far from having any Design of deceiving you, that he is willing to trust you. Yes, he will entrust you with the Repose, Lives and Liberties of all his People, together with himself. If you are really desirous of a good Peace, behold she offers herself to you, and leaves you no Pretence for rejecting her. Once again, think not that 'tis Fear obliges *Idomeneus* to make you these Offers; no, 'tis Wisdom and Justice that engage him to take this Course; nor shall it affect him in the least, should you impute to his Weakness what is the Effect of his Virtue. In his first Attempts he committed some Faults, and he glories in acknowledging them as such, by preventing your Demands in this Manner. 'Tis Weakness, 'tis ridiculous Vanity, 'tis stupid Ignorance of a Man's own Interest, to think to hide his Faults by endeavouring to maintain them with Pride and Haughtiness. He who owns his Faults to his Enemy, and offers to repair them, shews thereby, that he can never more enter upon

S Thoughts

Thoughts of committing them, and that at the same Time the Enemy has all Things to fear from so wise and so steady a Conduct, unless he makes Peace. Beware lest you give him in his turn a Handle to lay the blame at your Door. If you slight Peace and Justice which now offer themselves to you, Peace and Justice will take their Revenge! *Idomeneus*, who before ought to have fear'd the Gods wou'd be incens'd against him, will now have them on his Side against you. *Telemachus* and my self will fight in this good Cause; and I call all the Gods, both Celestial and Infernal, to be Witnesses of the just Proposals that I now make to you!

At these Words, *Mentor* lifted up his Arm on high, to shew to the People the Olivebranch which he had in his Hand in Token of Peace. The Commanders, who were nearer him, were dazzled with the divine Light which darted from his Eyes; he look'd with a certain Majesty and Authority, far beyond what is ever seen in the most eminent among Mortals. The Charms of his sweet yet commanding Eloquence stole away all Hearts: It was like those enchanting Spells which in the deep silence of the Night do on a sudden stop the Motion of the Moon and Stars, calm the raging Sea, suppress the Winds, make the Billows subside, and suspend the Course of rapid Streams.

Mentor seem'd, in the Middle of these furious People like *Bachus* when he was surrounded by Tygers, who, foregoing their natural Fierceness, and attracted by the Efficacy of his soft, melodious Voice,

Voice, came and lik'd his Feet, and fawningly paid Submission to him. At first, a deep Silence was observ'd throughout the whole Army: the Commanders gaz'd on one another, unable to resist this Man, or comprehend what he was. All the Troops were motionless, and kept their Eyes fix'd upon him; not daring to make the least Noise, for Fear he should have something farther to say. Tho' they thought it impossible that what he had said cou'd be capable of any Addition, yet they wish'd his Speech had been longer: Every Thing he had said remain'd as it were engraven in their Hearts. As he spoke he commanded at once the Love and Belief of his Hearers; and every one was greedily attentive to catch the least Syllable that issued out of his Mouth.

After a pretty long Silence, a kind of a soft Noise began to spread itself by little and little; it was not now the confused Noise of People murmuring with Indignation; on the contrary, 'twas a gentle favourable whispering: Each Man's Face discover'd a certain Serenity and peaceful Look. The *Mandurians*, who were so highly provok'd let their Weapons drop to the ground. The rough *Phalantus*, with the *Lacedæmonians*, were surpriz'd to feel their Hearts so mollify'd: The others began to sigh for that happy Peace which had been set to their View. *Philoctetes*, who by experiencing the Hardships of Fortune was more sensible than any other, could not withhold his Tears. *Nestor* not being able to speak for the Transports in which this Discourse had put him, affectionately embrac'd *Mentor*, without being able to utter a Word, and all the People at once,

as upon a Signal given, cry'd out: O wise old Man, you have disarm'd us. Peace! Peace!

Nestor, a Moment after this, was going to begin another Speech, but all the Troops being impatient, and fearing lest he should start some Difficulty; Peace, Peace, they cry'd out once again; nor wou'd they give over till they had made all their Leaders cry out with them, Peace, Peace!

Nestor, perceiving it was no Time to make a set Speech, contented himself with saying: You see, O *Mentor*, what wonderful Efficacy the Words of a good Man have; when Wisdom and Virtue speak, they hush the boisterous Passions: Our just Resentments change into Friendship, and our Animosities into Wishes for a durable Peace: We accept the Peace you offer us. At the same Time all the Commanders held up their Hands in Token of Consent.

Mentor ran to the City-gate to cause it to be open'd, and to bid *Idomeneus* come forth now without any Fear. *Nestor*, in the mean Time, embrac'd *Telemachus*, and said to him: Thou amiable Son of the wisest of all the *Greeks*, may'st thou be no less wise, but far more happy than he! Have you learnt nothing concerning him? The Memory of your Father, whom you so much resemble, has help'd to stifle our Indignation. *Phalantus*, tho' rough and fierce, tho' he had never seen *Ulysses*, could not but be mov'd at his and his Son's Misfortunes. And now they were going to press *Telemachus* to relate what had be-
fall'n

fall'n him, when *Mentor* return'd with *Idomeneus*, and all the *Cretan* Youth attending him.

At the Sight of *Idomeneus*, the Allies felt their Resentment kindling afresh; but *Mentor's* Words quench'd the growing Fire. Why do we delay, said he, to conclude this holy Alliance, of which the Gods will be both Witnesses and Defenders? May they revenge it, if any impious Wretch dare to violate it, and may all the Horrors of War, instead of overwhelming the faithful and innocent People, fall on the perjur'd execrable Head of that ambitious Man, who shall flight the sacred Tyes of this Alliance! May he be hated by Gods and Men! May he never enjoy the Fruit of his Perfidy! May the infernal Furies, under the most hideous forms, appear to him, and fill him with Rage and Despair! May he be struck Dead without any Hope of Burial! May his Body become a Prey to Dogs and Vultures! And may he for ever be more severely tormented than *Tantalus*, *Ixion*, and the *Danaids*, in *Tartarus's* deep Abyss! But no, — rather may this Peace be as firm as the Mountain of *Atlas*, that supports the Heavens! May all these People observe it, and taste the Fruits of it from Generation to Generation! May the Names of those who shall have sworn to it, be ever commemorated with Love and Reverence, by latest Posterity! May this Peace, founded upon Justice and Integrity, be a Model of every Peace that shall hereafter be made among all the Nations of the Earth! And may all People who are desirous to taste the happiness of Peace and Union, imitate the Example of those of *Hesperia*!

At these Words, *Idomeneus*, with the other Kings, swore to maintain the Peace, on the Conditions agreed to; and twelve Hostages were exchanged on both Sides. *Telemachus* would needs be one of the Hostages for *Idomeneus*, but *Mentor* was not allow'd to be one of them, because the Allies desired that he might remain with *Idomeneus*, to have an Eye upon him and his Counsellors, till the entire Execution of the Articles sworn to. Between the Town and the Camp were sacrific'd an hundred Heifers, white as Snow, and as many Bulls of the same Colour, whose Horns were gilded and adorn'd with Garlands. The dreadful Bellowings of the Victims that fell beneath the holy Knife, made all the neighbouring Hills resound; the reeking Blood stream'd on all Sides; exquisite Wines were in Abundance pour'd out for the Libations: the *Haruspices* consulted the panting Entrails: And the Priests burnt upon the Altar vast quantities of Incense that form'd a thick Cloud, which perfum'd all the Country round.

Mean while, the Soldiers on both Sides, ceasing to esteem each other as Enemies, began to entertain one another with their Adventures; they already gave a Relaxation to their Labours, and did before Hand taste the Sweets of Peace. Many of those who had follow'd *Idomeneus* to the Siege of *Troy*, knew again those of *Nestor*, who had fought in the same War. They affectionately embrac'd each other, and mutually related what had befallen them, after they had ruin'd that tow'ring City, the Ornament of all *Asia*. And now they lay down on the Grass, crow'nd themselves with Flowers, and quaff'd the Wine that
was

was brought from the Town in large Vessels to celebrate so happy a Day.

On a sudden, *Mentor* said to the Kings: O ye Captains! assembled under several Names and several Leaders, you shall hence-forth be but one People; for thus the just Gods, who are Lovers of their Creatures, Men, are pleas'd to be the eternal Tie of their perfect Concord. All Mankind is but one Family, spread over the Face of the whole Earth. All Men are Brethren, and as such ought to love each other. Curse on those impious Wretches, who seek a cruel Glory in the Blood of their Brethren, which is indeed their own Blood. War, it's true, is sometimes necessary; but it is a Shame to Humanity that it should ever be unavoidable. O ye Kings! think not that War ought to be desired for the Acquisition of Glory; true Glory is not to be found, out of Humanity. Whoever prefers his Ambition before a Sense of Humanity, is a Monster of Pride, not a Man, and shall never attain any other than a false Glory; for true Glory consists solely in Moderation and Goodness: Men, indeed, may flatter him to gratify his foolish Vanity; but when they are in secret, and may speak their Minds sincerely, they will say of him, that he has so much the less deserv'd Glory, as he has desired it with an unwarrantable Passion. Men ought not to have any Esteem for him at all, since he has so little valued Men, and has been so lavish of their Blood, through brutal Vanity. Happy is that King, who loves his People, and is beloved by them; who confides in his Neighbours, and in whom his Neighbours confide; who, instead of making War upon them, prevents any War they

may have with one another; and who gives Occasion to all the foreign Nations to envy the Happiness of his Subjects, in having him for their King. Resolve then to meet from Time to Time, O you who govern the powerful Cities of *Hesperia*! Agree to meet once in three years in a general Assembly, where all the Kings here present may attend to renew the Alliance by a fresh Oath, to strengthen the promised Friendship, and to consult about your common Interests. As long as you are united, you will enjoy in this fine Country, Tranquility, Glory, Plenty; and abroad you will always be invincible. It is only Discord, the Spawn of Hell, and sent from thence to torment Mortals: it is only She, I say, that can disturb the Felicity which the Gods are preparing for you.

Nestor reply'd, You see by the Readiness with which we come into the Peace, how far we are from desiring War out of vain Glory, or by an unjust Eagerness to aggrandize our selves at the Expence of our Neighbours: But pray what's to be done when we find our selves near a violent Prince, who knows no Authority but his Interest, and who neglects no Opportunity of invading the Territories of other States? Think not that I glance at *Idomeneus*; no! I have no longer such a Thought of him; 'tis *Adrastus* King of the *Daunians*, from whom we have every Thing to fear. He contemns the Gods, and thinks that all Mankind are only born to be subservient to his Glory, and to be his Slaves. He will not have Subjects of whom he may be both King and Father, he must have Slaves and Adorers, and have divine Honours

Honours paid. Hitherto blind Fortune has favour'd his unrighteous Enterprizes. We hasten'd to attack *Salentum*, to get rid of the weakest of our Enemies, who had just began to establish himself upon this Coast, with a Resolution to turn our Forces afterwards upon that other more powerful Enemy. He has already taken several Towns from our Allies; the *Grotonians* have already lost two Battles in fighting against him; he sticks at nothing to gratifie his Ambition: Force or Fraud is all alike to him, provided he can but conquer his Enemies. He has amass'd together vast Treasures; his Troops are disciplin'd and harden'd to War; his Generals are experienc'd; he is well obey'd, he himself incessantly watching over all those who act by his Order: He severely punishes the least Faults, and largely rewards the Services that are done him; his personal Valour sustains and animates that of his Troops: He wou'd be an accomplish'd King, if he squar'd his Actions by the Rules of Justice and Integrity; but he neither dreads the Gods, nor the Upbraidings of his Conscience; Reputation he reckons as nothing; he looks upon it as a vain Phantom, which can affect none but poor, low, groveling Spirits; he esteems nothing as a real and solid Good, but the Advantage of possessing great Riches, the Being dreaded, and trampling all Mankind under Foot. His Army will soon appear upon our Territories; and if the Union of so many People prove ineffectual against him, there's an End of our Liberty. It is therefore the Interest of *Idomeneus*, as well as our's, to oppose this Neighbour, who can suffer nothing free to be near him; if we should be overcome, *Salentum*

would be threaten'd with the same Fate: therefore let us all hasten jointly to prevent it. Whilst *Nestor* was thus speaking, they moved towards the City; for *Idomeneus* had invited all the Kings, and the Principal Commanders, to come and pass the Night there.

The End of the First Volume.



THE



THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK XII.

The ARGUMENT.

Nestor, in the Name of the Allies, demands Succours of Idomeneus against the Daunians their Enemies. Mentor, who has a mind to regulate the Government of the City of Salentum, and train up the People to Agriculture, orders Matters so, that the Allies are contented with having Telemachus at the head of a hundred noble Cretans. After his Departure, Mentor makes an exact Review of the City and Port of Salentum, informs himself of every Thing; causes Idomeneus to make new Regulations for Trade, and Government, and divide the People into Seven Classes, whose Ranks and Qualities he distinguishes by different Habits; and makes him suppress Luxury and unprofitable Arts, in Order to employ the Artificers in Agriculture, which he renders an honourable Profession.

P. II.

(A)

MEAN

MEAN while, the Army of the Allies pitch'd their Tents, and the Field was already cover'd over with rich Pavilions of all sorts of Colours, where the fatigu'd *Hesperians* waited for refreshing sleep. When the Kings together with their Retinue were enter'd the City, they were astonish'd to find that in so short a Time, so many stately Buildings were rais'd; and that the Distraction of so great a War, had not hinder'd this Infant City from growing, and being embellish'd all at once.

They admir'd the Wisdom and Vigilance of *Idomeneus*, who was the Founder of so fine a Kingdom, and every one concluded that now they had made Peace with him, it wou'd be a great Addition of Strength to the Allies, if he wou'd enter into their Confederacy against the *Daunians*. They propos'd this to *Idomeneus*, he cou'd not reject so reasonable a Thing, and promis'd them his Assistance. But as *Mentor* was ignorant of nothing that is necessary to render a State flourishing, he was of Opinion that the Forces of *Idomeneus* cou'd not be so great as they seem'd to be, wherefore taking him aside, he thus spoke to him:

You see our Care has not been altogether unprofitable to you: *Salentum* is secur'd from the Evils that threaten'd her; it is now your Fault if you don't raise her Glory as high as the Heavens, and equal the Wisdom of *Minos* your Grandfather, in the Government of your People. I continue my Freedom of Speech to you, bilieving you would have me do so, and that you abhor Flattery. Whilst these Kings were extolling your Magnificence, I was thinking within my self all the while upon the Rashness of your Conduct. At this Word *Rashness*, *Idomeneus* chang'd colour, his
Eyes

Eyes look'd disorder'd, he blush'd, and was going to interrupt *Mentor*, to shew him his Resentment. *Mentor* in a modest respectful Tone, but yet free and bold, said to him: I see you are offended at this Word *Rashness*, and it had been wrong in any one but me to have made Use of it; for we ought to respect Kings, and use them very tenderly, even when we are reprov'g them. Truth of it self is offensive enough to them, without the Addition of rugged Terms; but I thought you cou'd suffer me to speak to you without Lenitives, to discover your Error. My Design was to accustom you to hear Things call'd by their Names, and to understand that when others give you their Advice about your Conduct, they will never dare to tell you all their Thoughts; and therefore, unless you will be deceiv'd, you must always apprehend more than they will say to you in Things wherein your Conduct has been amiss. For my Part, I am willing to soften my Words according to your Occasions. But it will be for your Advantage, that an impartial disinterest Man speak in private to you, in a plain rough Manner. No other shall ever dare to do it: and so you shall never see Truth but by halves, and under fair Disguises.

At these Words, *Idomeneus*, who had by this Time master'd his Passion, seem'd aham'd of what he had done; you see, said he to *Mentor*, what it is to be us'd to Flattery. I am indebted to you for the Safety of my Kingdom, and there is no Truth, but I should think my self happy to hear from your Mouth; but pity a Prince whom Flattery had poison'd, and who could never find a Man generous enough to tell him the Truth, no, not in his Misfortunes. No, I have never met with any Body who has lov'd me well enough to displease me, by telling me the whole Truth. As

he spoke these Words, his Eyes were bath'd with Tears, and he tenderly embrac'd *Mentor*. Then said the wise old Man to him: It is with Grief that I find my self constrain'd to tell you some harsh Things; but it is not in my Power to betray you, by hiding the Truth from you. Put your self in my Place; if you have hitherto been deceived, it is because you were willing to be so, and because you were afraid of too sincere Counsellors. Have you look'd out for such as were disinterested and most like to contradict you? Have you made it your Business to chuse Men the least forward to please you, the most impartial in their Conduct, and such as wou'd not scruple to condemn your Passions, and your wrong Sentiments of Things? When you have met with Flatterers, have you remov'd them from your Presence? Have you been upon your Guard against them? No, no: You have not done as they do who love Truth, and who deserve to know it. Let us see if you have now the Courage to suffer your self to be humbled by the Truth that condemns you.

I was saying, therefore, that what was the Occasion of so much Praise to you, deserves rather to be blam'd. While you had abroad so many Enemies that threaten'd your Kingdom, as yet but indifferently establish'd, you thought of nothing in your new City, but to raise stately Buildings in it. It is this has cost you so many uneasy Nights, as you your self have own'd to me: You have drain'd your Treasures; you neither thought of encreasing your People, nor of cultivating the fertile Lands upon this Coast. Ought you not to have look'd upon these two Things, as the two main Pillars of your Strength, to have a great Number of able Men, and Lands well cultivated to maintain them? You should at first have had a
long

long Peace, to favour the multiplying of your People. You should have minded nothing but Agriculture, and the enacting of wholesome Laws. Vain Ambition has hush'd you on to the Brink of a Precipice; and by aiming to appear great, you had like to have ruin'd your real Greatness. Now, therefore, be diligent to repair those Oversights: but a stop to your pompous Structures; renounce all Luxury, which would ruin your new City; let your People take Breath, and enjoy Peace; apply your self to settle them in Plenty, to facilitate their Marriages. Know, that you are no otherwise a King, than as you have a People to govern, and that your Power is not to be measur'd by the Extent of the Lands you possess, but by the Number of the Men who shall inhabit those Lands, and be bound to obey you. Possess a Ground but of an indifferent Compass; stock it with numberless Multitudes of a laborious disciplin'd People; contrive it so that you get the Love of those People, and then you are more powerful, more happy, more glorious, than all the Conquerors who lay waste so many Kingdoms.

How shall I then behave my self to these Kings, reply'd *Idomeneus*? Shall I confess my Weakness to them? It is true, I have neglected Tillage, nay, and Trade likewise, which might be so commodiously carry'd on upon this Coast: I have thought of nothing but raising a stately City: Must I, my dear *Mentor*, disgrace my self amidst so many Kings, and betray my Indiscretion? If I must, I will, without any Hesitation, let them think of it as they please; for you have taught me that a true King, who is made for his People, and owes himself wholly to them, ought to prefer the well-fare of his People to his own Glory.

This Sentiment, reply'd *Mentor*, becomes a
Father

Father of his People; 'tis this good Disposition, and not the vain Magnificence of your City, that argues you a true King; but your Honour must be maintain'd, even for the Interest of your Kingdom. Leave the Thing to me, I will go tell those Kings that you are engag'd to restore *Ulysses*, if he be still living, or at least his Son, in *Ithaca*; you are resolv'd to expel thence by Force, all the Lovers of *Penelope*. They must needs be sensible that this War requires a great Number of Troops, and so they will agree that you can afford them but small Assistance at first against the *Daunians*.

At these Words *Idomeneus* look'd like one that had just been eas'd of a mighty Burthen. My dear Friend, said he to *Mentor*, you save my Honour and the Reputation of this growing City, whose Weakness you will thus hide from my Neighbours: But how will it look in me to say that I will send Forces to *Ithaca*, to restore *Ulysses*, or at least his Son *Telemachus*, since *Telemachus* has engag'd himself to go the War against the *Daunians*? Be easy, reply'd *Mentor*; I shall tell nothing but the truth. The Ships that you send to establish your Trade, shall go to the Coast of *Epirus*; they will do two Things at once, that is, reinvoke to your Coast the foreign Merchants, whom too great Imposts keep from coming to *Salentum*, and learn news concerning *Ulysses*. If he be yet living, he cannot be far from those Seas that divide *Greece* from *Italy*, and it is confidently reported that he has been seen among the *Phœacians*: But even supposing there are no Hopes of seeing him ever again, your Fleet will do an eminent Service to his Son, by spreading thro' *Ithaca* and all the neighbouring Countries the Terror of young *Telemachus*'s Name, who was thought to be dead as well as his Father. *Penelope*'s Lovers will be dismay'd when they hear that

that he is ready to return with the Succours of a powerful Allie. The People of *Ithaca* will not have the Boldness to think of shaking of the Yoke: *Penelope* will be exceedingly comforted, and still refuse to make Choice of a new Husband. Thus you will serve *Telemachus*, while he is in your Place with the Allies of this Coast of *Italy* fighting against the *Daunians*. Here *Idomeneus* cry'd out: Happy is the King who is supported by wise Counsels; a wise and faithful Friend is more valuable to a King, than victorious Armies; but doubly bless'd is the King who is sensible of Happiness, and knows how to make his Advantage of wise Counsels; for it often happens that wise and honest Men, whose Virtue is fear'd, are far remov'd from his Trust, to make room for Flatterers, whose Treachery is not suspected. I myself am fall'n into this Error, and will relate to you all the Disasters that are come upon me by a false Friend who flatter'd my Passions, in Hopes that I, in my Turn, would flatter his.

Mentor easily made the Confederate Kings sensible *Idomeneus* ought to take Care of *Telemachus's* Affairs, while that young Prince went along with them. They were satisfy'd with having in their Army the Son of *Ulysses*, with a hundred of the *Cretan* Youths, appointed by *Idomeneus* to accompany him. They were the Flower of the young Nobility, whom the King had brought with him from *Crete*, and whom *Mentor* had advis'd him to send to the War. You must, said he, during a Peace, take Care to multiply your People; but for Fear the whole Nation should grow effeminate and ignorant of the Art of War, you must send the young Nobility to foreign Wars. This will suffice to keep up the whole Kingdom in an Emulation of Glory, in the Love of Arms, in a Con-

tempt of Fatigues, and of Death itself; and, lastly, in the Practice of the Military Art.

The Confederate Kings departed from *Salentum*, well pleas'd with King *Idomeneus*, and charm'd with the Wisdom of *Mentor*; they were overjoy'd that they carry'd *Telemachus* along with them; but he could not controul his Grief when he was to part with his Friend.

Whilst the Confederate Kings were taking their Leaves, and swore to *Idomeneus* that they wou'd preserve an eternal Alliance with him; *Mentor*, holding *Telemachus* lock'd in his Arms, found himself bedew'd with his Tears. I am insensible, said *Telemachus*, of the Joy of going in Quest of Glory: Nothing now affects my Soul but the Grief that I must part from you. Methinks I see again that unhappy Time, when the *Egyptians* tore me from your Arms, without the least Hope of ever seeing you any more.

Mentor return'd an obliging Answer, the better to comfort and cheer him up: This, said he, is a Separation of a very different kind: It is voluntary: 'twill be short; you go in search of Victory: My Son, you must love me less tenderly, and in a more masculine Manner. Accustom your self to my Absence, for you will not always have me with you. You shou'd let Wisdom and Virtue, rather than the Presence of *Mentor*, suggest to you what you ought to do.

In saying these Words, the Goddess, conceal'd under the Figure of *Mentor*, cover'd *Telemachus* with her *Ægis*, and infus'd into him the Spirit of Wisdom and Foresight, intrepid Valour and gentle Moderation, which are so rarely found together. Go, said *Mentor*, into the thickest Dangers, as often as it is necessary you shou'd go. A Prince disgraces himself more by avoiding the Dangers of a War,

a War, than by never going into it at all. The Courage of him who commands others ought never to be suspected. If it be necessary for a People to preserve their General and King, it is more necessary to them not to see him in a certain Reputation of Valour. Remember that he who commands ought to be a pattern to all others; his Example is to animate the whole Army; Therefore fear no Manner of Danger, O *Telemachus*, and rather perish in the Combat, than suffer your Courage to be question'd. Flatterers who shall be most eager to hinder you from exposing your self to Danger on necessary Occasions, will be most forward to tax you privately with want of Courage, if they find you easy to be restrain'd on those Occasions. But then again, run not blindly into Danger without Occasion; for Valour can no longer be a Virtue, than as it is govern'd by Prudence; otherwise it is a stupid Contempt of Life, and a brutal Ardour. Fool-hardy Valour is ever unsecure: He that does not command himself in Dangers, is rather wild than brave: He's forc'd to be beside himself, that he may be above Fear, since he cannot surmount it by the natural Disposition of his Heart. In this Case, if he does not run away, he is at least disorder'd; he loses his Presence of Mind, which would be necessary to him to give proper Orders, to lay hold of Opportunities to rout the Enemy, or serve his Country. If he has all the Warmth of a Soldier, he has nothing of the Discretion of a Captain; nay, he has not even the true Courage of a private Soldier; for a Soldier ought in Time of Battel to preserve such a Presence of Mind, and such a Moderation as is necessary to obey. He who rashly exposes himself, disturbs the Order and Discipline of the Troops, sets an Example of Temerity, and often brings the

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whole

whole Army into great Disasters. They who prefer their vain Ambition to the Security of the common Cause, deserve to be punish'd, instead of being rewarded.

Beware then, my Son, not to seek Glory with Intemperance: The surest Way to find it, is to wait patiently a favourable Opportunity: Virtue gains the more Reverence and Respect, as she shews herself plain, modest, averse to Pomp; and the greater the Necessity of exposing your self to Danger grows, the greater ought your Courage and Fore-sight to be. Moreover, remember that you ought never to draw upon your self the Envy of others; on your part, be not jealous of their Success: Be the first in praising what is praise-worthy, but praise with Discretion: Repeat the good with Pleasure, conceal the bad, and think no more of it but with Sorrow. Be not positive before the old Commanders, who have that Experience which you cannot have; listen to them with Deference; consult them; desire the most able to instruct you, and be not ashamed to impute to their Instructions, whatever Improvements you shall make. In short, give no Ear to Discourses which may tend to excite your Distrust or Jealousy against the other chief Officers: But converse with them with Confidence and Frankness. If you think that they have fail'd in Point of Respect to you, unbosom your self to them, and set forth your Reason: If they are capable of understanding the Generosity of this Conduct, you will charm them, and draw from them all that you have Occasion to expect. If on the contrary, they have not Sense enough to apprehend your Meaning, you will learn, from Self-experience, what unjust Treatment may be expected from them; you will be cautious not to expose your self again as long as the War lasts; and thus

thus you will have nothing to accuse your self of. But, above all Things, be sure you avoid telling any Flatterers, who go about to make Mischief, the grounds of Complaint which you think you have against any of the Commanders of the Army. I will tarry here, continu'd *Mentor*, to assist *Idomeneus* to procure the Happiness of his People; and to retrieve all the Faults which his ill Counsels and Flatterers have made him commit in the Settlement of his new Kingdom.

Hereupon *Telemachus* could not forbear discovering some Surprize at, and even some Contempt for *Idomeneus's* Conduct. But *Mentor* check'd him for it in a severe Tone. Do you wonder, said he that the most valuable Men are still Men, and betray some humane Frailties amidst the numberless Shares and the Distractions inseparable from a Royal State? It is true, *Idomeneus* was brought up with Notions of Pomp and Loftiness: But where's the Philosopher, who, had he been in his Place, would have resisted Flattery? It is true, again he suffer'd himself to be too much prepossess'd by those he trusted: But the wisest of Kings are often deceiv'd, whatever Precaution they take to avoid it. A King cannot do every Thing, and therefore must have Ministers to ease himself, and these he must trust. Besides, a King is not so well acquainted as private Persons, with those that surround him, who are ever mask'd before him, and use all Manner of Artifices to impose upon him. Alas! dear *Telemachus*, you will experience it but too much! We do not find in Men either the Virtues or Abilities we look for in them: And the more we study and sound them, the farther we find ourselves to be from our reckoning. Neither is it ever possible to make even the best of Men always to act as they ought, for the publick good: For
(B) 3 they

they, like the Rest, have their Prepossessions, Inconsistencies, and Jealousies; and are seldom to be persuaded or corrected.

The more Nations a Prince has to govern, the more Ministers he has Occasion for, in Order to do by them what he cannot do by himself; and the more need he has of Men to entrust with Authority, the more is he expos'd to be deceiv'd in his Choice. He who to Day unmercifully censures Kings, would govern worse than they to morrow, and commit the same Faults, with other infinitely greater, if he were invested with the same Power. A private Condition, together with a tolerable Share of Wit and good Elocution, covers all natural Defects, sets off shining Parts, and makes a Man seem worthy of all the Emploiments he is not in: But 'tis Authority that puts all natural Abilities to a severe Test, and which discovers great Defects. Greatness is like certain Glasses that magnify Objects: All Defects seem to increase in those high Stations, where the minutest Things are attended with great Consequences; and where the lightest Faults have violent Effects. The whole World are continually bent upon observing one single Man, and judge him have no Manner of Experience or Knowledge of the Condition he is in; they are not sensible of the Difficulties that attend it; and they expect so great a Perfection in him, that they will not allow him to be a Man. However, a King, tho' never so good and so wise, is a Man still; his Capacity has Bounds as well as his Virtue; and he has Humours, Passions and Habits, of which he is not absolute Master. He is beset by interested and artful Men; he meets not with the Assistance he looks for; and so he finds himself mistaken every Day; sometimes through his own Passions, and sometimes through those

th se of his Ministers. He has scarce mended one Fault, but he lapses into another; and this being the Condition of the most knowing, and most virtuous Kings the longest and best Reigns are too short and too defective to repair, in the End, what, by Inadvertency, has been done amiss in the Beginning. All these Miseries are inseparable from a Royal State; and as humane Nature is too weak to bear so great a Burden, we therefore ought to pity and excuse Kings. Are they not indeed to be pitied for having it incumbent upon them to govern so many Men, whose Wants are infinite, and the well governing of whom is attended with so much Trouble and Difficulty? To speak freely, Men are much to be pitied for being subject to the Government of a King, who is no more than a Man like them; for none but Gods can govern Men, and set them to Rights. But then, Kings are no less to be pitied for being no more than Men, that is, weak and imperfect, and yet being obliged to govern a numberless Multitude of corrupt and deceitful Men.

Telemachus readily answered: *Idomeneus* has thro' his Fault lost his Hereditary Kingdom in *Crete*; and, were it not for your Counsels, he would have left a second at *Salentum*. I confess, reply'd *Mentor*. he has committed great Faults; but seek in *Greece*, and in all other the best govern'd Countries, for a King who has not committed inexcusable ones. The greatest Men have, in their Temper and Genius, natural Defects by which they are sway'd; and therefore they deserve the most Praise, who have the Courage to acknowledge and repair their Follies. Think you that *Ulysses*, the great *Ulysses* your Father, who is the Pattern of the Kings of *Greece*, has not his Weaknesses and Faults as well as others? Had not *Minerva* conducted him, Step

by Step, how often would he have tripp'd, and been fain to yield, amidst the Dangers and Intricacies in which Fortune sported with him? How often has *Minerva* either restrain'd him, or set him to Rights again, in Order to conduct him steddily to Glory through the Path of Virtue? Do not even expect, when you shall see him reign with so much Glory at *Ithaca*, to find him altogether free from Imperfections. Undoubtedly you will find some in him: But yet *Greece*, *Asia*, and all the Islands of the Sea, have admired him, notwithstanding those Defects, which are drown'd and effaced by a thousand admirable Qualities. You shall be very happy if you can likewise but admire him, and constantly study him as a Pattern for your imitation.

Accustom your self, O *Telemachus*! not to expect, even from the greatest Men, any more than what human Nature is capable to perform. Unexperienced Youth gives Way to a presumptuous Humour of censuring and criticizing, which gives it a Disgust for all the Models it ought to imitate; and throws it, at last, into an incurable Indocility. You ought not only to love, reverence, and imitate your Father, altho' he be not perfect; but you ought likewise to have a great Esteem for *Idomeneus*, notwithstanding what I have found amiss in him. He is naturally sincere, upright, equitable, generous, beneficent; his Courage is perfect; he abhors Fraud, when he is sensible of it, and when he is free to pursue his own Inclination. All his outward Qualities are great, and proportion'd to his Dignity. His Ingenuity in owning his Faults, his good Nature, his Patience in bearing the harshest Things from me; his Resolution, with Regard to himself, in repairing publickly what he had done amiss; and thereby setting himself above the Censures of Men: All these are Indications of
a Soul

a Soul truly great. Good Luck, or the Counfels of others, may keep a Man of very mean Capacity from committing ſome Faults; but nothing leſs than an extraordinary Virtue can engage a King, long ſeduc'd and intoxicated by Flattery, to mend his Errors. 'Tis far more glorious thus to recover a Fall, than never to have fallen. *Idomeneus* has committed ſuch Faults as moſt Kings commit; but no King does what he has done, in Order to mend. For my Part, I could not forbear admiring him, at the ſame Time that he permitted me to contradict him. Admire him too, my dear *Telemachus*; it is not ſo much for his Reputation, as for your own Good, that I give you this Advice.

By this Diſcourſe *Mentor* made *Telemachus* ſenſible, how dangerous it is, to be ſo unjuſt as to indulge one's ſelf in a rigorous cenſuring of other Men, thoſe eſpecially who ſuſtain the Weight, and muſt go through the Troubles and Difficulties of Government. After this he told him, it is Time for you to Depart: Farewell, I will ſtay for you here, O my dear *Telemachus*; remember that thoſe who fear the Gods have nothing to fear from Men: You will find your ſelf expoſ'd to the moſt imminent Dangers, but know that *Minerva* will never forſake you.

At theſe Words *Telemachus* thought he felt the Influence of the Goddeſs's own Preſence; and he had certainly known that it was ſhe who ſpoke to him, if ſhe had not recall'd the Idea of *Mentor*, by ſaying: Forget not, my Son, the care I have taken of you in your Infancy, that I might make you as wiſe and couragious as your Father: Do nothing unworthy of his great Example, and of the Maxims of Virtue, which I have endeavour'd to inſpire you with.

The Sun was already riſing, and gilded the Tops
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of the Mountains, when the Kings came out of *Salentu* to rejoyne the Troops, which now began to march under their Commanders, from the Encampment round the City. On every Side were seen the glittering Heads of bristling Pikes; the Splendor of their Shields dazzled the Beholder's Eyes, and Clouds of Dust obscur'd the Face of Heaven: *Idomeneus* and *Mentor* conducted into the Camp the Confederate Kings. At last they parted, after interchanging the Marks of a true Friendship on both Sides: The Allies no longer doubted that the Peace would be lasting, now they knew the good Disposition of *Idomeneus's* Heart, which had been represented to them in a very different Light; for they had judg'd of him not by his own natural Inclinations, but by the flattering and pernicious Counsels which he had suffer'd himself to be misled by.

After the Army had march'd away, *Idomeneus* led *Mentor* into all the Quarters of the City. Let's see, said *Mentor*, how many Men you have, both in the Town and in the Country: Let us take an exact Account of them, and examine how many Husbandmen there are amongst them. Let us see how much Corn, Wine, Oyl, and other Commodities, your Lands produce in moderate Years; whereby we shall know whether the Land yields wherewithal to subsist all its Inhabitants, and an Overplus besides to carry on a profitable Trade with foreign Countries. Let us likewise examine the Number of your Ships and Mariners: For it is from thence we are to make an Estimate of your Power. Then he went to visit the Port, and going on board every Vessel, he inform'd himself to what Part each of them went to traffick, what Merchandize they carry'd, what Commodities they brought home in return, what was the Charge

Charge of the Ship's Voyage, what Loans the Merchants made one to another, what Societies they set up among themselves, to see if they were equitably and faithfully maintain'd; finally, of the Dangers of Shipwreck, and other Mischances incident to Trade, in Order to prevent the Ruin of Merchants, who, out of a greedy Desire of Gain, often undertake Things above their Strength and Ability to go thro' with.

He appointed severe Punishments for all Bankrupts, because their breaking is at least owing to their Rashness, if not to their Dishonesty: At the same Time he made several Regulations in Order to Prevent Bankruptcy, and for that End he appointed Magistrates to take an Account of the Merchants Effects, Profits, Expences and Ventures. They were never suffer'd to lend Ventures of another Man's Estate, nor above half of their own. Furthermore, they carry'd on, by Companies and Joint-Stock, those Undertakings which they could not manage singly; and the By-Laws of these Companies became inviolable, thro' the rigorous Punishment inflicted on those who infring'd the same. Besides, there is an entire Freedom for Trade; and instead of cramping it with hard Taxes and Duties, there was a Recompence by Way of Bounty, propos'd to all Merchants, that cou'd draw a Trade from any other Nation to *Salentum*.

By this Means there resorted great Multitudes of People to them from all Parts: The Commerce of that City was like the Flux and Reflux of the Sea: Riches came pouring into it like the rowling Waves which are push'd forward by those succeeding. There was free Import and Export allow'd to every Thing: Whatever was brought in, was useful for some Purpose or other, and whatever was carry'd out, did but make Room
for

for other Riches to come in. Exact Justice alone presided in the Port among so many different Nations: Upright Dealing, Honesty and Candour, seem'd to invite from the Top of those stately Towers, all Merchants from the remotest Corners of the Earth. Every one of these Merchants, whether he came from the Eastern Shore, where the Sun each Day springs forth from the Bosom of the Deep, or whether he came from that great Sea, where the same Planet, fatigu'd with its Course, extinguishes its Flames, and goes to rest: Every one, I say, liv'd in as much Peace and Safety in *Salentum*, as if he had been in his own Country.

As to the Inside of the City, *Mentor* visited all the Magazines, Ware-houses, Tradesmen's Shops, and all the publick Places. He prohibited the Importation of all such foreign Goods, as might introduce Luxury and Effeminacy. He regulated their Apparel, Food, Household-Stuff; the Dimension and Embellishments of Houses; according to the different Conditions of the Inhabitants. He banish'd all Gold and Silver Ornaments, and told *Idomeneus*, I know but one Way to make your People frugal in their Expences, and that is, by setting them an Example your self. It is indeed requisite that you should be distinguish'd by a certain shew of Majesty, but your Authority will be sufficiently display'd by your Guards, and the chief Officers that are about you. Content your self with a Garment of super-fine Wool of a Purple Colour: Let the chief Men of your State be clad in the same Wool, with no other Difference but that of the Colour, and a small Embroidery of Gold on the Selvedge of your own Robe. The different Colours will serve to distinguish the different Degrees, without the Expence of Gold, Silver, or precious Stones. Regulate those Degrees
accor-

according to each one's Birth, and let those be plac'd in the first Rank, who are descended from a more ancient and illustrious Stock. They who by their Merit shall have the Authority of great Employments, will be satisfy'd to come after those ancient and illustrious Families, who have been in so long a Possession of the first Honours. Such as are inferior to them in point of Extraction, will easily give Place to them, provided you do not suffer them to forget themselves in a high and sudden Preferment, and provided you bestow Comendations on those who know how to be moderate in Prosperity. The Distinction which is the least expos'd to Envy, is that which proceeds from a long Succession of Ancestors.

As for Virtue, it will be sufficiently excited and encourag'd, and Men will be forward enough to serve the State, provided you decree Crowns and Statues to gallant Actions, and make it a Source of Nobility for the Children of those that have perform'd them.

Persons of the first Rank, next to your self, shall be clad in White, with a Gold Fringe at the Bottom of their Garments: They shall wear a Gold Ring on their Finger, and a Golden Medal with your Effigies on their Neck. Those of the second Rank shall be clad in Blue, with a Silver Fringe, and a Ring without a Medal. The third Sort in Green, without a Ring or Fringe, but with a Medal. The fourth in deep Yellow: The fifth in pale Red. The sixth in Grislin: The seventh, that is the lower Sort, in Yellow mix'd with White.

Let these be the Coulours for the seven Degrees of Freeman. As for Slaves, they shall be clad in dark Brown. Thus, without any Expence, every one will be distinguish'd according to his Degree, and all those Arts shall be banish'd from *Salen-*
rum,

um, which serve only to keep up a vain Pomp and Luxury. All the Artificers who are now employ'd about those pernicious ones, shall either betake themselves to necessary Arts, which are but few, or else to Merchandize, or to Agriculture. It shall never be permitted to make any Change in the Nature of Stuffs, or in the Fashion of Cloaths; for it is scandalous that Men, who are destin'd to a serious and noble Life, should amuse themselves in studying affected Ornaments, or suffer their Wives, in whom such Amusements wou'd be less shameful, to be guilty of those Extravagancies.

Thus *Mentor*, like a skilful Gardener, who lops of the useless Branches of Fruit-Trees, endeavour'd to retrench Luxury which vitiates good Manners; and, instead thereof, he recommended a noble and frugal Plainness in all Things. He likewise regulated the ordinary Food of Citizens and Slaves. What a Shame is it, says he, for Men of high Condition, to place their Grandeur in Ragouts and Kickshaws, by which they enervate their Faculties, and continually impair the Health of their Bodies! They ought to place their Happiness in their Moderation, and in their Authority which enables them to be beneficent to other Men, and in acquiring Reputation by their good Actions. Sobriety makes the plainest Food the most palatable; it is Temperance that procures the purest and most lasting Pleasures, at the same Time that it preserves a vigorous Constitution of Body. Therefore confine your Table to the best Sorts of Meats, but dress'd without any Ragouts: For to provoke Men's Appetites beyond their natural Call, is nothing else but an Art of Poysoning.

Idomeneus grew very sensible how much he had been to blame in suffering the Inhabitants of his new City to soften and corrupt their Manners, by de-

departing from the Laws of *Minos* touching Sobriety. But the wise *Mentor* represented to him, that even the reviving of those very Laws wou'd be to no Purpose, unless by his own Example he gave them that Vigour and Authority which nothing else could procure them. Thereupon *Idomeneus* began to regulate his Table, where he wou'd admit of nothing but excellent Bread, Wine of the Growth of that Country, which is strong and palatable, but in very small Quantity, with plain Meats, such as he us'd to eat with the other *Grecians* at the Siege of *Troy*. No Person durst open their Mouths against a Law that the King had impos'd on himself; and thus every Body re-trench'd that Profusion and those Dainties, which they had begun to introduce into their Repasts.

After this, *Mentor*, silenc'd all soft and effeminate Musick, which corrupted the Youth. He likewise condemn'd the *Bacchanalian* Sort of Musick, which is little less intoxicating than Wine it self, and occasions Riots and all Manner of Irregularities. Therefore he restrain'd all Musick to Festivals in the Temples, there to celebrate the Praises of the Gods, and of those Heroes who have left us Patterns of the most transcendent Virtues. He likewise confin'd to the Temples all the great Ornaments of Architecture, such as Columns, Pediments, Porticoes. He drew Plans, of a plain and graceful Model, whereby on a small Spot of Ground, one might build a delightful and convenient House for a numerous Family; always contriving it so that the Situation of it were wholesome, its several Apartments independent one of another, and that it might be easily kept in Order and Repair at small Charge. He order'd, that every considerable House should have a large Hall, and a small *Peristyle*, with little Rooms for all fre Persons;

sons; but he most severely prohibited the superfluous Multitude, and vain Magnificence of Apartments. These different Draughts of Houses, according to the Largeness of each Family, serv'd to embellish a Part of the City at small Expence, and to make it regular; whereas the other Part, which was already built up according to the Caprice and Pride of private Persons, though more Magnificent, was far from being so agreeable and commodious. This new City was built in a very little Time, because the Coast adjoyning to *Greece* furnishes good Architects; and a great Number of Masons were sent for from *Epirus* and several other Countries, upon Condition that after they had finish'd their Works, they should settle about *Salentum*, break up and cultivate a certain Parcel of Land, and serve to people the Country.

Painting and Sculpture, were Arts which *Mensor* did not think fit to be laid aside; but he was against suffering many Hands to apply themselves that way, in *Salentum*. He erected a publick School to teach these Arts, with Masters who had an excellent Taste, to examine the young Disciples. Such Arts, says he, as are not absolutely necessary, ought not to admit of any Thing that is ordinary or indifferent. And therefore none ought to be allow'd to learn them but Youths of a promising Genius, and who are likely to attain to the utmost Perfection. As for others, who have their Capacity turn'd to Arts less noble, they will be very profitably employ'd about the ordinary Occasions of the Commonwealth. The only Use, said he, that ought to be made of Carvers and Painters, is to preserve the Memory of great Men, and great Actions. It is in publick Buildings and Tombs, where you ought to preserve the Representations of what has been perform'd by an extraordinary Vir-

Virtue, for the Service of the Country. Yet *Mentor* did not carry his Moderation and Frugality so far, as to disallow those large Structures design'd for Horse or Chariot-Races, Wrestlings, Fights with the *Cestus*, and all other Exercises, which cultivate the Human Body, and render it more dextrous and vigorous.

He suppress'd a prodigious Number of Merchants and Shopkeepers, who sold figur'd Stuffs of remote Countries, embroider'd Works of an excessive Price, Gold and Silver Vases emboss'd with Figures of Gods. Men and Animals, and distill'd Liquors and Essences. He order'd likewise that the Furniture of every House should be plain, strong and lasting: So that the *Salentines*, who us'd to complain of their Poverty, began now to be sensible that they enjoy'd a great many superfluous Riches; which made them really the poorer, and they became truly rich in proportion as they had the Courage to part with them. It is the best Way, said they themselves, to grow rich by despising such Riches as exhaust a State, and by lessening our Wants, in reducing them to the true necessary Occasions of Nature.

Mentor was very diligent in viewing the Arsenals and publick Magazines, to see whether the Arms and other warlike Implements were in good Condition: For, said he, we ought always to be in a Readiness to make War, the better to avoid the Misfortune of having it begun upon us. He found that there was great Want of many Things; and thereupon he presently assembled together such Artificers as understood to work in Iron, Steel, or Brass: You might presently have seen flaming

Furnaces discharging whirls of Smoke and Fire, like the subterraneous Eruptions of Mount *Ætna*. You might have heard the Anvil groaning under the repeated Strokes of the sturdy Hammer; the adjacent Mountains ecchoing back the Sound. You would have fancied to be in that fam'd Island, where *Vulcan* cheers up the *Cyclops*, and forges Thunderbolts for the Father of the Gods: And, as an Effect of a wise Forecast, you might have seen all the Preparations of War carrying on in a profound Peace.

After this, *Mentor* went out of the City with *Idomeneus*, and found a vast Tract of fertile Land lying waste and uncultivated. Others were manur'd but by halves, thro' the Negligence and Poverty of the Husbandman, who not only wanted Hands, but likewise a Spirit and Industry, requisite to bring Agriculture to Perfection. *Mentor*, beholding these neglected Fields, said to the King; This Land courts the Inhabitants to enrich them, but the Inhabitants are wanting to it. Let us therefore take all the unnecessary Inhabitants that are in the City, and who follow such Trades as only tend to corrupt good Manners, and let us set them do cultivate these Plains and Dales. It is, indeed, a Misfortune that those Men who are inur'd to such Arts as require a sedentary Life, are not accusom'd to hard Labour; but here is a Remedy for it; We must divide among them all the Lands that are void of Inhabitants, and call to their Assistance some of the neighbouring People, who under them will take upon them the hardest Labour; which they will do, provided they are allow'd a reasonable Recompence out of the Product of the Lands which they shall begin to grub up: And, in Time, they

they may come to enjoy a Proportion of the Lands, and thereby be incorporated with your People, who are not yet numerous enough. Provided they be laborious and obedient to the Laws, they will prove as good Subjects as any you have, and make a great Addition to your Power. Your City-Artificers, thus transplanted into the Country, will train up their Children to Labour, and break them to the Yoke of a rural Life. Moreover, all the Masons and Bricklayers of foreign Countries, who are employ'd in the building of your City, have engag'd to grub up Part of your Lands, and turn Husbandmen, as soon as their Work in Town is at an End. Being strong and laborious, their Example will serve to excite to Labour the Artificers sent from the City to the Country, with whom they shall be intermix'd; and thus, in Process of Time, the whole Country round about will be stock'd with vigorous strong Men, and well vers'd in Husbandry.

As for the Multiplication of your People, you need be in no Pain about that, for they will soon encrease beyond Measure, provided you encourage and facilitate Matrimony, which you may easily do. Most Men have an Inclination to marry, and it is nothing but a Narrowness of Circumstances that hinders them from it. If you do not overburthen them with Taxes, they will find a Way to live at Ease with their Wives and Families; for the earth is never ungrateful; She always yields Plenty of Fruit to those who are careful to cultivate her, and refuses her Favours, to none but such as are shy of bestowing any Pains upon her. The more Children the Husbandmen have, the richer they are, provided the Prince does not impoverish

them; for their Children, even in their greenest Years, begin to be a Help to them. The youngest tend the Flocks in the Pastures, those of riper Years drive the Herds of Cattle; and the eldest work at the Plough with their Father. Mean while, the Mother, with the Rest of the Family, dresses a homely Repast against her Husband and her dear Children return home after the Fatigues of the Day. She takes Care to milk the Cows, and Streams of sweet Nectar o'erflow her cleanly Pails: She lights up a large Fire, round which the innocent peaceful Family divert themselves in singing merry Lays, till the Hour of Rest invites to Bed: She prepares Cheese, Chestnuts, and preserv'd Fruits, that look as fresh as if they had been just gather'd.

And now the Shepherd comes home again with his Flute, and sings to the assembled Family such new Songs as he learnt in the neighbouring Villages. The Husbandman comes in with his Plough, and his fatigu'd Oxen walk with bending Necks, and a slow Pace, notwithstanding the Goad that urges them along. All the Hardships of Labour conclude with the Day: The Poppies which *Morpheus*, by the Command of the Gods, scatters over the Earth, appease all gnawing Cares, lull nature into a soft Enchantment, and every one falls asleep, without being solicitous for what the next Day may produce. Happy are the Men that live without Ambition, Diffidence or Disguise, provided the Gods bestow on them a good King, who never disturbs their innocent Joys! But what a cruel Piece of Inhumanity it is, out of Pride and Ambition, to wrest from them the agreeable Fruits of the Earth, which they owe to none but bounteous Nature, and the Sweat of their own brows!

Nature

Nature alone, out of her own fruitful Bosom, would afford sufficient Maintenance for an infinite Number of moderate and laborious Men: But 'tis the Pride and Luxury of some Men that reduces so many others to the dreadful Hardships of Poverty.

But what shall I do, said *Idomeneus*; if those People that I disperse about this fruitful Country, neglect to cultivate it? Follow just a contrary Method to what is usually observ'd, answerd *Mentor*. Greedy and inconsiderate Princes, make it their sole Business to lay heavy Taxes on such of their Subjects, as are most diligent and industrious in improving their Estates, because they think they can raise those Taxes upon such People with most Ease: And at the same Time they favour those whom Nature makes more miserable. Invert this bad Method, which oppresses the Good, encourages Vice, and introduces a Negligence no less fatal to the King than to the whole State. Award Taxes, Fines, nay, if need be, severe Penalties on those who neglect the Culture of their Lands, just as you wou'd punish Soldiers who abandon their Post in War. On the contrary, grant Favours and Exemptions to such Families as multiply, and in Proportion to their Industry, augment the Extent of their Lands. By this Means their Families will soon encrease, and every Body will be spirited up to Labour, which will become even honourable. The Profession of a Husbandman will be no longer despised, it being no longer under such dreadful pressures. The Plough will be again in Esteem, guided by those victorious Hands that defended the Country. Nor will it be less creditable to cultivate one's own Lands during

a happy Peace, than gallantly to have defended the same during the Troubles of War. The whole Country will flourish and smile again: *Ceres* will be crown'd with golden Ears of Corn; *Bacchus*, pressing the Grapes with his Feet, shall cause Rivulets of Wine sweeter than Nectar, to stream down from the sloping Hills: The hollow Vallies shall ring again with the Conforts of Shepherds, who along the purling Brooks shall sing to their Pipes, whilst their shipping Flock shall crop the the Grass enamell'd with Flowers; unapprehensive of the ravenous Wolves.

Will it not be a great Happiness for you, *O Idomeneus*! to be the Instrument of so many Blessings, and to cause so many People to live in a delightful Tranquility, beneath the Shadow of your auspicious Name? Is not this Glory more desirable than that of ravaging the Earth, and spreading every where (nay, even at home in the midst of one's Victories, as well as among the vanquish'd abroad) Slaughter, Devastation, Misery, Horror, cruel Famine and Desperation?

Happy, thrice happy that King, who is so beloved of the Gods, and has so great a Soul, as to endeavour to make himself in this Manner the Delight of his People, and to shew in his Reign to all Ages so charming an Example! The whole earth, instead of opposing him, would come and throw themselves at his Feet, to beg him to be their King.

But, reply'd *Idomeneus*, when my People have this Affluence of Peace and Riches, Pleasures will soon corrupt them, and they will turn against me
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that very Power which I have made them Masters of. Fear not, said *Mentor*, any such Inconvenience. It is a meer Pretence, which is always brought in to flatter prodigal Princes, who overcharge their People with Taxes. Besides, this may be easily remedy'd; the Laws which we just now settled for Husbandry, will inure them to a laborious Way of living, and even in Plenty, they shall have nothing beyond what is necessary, because we banish all Arts that serve only to furnish Superfluities. Nay, that very Plenty shall be moderated, by encouraging Matrimony and by the great Encrease of Families. Each Family, being grown numerous, and possessing but a narrow Portion of Land, will be oblig'd to bestow an incessant Labour in tilling it. It is a wanton Idleness which makes the People insolent and rebellious; They shall have Bread in Abundance, but then they shall have nothing else except the Fruits of their own Land, gotten by the Sweat of their Brows.

To keep your People within such a Moderation as we have been speaking of, you must forthwith regulate the Extent of the Ground which each Family is to possess. You know that we have divided all your People into seven Classes, according to their different Conditions: Now every Family in every Class, must be restrain'd from enjoying more Land than is absolutely necessary, for the Sustenance of those Persons of whom it is compos'd. This Rule being inviolable, the Nobles will not be able to purchase from the Poor. All shall have Lands, but each shall have but a very small Share, which will excite them to make the most of it by manuring. If by a long Process
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of Time the Lands should be overstock'd with People, you may send Colonies abroad, which will encrease the Power of this State.

Furthermore, 'tis my Opinion you ought never to suffer Wine to grow too common in your Dominions; and if too many Vines have been planted, you must command them forthwith to be pluck'd up: Wine is the Source of the greatest Mischiefs among the People: It occasions Distempers, Quarrels, Seditions, Idleness, Aversion to Labour, Disorders in Families. Let Wine therefore be preserved as it were for a Cordial, or a choice Liquor, to be employ'd only in Sacrifices or extraordinary Festivals; But do not think you can ever reduce so important a Rule into Practice, unless you enforce it by your own Example. Again, you must see that the Laws of *Minos* be strictly observ'd, in relation to the educating of Children: Publick Schools must be set up, where they may be taught to fear the Gods, to love their Country, to reverence the Laws, and to prefer Honour before Pleasures or Life itself.

There must be Magistrates to superintend the Families, and have an Eye to the Manners of private Persons; Nay, be you your self their Overseer, since you are King, that is, the Shepherd of the People, whose sole Duty is to watch over your Flock Night and Day. By that Means you will prevent a thousand Crimes and Disorders; and what you cannot prevent, you must be sure to punish at first with very great Severity; for 'tis an Act of Clemency to stop the Course of Iniquity, by making early Examples. A little Blood, spilt in due Time, saves the spilling of a great deal, and makes

makes a Prince fear'd without using Severity too often. But how detestable a Maxim it is for a King to place his Safety in the Oppression of his People! How barbarous it is never to cause them to be instructed; nor to lead them gently in the Path of Virtue; nor to use Methods to win their Love; but to drive them by terror to Despair; and to reduce them to the dreadful necessity either to renounce their Liberty for ever, or to shake of the Yoke of Tyranny by Force! Is this the true Method to reign peaceably? Is this the Way that leads to Glory.

Let me tell you, That wherever the Command of a Prince is most absolute, there the Prince is least powerful; he takes all, ruins every Thing, and is the only Possessor of his whole State: But then the State languishes, the Country is uncultivated and almost desert; the City decays every Day, and Trade sickens and dies. The King, who cannot possibly be such by himself, and who is great only by Means of his Subjects, annihilates himself by Degrees, in Proportion as he annihilates his People, to whom he owes both his Riches and his Power. His Kingdom is drain'd of Money and Men, and the Loss of the latter is the greatest and most irreparable of all Losses. His despotik Power makes as many Slaves as he has Subjects: They all seem to adore him; they all tremble at the least Glance of his Eye: But see what will happen upon the least Revolution; this monstrous Power, wound up to too excessive a Height, cannot be durable. It is destitute of Supplies from the Hearts of the People; and having tired out and provoked the several Degrees of Men in the State, it forces all the Members of that Body to sigh with

equal Ardour for a Change. At the very first Blow the Idol is thrown down, broken in pieces, and trampled under Foot. Contempt, Hatred, Fear, Resentment, Distrust; in short, all the Passions unite themselves against so obnoxious an Authority. The King, who during the Time of his vain Prosperity, could find no Man that durst speak the Truth to him, shall not find in his Misfortunes any one Man that will vouchsafe to excuse him, or defend him against his Enemies.

After these Discourses, *Idomeneus*, being prevail'd upon by *Mentor*, presently fell to distributing the waste Lands to useless and unprofitable Artificers, and likewise put in Execution whatever had been resolv'd on before. He only reserved for the *Masons* the Lands he had destin'd for them; and which they could not cultivate, till the Buildings they were about in the City were finish'd.



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

BOOK XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus relates to Mentor what confidence he reposed in Protefilaus, and the Arts of that Favourite, who had concerted with Timocrates the Ruin of Philocles, and the betraying of Idomeneus himself. He owns, that being prejudic'd by those two Men against Philocles, he had charg'd Timocrates to go and kill him in an Expedition wherein he commanded his Fleet; That Timocrates having miscarried in that Attempt, Philocles had spared his Life, and was retired to the Isle of Samos, having resign'd the Command of the Fleet to Polymenes, whom Idomeneus had appointed by an Order under his Hand; and that, notwithstanding Protefilaus's Treachery, he had not the Resolution to part with him.

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BY this Time the Fame of *Idomeneus's* mild and easy Government brings, from all Parts, Multitudes of People, who come to incorporate with his Subjects, and seek their Happiness under such an excellent Administration.

And now the Fields, which had for so long Time been over run with Brambles and Thorns, begin to promise plentiful Harvests, and Fruits, till then unknown. The Earth opens her Bosom to the Plough Share, and prepares her Riches to recompence the Labour of the Husbandman. Hope revives and smiles again on every Side. You might see in the Vallies, and on the Hills, numerous Flocks of Sheep skipping on the Grass, and great Drovers of horned Cattle making the high Mountains resound with their lowings. These Flocks and Drovers serve to fatten the Fields and Meadows; and all this is owing to *Mentor*, who had advis'd *Idomeneus* to make an Exchange with the *Peucetes*, a neighbouring Nation, of all the superfluous Things that were in *Salentum*, for those Sheep, Cows and Oxen which the *Salentines* had not of their own.

At the same Time both the City and Villages round about were filled with sprightly Youth, who long had languish'd in Misery, and durst not marry for Fear of encreasing their Misfortunes. When they saw that *Idomeneus* began to assume Sentiments of Humanity, and was willing to become their Father, they were no more in Dread of Hunger, or the other Plagues with which Heaven afflicts the Earth. Nothing now was heard but Shouts of Joy, and the rural Songs of Shepherds and Husbandmen celebrating their Nuptial Ties. One wou'd have thought that the God *Pan* was there with his Satyrs and Fauns, and mingled with the Nymphs dancing to the Flute's mellow Sound

Sound, beneath the spreading Boughs: All was peaceful and smiling; not that the Joy was in the least immoderate; and as those Pleasures serv'd only to ease tedious Labours, so they were still the more affecting and more pure.

The old Men, amaz'd to see what they durst not so much as hope for in the long Course of their Lives, wept through an Excess of Joy, mix'd with Tenderness; and lifting up their trembling Hands to Heaven: O *Jupiter*, said they, bless the King, who resembles Thee, and is the greatest Gift Thou ever bestow'dst on us. As he is born for the Good of Mankind, return him all the Good which we receive from him. Our children's children, sprung from those happy Marriages which he encourages, shall be indebted to him even for their very Birth, and he will be truly the Father of all his Subjects. The young Men and Maidens in conjugal Couples joyfully shout'd the Praises of him to whom they ow'd that pleasing Joy. All Mouths, nay more, all Hearts, were incessantly fill'd with his Praises. The Sight of him was accounted a great Happiness, and his Absence was the only thing they fear'd; the losing of him had been the Desolation of every Family.

And now *Idomeneus* confess'd to *Mentor* that he never felt so sensible a Pleasure as that of being belov'd, and making so many People happy. I cou'd never have believ'd it, said he: I thought all the Greatness of Princes consisted in making themselves be fear'd; that the Rest of Mankind were only made for them, and all that I had heard concerning those Kings, who were the Darlings and Delight of their People, appear'd to me as a meer Fable. I am now sensible of the contrary. But pray let me relate to you, how from my very Infancy, I was poison'd with wild Notions

ons about Kingly Authority, which was the Occasion of all the Misfortunes of my Life. Hereupon *Idomeneus* thus began:

Protesilaus, who is somewhat older than my self, was of all other young Men the Person whom I most lov'd. His lively and forward Temper suited my Genius: He enter'd into my Pleasures; he indulg'd my Passions, and instilled into me a Diffidence and Jealousy for another young Man, whom I lov'd also, and whose name was *Philocles*. This latter rever'd the Gods, and had a great, but well-govern'd Spirit: He plac'd Greatness not in raising, but in conquering himself, and in doing nothing that was mean and unhandfom. He talk'd to me freely of my Faults, and even when he durst not speak to me, his Silence and the Uneasiness of his Countenance, gave me sufficiently to understand what he meant to reproach me with.

At first this Sincerity pleas'd me, and I often protested to him that I wou'd ever hear him with Confidence, to secure me against Flatterers. He told me what Measures I ought to take to tread in the Steps of *Minos*, and make my Subjects happy. His Wisdom was less profound than your's, O *Mentor*; but his Maxims were found and good, as I now perceive. By Degrees the cunning Insinuations of *Protesilaus*, who was jealous and ambitious, were so prevailing as to give me a Disgust to *Philocles*, who being no forward Man, let the other get the Ascendant, and contented himself with telling me the Truth, whenever I had a Mind to hear it; for it was my Good, and not his own Fortune that he sought.

Protesilaus insensibly persuaded me to believe that *Philocles* was a morose Man, and a proud Censurer of all my Actions; that he ask'd no Favour of me, because he was too haughty to bear
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the Thoughts of being oblig'd to me; and that he ambitiously aspir'd to be thought superior to all Honours. He added, that that young Man spoke of my Faults to every Body with the same Freedom as to my self; that he gave sufficiently to understand, what a small Esteem he had for me; and that by lessening and detracting from my Reputation, and by making a shew of an austere Virtue, he meant to open himself a Way to the Throne.

At first I cou'd not tell how to believe, that *Philocles* had any such Design; for there is a certain Candour and Ingenuity in true Virtue which cannot be counterfeited, and which cannot be mistaken if attentively consider'd: Yet *Philocles* continuing obstinately bent to condemn my Follies, I began to grow weary of him. The Complaisance of *Protesilaus*, and his unexhausted Industry to find out new Diversions for me, made the other's Austerity more and more intolerable to me.

In the mean while *Protesilaus*, being vex'd that I did not believe all he told against his Rival, resolv'd to speak no more to me about him, and to use something stronger than Words to persuade me, and thus it was he impos'd upon me. He advis'd me to send *Philocles* to command the Ships which were going to attack those of *Carpathus*, and to induce me to it: You know, (said he) that my Commendations of him cannot be suspected of Partiality: I own he has Courage and a Genius for War; he will serve you better than any Man, and I prefer the Interest of your Service to all my Resentments against him.

I was extreamly pleas'd to find such Equity and Uprightness in the Heart of *Protesilaus*, whom I had entrusted with the Administration of my most important Affairs. I embrac'd him in a Transport of Joy, and thought my self too happy in having
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repos'd all my Confidence in a Man, who seem'd to be so much above all Passion and Self-Interest. But alas! how much are Princes to be pity'd! This Man knew me better than I knew my self; he knew that Kings are generally distrustful and unattentive; distrustful, by having continually about them such Men, whose artful Insinuations they are too often expos'd to: Unattentive, or heedless, because Pleasure gets the Dominion over them, and they are us'd to have others think for them without being at the Trouble of it themselves. Therefore *Protesilaus* was sensible it was no hard Matter to make me jealous of a Man who would not fail to perform great Actions, and especially since his Absence gave him a full Opportunity to lay Snares for him.

Philocles, when he departed, foresaw what was likely to befall him. Remember, said he, that I shall be no longer able to defend my self; that my Enemy alone will have your Ear, and that while I expose my Life in your Service, I run the Hazard of having no other Recompence but your Indignation. You are mistaken, said I to him; *Protesilaus* speaks not of you, as you do of him; nay, he praises you, he esteems you highly, he thinks you worthy of the most important Employments: if ever he opens his Mouth against you, he from that Moment loses my Confidence: Therefore fear nothing, but go, and think only how to serve me well. He went and left me in a strange Perplexity.

I must now confess to you, *Mentor*, that I saw plainly how necessary it was for me to have several Persons to consult with, and that nothing was more detrimental, either to my Reputation, or the Success of my Affairs, than the leaving all to one single Man. I found that the wise Counsels
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of *Philocles* had kept me from many dangerous Miscarriages which *Protesilaus*'s Haughtiness wou'd have made me run into. I was satisfied that *Philocles*'s Mind was fill'd with equitable and honest Principles, which I did not find in *Protesilaus*: However, I had suffered him to assume so peremptory a Way with me, and to carry Things with so high a Hand, that it was hardly now any longer in my Power to contradict him. I was tir'd out with having on each Side of me two Men whom I cou'd not reconcile: And in this Lassitude I chose rather to hazard something at the Expence of my Affairs than not to enjoy a little Liberty. I durst not even whisper to my self the shameful Reason of the Course I had taken; but that shameful Reason, wick I was afraid to discover, did, however, work secretly at the Bottom of my Heart, and was the true motive of all my Actions. *Philocles* fell unawares upon the Enemy, won a compleat Victory, and was hastening home in Order to prevent the ill Offices he fear'd from his Rival; but *Protesilaus*, who as yet had not had an Opportunity to deceive me, wrote to him that 'twas my Pleasure he should pursue his Victory, and make a Descent upon the Island of *Carpathus*. He had indeed persuaded me that that Island might be easily conquer'd; but he manag'd it so, that *Philocles* wanted many necessary Things for his undertaking, and ty'd up to such Orders as occasion'd many Disappointments in the Execution of it.

In the mean while, he made Use of a very corrupt Servant of mine, whom I always had about me, and who took Notice of every Thing I did, to give him an Account of it; tho' to outward Appearance they had no great Correspondence together, and seem'd always to be at variance with each other. This Servant, *Timocrates* by name,

came to me one Day, and told me as a great Secret, that he had discover'd a very dangerous Business. *Philocles*, said he, intends to make Use of your naval Forces to make himself King of the Island of *Carpathus*. The Commanders of the Troops under him are his Creatures, and he has gain'd all the Soldiers by his large Donatives, and yet more by the pernicious Licentiousness which he allows in them. His Victory has puff'd him up, as you may see by a Letter (here it is) which he writ to one of his Friends about his Project of making himself King, which it is impossible to doubt of after so evident a Proof.

I perus'd the Letter, and it seem'd to me to be *Philocles's* Hand, so exactly had *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates* forg'd it between themselves. This Letter threw me into a great Surprize; I read it again and again, and cou'd not tell how to think that it was wrote by *Philocles*, when I recall'd to my disorder'd mind all the sensible and affecting Demonstrations he had given me of his Disinterestedness and Integrity: And yet, what cou'd I do? How could I contradict a Letter which I acknowledg'd to be written by *Philocles*? When *Timocrates* perceiv'd I cou'd no longer withstand his Artifice, he push'd it on further: Give me Leave, said he, faltering in his Speech, to point out to you one particular Passage in this Letter: *Philocles* tells his Friend, that he may speak in Confidence to *Protesilaus*, concerning a certain Thing which he only makes by Cypher. Certainly *Protesilaus* must be privy to this Design of *Philocles*, and they have reconcil'd themselves at your Expence. You know 'twas *Protesilaus* who press'd you to send *Philocles* against the *Carpathians*: Of late he has forbore to speak to you against him, as he frequently used to do formerly; on the contrary, he cries him up
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upon all Occasions, and they often pay one another civil Visits. Doubtless *Protesilaus* has concerted Measures with *Philocles*, in Order to divide between them the Island of *Carpathus*: You see your self that he has put you upon this Entreprize against all prudential Rules, and cares not if he ruins all your naval Forces, so he gratifies his own Ambition. Do you think that he wou'd thus be subservient to *Philocles*'s towering Thoughts, if they were still at Variance? No, no, 'tis no longer to be doubted that they are reconcil'd, in Order to raise themselves jointly to a great Authority, and perhaps to overturn the Throne you sit on. I know that by speaking thus freely to you, I make my self obnoxious to their Resentment, if, notwithstanding what I have said, you continue them in Power. But no Matter, so long as I tell you nothing but Truth.

These last Words of *Timocrates* made a deep Impression upon me: I no longer doubted the Treachery of *Philocles*, and grew jealous of *Protesilaus*, as one that was his Friend. Meanwhile, *Timocrates* was continually buzzing i my Ears: If you stay till *Philocles* has made himself Master of *Carpathus*, it will then be too late to put a Stop to his Designs; therefore hasten to secure him whilst you may. I shook with Horror at the deep Dissimulation of Men, nor did I any longer know whom to trust: For after I had found *Philocles* false, I did not know one Man upon the Face of the Earth, whose Virtue was able to cure me of my Jealousy: I resolv'd to destroy that perfidious Wretch forthwith, but I fear'd *Protesilaus*, and was at a Loss how to act with Respect to him: I dreaded to find him guilty, and yet no less dreaded to trust him.

At last, in my Disorder, I cou'd not forbear

telling him that I was grown jealous of *Philocles*. He look'd with an Air of Surprize at it, and represented to me how upright and regular his Conduct had been; he magnify'd his Services; in short, he manag'd the Matter so well, that I cou'd not but believe that there was an Understanding between them. On the other Side, *Timocrates* let no Opportunity slip to make me sensible of their good Understanding, and to induce me to destroy *Philocles*, whilst it was yet in my Power to secure him. Mark, dear *Mentor*, how unhappy Princes are, and how they are expos'd to be made the Property of other Men, even when those Men seem to lie trembling at their Feet.

I thought it a Piece of deep Policy to break *Protesilaus's* Measures, by sending *Timocrates* privately to the Fleet, with Orders to dispatch *Philocles* out of the Way. *Protesilaus* carry'd on his Dissimulation to the last, and deceiv'd me so much the more effectually, in that he look'd like one who suffers himself to be deceiv'd. *Timocrates* put to Sea, and found *Philocles* under very great Difficulties in making the Descent: He was in Want of every Thing, for *Protesilaus*, not knowing whether the suppos'd Letter was sufficient to ruin his Enemy, was willing, at the same Time, to have another String to his Bow; namely, the Miscarriage of an Enterprize which he had so cry'd up, and which wou'd not fail to incense me against *Philocles*, who maintain'd so difficult a War by his own Courage, by his Genius, and the Affection the Soldiers had for him. Tho' all the Army was sensible that this Descent was rashly undertaken, and wou'd prove fatal to the *Cretans*, yet all endeavour'd to bring it to a happy Issue, as if their Welfare and Happiness depended on the Success of it, and every one was contented to venture his Life
every

every Moment, under so wise a General, and one who always study'd to make himself belov'd,

Timocrates expos'd himself to very imminent Dangers, by attempting to destroy that Commander amidst an Army which so fondly lov'd him; but fierce Ambition is blind: *Timocrates* thought nothing difficult to gratify *Protesilaus*, with whom he expected to share the absolute Management of Affairs after the Death of *Philocles*. *Protesilaus* cou'd not endure a good Man, whose very Sight secretly reproach'd him with his Crimes, and who, by opening my Eyes, might overthrow his Projects.

Timocrates engaged two Captains; who were continually near *Philocles*'s Persons, and promis'd them great Rewards from me. Afterwards he told *Philocles* he was come by my Order to deliver a secret Message to him, which was not to be disclosed but in the Presence of those two Captains. *Philocles* having lock'd himself in with them, *Timocrates* pull'd out a Dagger and stab'd him; but it happen'd to stand aside, and not go deep into his Body. *Philocles* with undaunted Courage wrung the Dagger out of his Hand, and us'd it against him and the other two: At the same Time he cry'd out for Help; those without, ran to the Door, and having broke it open, they disengaged him from the Hands of those three Ruffians, who, being in Disorder, had attack'd him but faintly. They were disarm'd, and wou'd have been torn in Pieces upon the Spot by the enrag'd Army, if *Philocles* had not stept between. Afterwards he took *Timocrates* aside, and mildly ask'd him who had put him upon committing so black a Deed? *Timocrates*, frighted with the Apprehensions of Death, presently shew'd him the Order I had given him in writing to dispatch *Philocles*; and as all Traytors are Cowards, he resolv'd to save his

Life, by revealing to *Philocles* the whole Story of *Protesilaus's* Treachery.

Philocles amaz'd and frighted to find so much Wickedness in Men, took a Course that was full of Moderation: He declar'd to the Army that *Timocrates* was innocent; and having screen'd him from their Violence, he sent him back to *Crete*. He then resign'd the Command of the Army to *Polymenes*, whom by my written Order I had appointed General after *Philocles* was kill'd: Last of all, he exhorted the Troops to continue faithful, and true in their Duty to me, and in the Night-Time went in a small Bark to the Island of *Samos*, where he lives in a peaceful Poverty and Solitude, making Statues and Images for a Livelihood, being resolved to have nothing more to do with unjust and treacherous Men, but especially with Princes, whom of all Mortals he thinks to be the most blind and most unhappy.

Here *Mentor* stopping *Idomeneus*; Well, said he, was it long before you discovered the Truth? No, reply'd *Idomeneus*, I by Degrees found out the Artifices of *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*: They quarrel'd with each other; for wicked Men are seldom long united. Their falling out discover'd to me the dreadful Abyss into which they had thrown me. Well, said *Mentor*, and did you not resolve to get rid of them? Alas, answer'd *Idomeneus*, are you ignorant how weak and how perplex'd the Condition of Princes is? When once they have repos'd an intire Confidence in Men who have the Art of making themselves necessary, they can no longer hope for Liberty; those they despise most in their Hearts, are those whom they use best, and on whom they bestow all their Favours: I abhor'd *Protesilaus*, and yet I left all my Authority in his Hands. Strange Illusion! It was a Kind
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of Satisfaction to me that I knew him; but yet I had not the Resolution to resume the Authority which I had given him. Besides, I found him easy, complaisant, studious to gratify my Passions, zealous for my Service; in short, I found Reasons to excuse my Weakness to my self, because I was unacquainted with true Virtue: My want of chusing good Ministers to manage my Affairs, made me believe there was no such Thing as a good Man upon Earth, and that Honesty was but a gaudy Phantom. Why, said I to myself, should I be at the Pains to deliver my self from the Hands of one corrupt Man, to fall into those of another, who shall be full as selfish and knavish as he? In the mean while, the Fleet commanded by *Polymenes* return'd home. I laid aside the Thoughts of conquering the Island of *Carpathus*, and *Protesilaus* cou'd not play the Hypocrite so well, but that I plainly saw how much he was vex'd, to hear that *Philocles* was safe in the Island of *Samos*.

Mentor again interrupted *Idomeneus*, to ask him, whether, after so black a Treachery, he continued to entrust *Protesilaus* with his Affairs? I was, answered *Idomeneus*, too great an Enemy to Business, and too indolent to be able to get out of his Hands. I must have disturb'd the Method I had establish'd for my own Ease, and have been at the Pains of instructing a new Man. This is what I had not Resolution enough to undertake, and so I willingly shut my Eyes to the Artifices of *Protesilaus*: Only I comforted my self with letting some of my intimate Friends know, that I was no Stranger to his Dishonesty. Thus I fancied my self cheated but by halves, as long as I knew I was cheated: Nay, I now and then made *Protesilaus* sensible of my being uneasy under his Yoke. I often took Delight in contradicting him, in blaming publick-

ly something he had done, and in deciding Matters contrary to his Opinion: But as he knew full well my Supineness and Sloth, he was not at all uneasy at my Disgusts. He pursued his Point obstinately, using sometimes a very pressing Peremptoriness, and sometimes supple and fawning insinuations: And especially when he perceived that I was offended with him, he doubled his Diligence to procure me new Amusements to mollify me, or embark me in some Affair, wherein he might be necessary, and shew his Zeal for my Reputation.

Though I stood upon my Guard against him, yet this Way of flattering my Passions always prevail'd: He knew all my Secrets, eased me in my Trouble, and made every Body tremble by Means of my Authority: In fine, I cou'd not resolve to Part with him; but by maintaining him in his Post, I put all honest Men out of a Capacity of representing to me my true Interest. And now from this Moment no Man spoke his Mind freely when I consulted him: Truth fled far from me; Error, which is the Forerunner of the Fall of Princes, began to stare me in the Face, and I saw how very much I was to blame for sacrificing *Philocles* to the cruel Ambition of *Protesilaus*. Those very Men who were most zealous for my Government and Person, did not think themselves obliged to deceive me, after so terrible an Example. I myself, dear *Mentor*, was afraid lest Truth should break thro' the Cloud, and reach me in Spight of all my Flatterers; for not having Fortitude to follow it, its Light became troublesome to me; and I was aware that it would have rais'd bitter Compunction in my Mind, without being able to rescue me from so fatal an Engagement. My Want of Spirit, and the Dominion which *Protesilaus* had gain'd over me, threw me into a Sort of Despair of ever
reco-

recovering my Liberty: I was shy either of viewing my wretched State: or letting others see it, You know, *Mentor*, the vain Pride and false Glory wherein Princes are brought up: They will never be persuaded that they are in the wrong; to palliate one Fault they commit a hundred: Rather than own they have been deceived, and give themselves the Trouble of amending their Error, they will suffer themselves to be cheated all their Lives long. Such is the State of weak and inadvertent Princes, and it was exactly my own, when I was oblig'd to set out to the Siege of *Troy*.

At my Departure I left *Protesilaus* sole Regent, and in my Absence he govern'd my People with Haughtiness and Inhumanity: The whole Kingdom of *Crete* groan'd under his Tyranny: But yet no Body durst send me Information how the People were oppress'd. They knew that I was afraid to be told the Truth, and that I gave up to the Cruelty of *Protesilaus* all those who presumed to speak against him. But the more the Evil was smothered, the more violent it grew. He afterwards oblig'd me to turn out the valiant *Merion*, who had so gloriously attended me at the Siege of *Troy*: For, at my Return, he grew jealous of him, as likewise of all those whom I loved, and who shew'd any Signs of Virtue.

You must know, my dear *Mentor*, that from thence all my Misfortunes had their Life. It was not so much my Son's Death that occasion'd the *Cretans* to revolt, as the Vengeance of the Gods, provoked against me for my Follies, and the Hatred of the People, which *Protesilaus* had brought upon me. When I spilt the Blood of my Son, the *Cretans*, now tired out with a despotick Government, had lost all Patience; and the Horror of that last

Action served only to give Birth to what had long laid hid in the Bottom of their Hearts.

Timocrates follow'd me to the Siege of *Troy*, and secretly, by Letters, gave *Protesilaus* an Account of every Thing he cou'd come to the Knowledge of. I painly perceived that I was in Slavery, but endeavour'd not to think of it, despairing to remedy it. When the *Cretans*, at my Arrival, revolted, *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates* were the first that ran away. They had undoubtedly deserted me, if I had not been forced to fly almost as soon as they. Be assured, my dear *Mentor*, that Men who are insolent in Prosperity, are ever timorous and faint hearted in Adversity. Their Head turns giddy as soon as they are divested of their absolute Authority; they are then as abject and cringing as they were proud before, and in a Moment's Time they pass from one Extreme to another.

How comes it then, said *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, that knowing these two Men so thoroughly, you still keep them near you, as I see you do? I am not surprized they followed you, because nothing could have been more for their own Interest: And I am not insensible that you have done a generous Action in affording them Refuge in your new Settlement. But why will you again surrender your self up to them, after so many fatal Trials you have made of them?

You don't know, said *Idomeneus*, how unprofitable all Experiments are to easie inconsiderate Princes: Every Thing makes them discontented, and yet they have not Courage to redress any Thing. The Habit of so many Years was like so many Iron Chains that ty'd me to those two Men, and they besieged me every Hour: Since I came here, they have put me upon all the extravagant Expences you have taken Notice of.

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They have exhausted this infant State; they drew upon me this War, which would have ruin'd me; had it not been for you, I should have soon met at *Salentum* the same Misfortunes I felt at *Crete*; but you have at last open'd my Eyes, and inspired me with the Courage I wanted, to set my self at Liberty. I don't know how it is, but since you are here I find myself quite another Man.

Mentor then ask'd *Idomeneus* how *Protesilaus* had behaved himself in this Change of Affairs? Nothing, says he, was ever more artful than his Conduct since your Arrival here. At first, he omitted not the least Opportunity to make me jealous of you; 'tis true, he said nothing directly against you, but several others buzz'd in my Ears, that those two Strangers were very dangerous Men. One, said they, is the Son of the trickster *Ulysses*, and t'other is a close sharp Man; they are used to wander about from Kingdom to Kingdom; and who knows but they have hatch'd some Design against this? These Adventurers say themselves, that they occasion'd great Troubles in all the Countries they pass'd thro': Our's is but a feeble, unsettled, infant State, so that the least Commotion may overturn it.

Protesilaus said nothing, but endeavour'd to make me sensible of the Danger of all those Reformation which you put me upon: He took me by the Handle of my own Interest: If said he, you let the People live in plenty, they will work no more; but grow proud, indocile; and daily more apt to revolt: 'Tis only Weakness and Misery that makes them humble, and hinders them from resisting Authority. He often endeavour'd to reassume his former Ascendant over me, covering it with a Pretence of Zeal for my Service. By endeavouring to ease the People, said he, you derogate

gate from the Regal Power, and thereby do an irreparable Damage to the People themselves; for it is necessary they should be always kept low for their own Quiet and Safety.

To all this I answer'd, that I knew how to keep the People in their Duty to me, by making myself beloved by them, by not remitting any Thing of my Authority, tho' I eased them; by punishing severely all offenders; in a Word, by giving to Children good Education, and keeping all the People to an exact Discipline, in a plain, sober and laborious Course of Life. For, said I, are not the People to be kept in Subjection without starving them to Death? O Inhumanity! O brutish Policy! How many People do we see govern'd with a gentle Hand, and yet loyal to their Princes? That which occasions Rebellions, is the Ambition and Restlessness of the Grandees of the State, when they have been allow'd too great a Liberty, and been suffer'd to give a Loose to their Passions. It is the Multitude of the great and the little who live at ease in Luxury and Laziness: It is the Over-increase of military Men, who have neglected all such useful Employments as they should betake themselves to in Time of Peace: In short, 'tis the Desperation of a People tired out with Oppression; 'tis the Severity, Haughtiness, and Indolence of Princes, that makes them incapable of overseeing all the Members of the State, to prevent any Trouble: This is it that occasions Revolts, and not the Bread which the Labourer is suffer'd to eat in Peace, after he has earn'd it by the Sweat of his Brow.

When *Protesilaus* saw that I was immoveably fixed in these Principles, he took a Course quite contrary to his former, and began to follow these Maxims he could not destroy: He seem'd to relish them,

them, to be convinced by them, and to own himself obliged to me for having made him so wise. He anticipates even all my Wishes to ease the Poor; he is forward to represent their Wants to me, and to cry out against extravagant Expences. You know your self that he commends you, that he seems to have great Confidence in you, and omits nothing to please you. — As for *Timocrates*, he begins to lose the good Graces of *Protesilaus*, and casts about how to make himself independent: *Protesilaus* is jealous of him, and 'tis partly thro' their Differences, that I have discover'd their Perfidy.

Mentor said to *Idomeneus* smiling, Have you been so weak as to suffer your self to be tyranniz'd over for so many Years by two Traytors, whose Villanies you were all the while acquainted with? Alas! reply'd *Idomeneus*, you do not know how far Men of Artifice can work upon a weak indolent King, who suffers himself to be guided by them in all his Affairs: Besides, I told you before, that *Protesilaus* now comes into all your Projects for the publick Good.

Hereupon *Mentor* resum'd the Discourse, and with an Air of Gravity said: I see but too well how prevalent the Wicked are above the Good, especially in the Courts of Kings, of which you are a sad Example. But you say I have open'd your Eyes as to *Protesilaus*, and yet they are so far shut, as to leave the Conduct of your Affairs to this Man, who is unworthy to breathe vital Air. Know that the Wicked are sometimes capable of doing Good: 'Tis equally the same Thing to them as to do Ill, when they can serve their Ambition: To do Evill stands them in no Pains, because they are not restrain'd by any Sentiment of Goodness or Principle of Virtue: And just so it is that they
do

do well; because their natural Depravity leads them to it, that they may be thought good Men, and so deceive the Rest of their Fellow Creatures. Strictly speaking, they are not capable of Virtue, tho' they seem to practise it; but they are capable of adding to all other Vices the most horrible of Vices, namely, Hypocrisie. So long as you inflexibly resolve to do good, *Protesilaus* will be ready to do it with you, in Order to preserve his Authority; but if he perceives in you the least Tendency to a Relaxation, he will forget nothing to make you relapse into your Errors, and to resume the free Use of his natural Deceit and Insolence. Can you live in Honour and Repose while you are beset Day and Night by such a Man, and know all the while that the wise and faithful *Philoctetes* lives poor, and in Disgrace, in the Isle of *Samos*? You acknowledge *Odysseus*, that bold and insinuating Men, when present, predominate over weak Princes; but you ought to add, that Princes have likewise another Unhappiness, no ways inferior; and that is, easily to forget Virtue, and the Services of an absent Man. The Multitude of them who surround Princes, is the Occasion that no one among them can make a deep Impression upon them; nothing touches them but what is present and flatters them; all the Rest soon wears off. Virtue especially is what they are little affected by, because, instead of flattering them, it contradicts them, and condemns them for their Follies. Is it any Wonder then that they are not belov'd, when they are fond of nothing but their own Grandeur and Pleasure?



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

BOOK XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

Mentor prevails with Idomeneus to cause Protefilaus and Timocrates to be transported to the Isle of Samos, and to recall Philocles, in Order to take him again into Favour. Hegesippus, who was charg'd with this Commission, executes it with Joy; and arrives with those two Men in Samos, where he sees again his Friend Philocles, who led a poor, solitary but contented Life. Philocles shews great Reluctance, to return to his Country and Relations: But being satisfy'd that it was the Will of the Gods, he embarks with Hegesippus, and lands at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who was quite another Man, receives him as a Friend.

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AFTER this, *Mentor* persuaded *Idomeneus* immediately to discard *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, and recal *Philocles*. That which stuck most with the King was the Severity of *Philocles*: I must own, said he, I can't help being somewhat afraid of his Return, tho' I love and esteem him. I have ever since my Infancy been accusom'd to be commended, to be courted, and to be treated with that Complaisance and Indulgence, which I cannot expect from this Man. Whenever I did any Thing that he dislik'd, his chagrin Countenance gave me sufficiently to understand that he condemn'd me; when he was in private with me, his Behaviour was respectful and grave, but dry and unpleasant.

Do you not see, said *Mentor*, that Princes who are spoil'd by Flattery, think every Thing harsh and austere that is free and ingenuous? They even go so far as to imagine, that a Man wants Zeal for their Service, and is averse to their Authority, when he is not so slavish as readily to flatter them in the most unjust Exercise of their Power. Any free and generous Counsel appears to them haughty, censorious, and seditious. They grow so very nice, that every Thing that is not Flattery, offends and provokes them. But let us go yet a little further: Supposing that *Philocles* is really harsh and austere, is not that better than the destructive Flattery of your Counsellors? Where will you find a Man without Faults? And ought not you to fear least of all the Fault of one that tells you the Truth a little too freely? Nay, is not this a Fault necessary to the Correction of your own Faults, and to the conquering that Aversion to Truth, which Flattery has begot in you? You ought to have a Man about you, who loves nothing but Truth, and who loves you better than you

you know how to love your self; who will tell you the Truth in Spite of you; who will break thro' all your Intrenchments; and this necessary Man is *Philocles*. Remember that a Prince is extream happy, when but one Man of such a Greatness of Mind is born in his Reign, who is by far the most valuable Treasure in his Kingdom; and that the greatest Punishment, he ought to Fear from the Gods, is to be depriv'd of such a Man, if he renders himself unworthy of him, by not knowing his true value, and how to make Use of him. As to any Faults or Oversights of good Men, you ought not to be blind to them; but however, you should make Use of their Service. Set them right, but be not implicitly govern'd by their indiscreet Zeal; give them a favourable Ear, honour their Virtue, let the Publick see that you know how to distinguish it; and above all, take Care not to be any longer as you have been hitherto. Princes that are spoiled as you were, contenting themselves with only despising corrupt Men, do however employ them, confide in them, and heap Favours on them; and on the other Hand, pretending not to want Discernment to know virtuous Men, yet give them nothing but empty Praises; not daring to trust them into any Employments, nor to admit them into their familiar Conversation, nor to bestow any Kindnesses on them.

Hereupon *Idomeneus* said, that he was ashamed he had so long delay'd the Deliverance of oppress'd Innocence, and the Punishment of those who had abus'd him. Nor did *Mentor* meet with any Difficulty in perswading the King to part with his Favourite: For as soon as ever Favourites are render'd suspected and obnoxious, Princes are tired with them, and have no other Thoughts but to get rid of them: Their Friendship vanishes away; past

Services are forgotten; and the fall of a Favourite gives them no Manner of Uneasiness, as soon as he is out of Sight. The King instantly gave private Orders to *Hegesippus*, who was one of the chief Officers of the Household, to arrest *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, and to carry them under a Guard to the Isle of *Samos*, there to leave them, and to bring back *Philocles* from that Place of Exile. *Hegesippus*, surpriz'd at these Orders, could not forbear weeping for Joy: Now, said he to the King, you are going to gain the Hearts of all your Subjects; for these two Men have been the Source of all your Misfortunes, as well as of those your People; for those twenty Years have they caus'd all good Men to groan, and it was even dangerous to be heard to groan; so cruel was their Tyranny; They crush all who attempt to come at you by any other Canal than their own.

Afterwards *Hegesippus* discover'd to the King a great many Treacheries and Acts of Inhumanity committed by those two Men, which never came to the King's Ears, because no Body durst accuse them: He likewise gave him an Account of a secret Plot which he had discover'd, and which was laid against *Mentor's* Life. The King shiver'd with Horror at the Relation.

In the mean while *Hegesippus* hasten'd to go and seize *Protesilaus* in his House: It was not so large, but was more convenient and pleasanter than the King's, and the Architecture was of a better Gusto: *Protesilaus* had embellish'd it with great Expences, drawn from the Blood of those whom he had made miserable. *Protesilaus* was at that Time in a Parlour of Marble near his Baths, lying carelessly on Couch of People embroider'd with Gold. He seem'd weary, and spent with his Labours; his Eyes and Eye brows discover'd a Sort of Disorder,

der, and sullen Wildness. The prime Men of the Kingdom sat round him on Carpets, composing their Looks to those of *Protesilaus*, which they observ'd even to the least Glance of his Eye. Scarce had he open'd his Mouth, e'er all of them broke out into Accents of Admiration at what he was going to say. One of the Principal of the Company repeated to him, with ridiculous Exaggerations, what he had done for the King: Another told him that *Jupiter*, having imposed on his Mother, was the Author of his Life, and that he was Son to the Father of the Gods. Among the Rest, a Poet sung Verses to him, wherein he recited that *Protesilaus*, being instructed by the Muses, had equall'd *Apollo* in all ingenious Performances. Another Poet, more mercenary and impudent, call'd him in his Verses, the Inventer of the Liberal Arts, and the Father of the People whom he had made Happy, describing him with *Cornucopia*, or a Horn of Plenty in his Hand. *Protesilaus* hearken'd to these Praises, with an Air of Moroseness and Disdain, like one who knows well enough that he deserves even far greater, and who thinks he shews great Condescension when he suffers you to Praise him. There was a Flatterer, who took the Liberty to whisper him in the Ear some merry Observations touching *Mentor's* new Policy, at which *Protesilaus* smil'd, and presently the whole Assembly burst out into a loud Laughter, though the greatest Part of them knew not the least Tittle of what had been said; but *Protesilaus* soon recovering a severe haughty Air, every one but on their former solemn Look, and became Silent. Many of these Nobles were watching the happy Opportunity when *Protesilaus* wou'd look towards them, and give them a Hearing; they falter'd, and were disorder'd, because they had some Favours to beg

of him; their suppliant Postures spoke for them, and they appear'd as submissive as a Mother at the Foot of an Altar, when she begs of the Gods to restore her only Son to his Health. Every one seem'd pleas'd with, and full of Tenderness and Admiration for *Protesilaus*, tho' in their Hearts they mortally hated him.

At this very Moment enters *Hegesippus*, seizes his Sword, and tells him from the King, that he is come to carry him to the Isle of *Samos*. At these Words, all the Arrogance of *Protesilaus* fell down, like a Rock that breaks off from the Top of a steep Mountain: Now he throws himself trembling at the Feet of *Hegesippus*, he weeps, he falters, he stammers, he quakes, he embraces the Knees of that Man, whom not an Hour before, he wou'd not vouchsafed to honour with a Look, All those who had just now been paying their Adorations to him, seeing him lost beyond Recovery, chang'd their Flatteries into merciless Insults.

Hegesippus would not allow him so much Time, as either to take his last farewell of his Family, or to fetch certain private Writings: All was seiz'd and carried to the King. *Timocrates* was arrested at the same Time, to his great Amazement; for being fallen out with *Protesilaus*, he thought he cou'd not be involv'd in his Ruin. They are both clap'd on board of a Vessel that was prepar'd for that Purpose: They arrive at *Samos*, where *Hegesippus*, to compleat their Misfortunes, left the two miserable Wretches together; who with the greatest Rage reproach'd each other with the Crimes they had committed, and which now occasion'd their Fall. They are now past Hopes of ever seeing *Salentum* again, condemn'd to live far from their Wives and Children, I don't say far from their Friends, for they had none. They are now in
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an unknown Land, where they have no Means of living but by their Labour: They who had pass'd so many Years in Pleasure and Pride, were now like two wild Beasts, ready to tear one another to Pieces every Moment.

Mean while *Hegesippus* enquires in what Part of the Island *Philocles* dwelt; they told him, a great Way from the Town, in a Grotto that serv'd him instead of a House, upon the Top of a Mountain. Every Body mention'd this Stranger's Name with great Admiration. All the Time he has been in the Island, said they, he has not so much as once given the least Offence to any Body. Every Man wonders at his Patience, his Application to work, and his Peace of Mind. He seems always contented, tho' he has nothing; and tho' he be here far from Business, without Wealth, and without Authority; yet he is incessantly obliging those who deserve it, and has a thousand Ways to do all his Neighbours some Service or other.

Hegesippus continues his Way towards the Grotto, which he finds empty and open, for the Poverty and Simplicity of *Philocles*'s Manners never oblig'd him to shut his Door when he went out: A plain Mat of Rushes serv'd him for a Bed: He rarely kindled a Fire, because he never ate any Thing dress'd: All the Summer he liv'd upon new gather'd Fruits, and in Winter upon Dates and dry'd Figs. He us'd to quench his Thirst at a chryselline Spring of Water, which fell in Sheets from a high Rock: He had nothing in his Grotto but carving Tools, and some few Books, which he read at certain Hours, not to embellish his Mind, or to gratify his Curiosity, but to teach him to be good and wise at the same Time that it eas'd his Labours. As for sculpture, he apply'd himself this

Way only to exercise his Body, and to pick up a Livelyhood, without being obliged to any Body.

As *Hegesippus* enter'd the Grotto, he was surpriz'd to see the Works which he had begun: He took Notice of a *Jupiter*, whose serene Countenance was too full of Majesty not to be known to be the Father of the Gods and Men: In another Place he observed a *Mars*, with a rugged threatening Fierceness: But what was most affecting, was a *Minerva* who gave Life to these Arts; her Aspect was noble and mild, her Shape free and lofty, and she was in so lively a Posture, that one wou'd have thought she would immediately walk. *Hegesippus* having with a great deal of Pleasure taken a View of these Statues, went out of the Grotto, and at some Distance from it, under a large Tree, spy'd *Philocles* reading a Book on the Grass: He goes directly towards him, and *Philocles*, who perceiv'd him, knew not what to think. Is not that *Hegesippus*, said he to himself, with whom I liv'd so long in *Crete*? But 'tis not likely that he shou'd come into so remote an Island: Perhaps 'tis his Ghost come to Earth from the *Stygian* Banks after his Death.

Whilst he was in this Uncertainty, *Hegesippus* came so near him, that he cou'd not but know him again, and embrace him: And is it you your self, my dear old Friend, said he? What Danger, what Storm has thrown you on this Shore? Why have you left the Island of *Crete*? Has some Disgrace, like mine, forc'd you from your Country?

Hegesippus answer'd: 'Tis no Disgrace has brought me hither, but, on the contrary, the Favour of the Gods. Then instantly he recounted to him the long continued Tyranny of *Protesilaus*, his Intrigues with *Timocrates*, the Misfortunes they had plung'd *Idomeneus* into, that Prince's Fall, his
Flight

Flight to the *Hesperian* Coast, the founding of *Salentum*, the Arrival of *Mentor* and *Telemachus*, the wise Maxims with which *Mentor* had imbu'd the King's Mind, and the Downfal of those two Traytors. He added, that he had brought them to *Salmos*, there to suffer the like Banishment which they had caus'd *Philocles* to suffer; and concluded his Discourse with telling him, that he had it in Command to bring him to *Salentum*, where the King, who now fully knew his Innocence, was resolv'd to commit the Management of his Affairs to him, and to heap Riches on him.

Do you see this Grotto, answer'd *Philocles* to him, fitter to harbour wild Beasts, than to be inhabited by Men? Here have I tasted for these many Years, more Sweetness, more Repose, than ever I did in the gilded Palaces of the Island of *Crete*. Men no longer deceive me, for I no longer see them; I no longer hear their flattering and poysonous Discourses; I have no longer any need of them: My Hands, inur'd to Labour, afford me a plain Nourishment, and such as is necessary for the Sustainance of Life. You see this slight Stuf is sufficient to cover me, and I want nothing further: I enjoy a calm undisturb'd Rest and a sweet Freedom, which the Wisdom I find in my Books teaches me how to make a good Use of. What then have I further to look for among jealous, tricking, inconstant Men? No, no, my dear *Hegesippus*, envy not my good Fortune: *Protesilaus* betray'd himself, in going about to betray the King and destroy me: But he has done me no Manner of Hurt: on the contrary, he has done me the greatest Kindness: He has deliver'd me from the Hurry and Slavery of Business. To him I am beholden for my precious Solitude, and all the innocent Pleasures I here enjoy. Return, *Hegesippus*, return to the
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King; assist him to support the Miseries of Greatness, and be that to him which you would have me be. Since his Eyes, so long shut against Truth, have at last been open'd by that wise Man you call *Mentor*, let the King retain him near his Person. As for me, I ought not, after Shipwreck, to quit the Haven where the Storm has happily thrown me, to commit my self again to the Mercy of the Winds: O how much are Kings to be pitied! How worthy of Compassion are those who serve them! If they are wicked, how much does Mankind suffer by them, and what Torments are prepar'd for them in the darkest Hell! If they are good, what Difficulties have they not to encounter and overcome! How many Snares to avoid! How many Evils to suffer! Once more, my dear *Hegesippus*, leave me in my happy Poverty.

Whilst *Philocles* was thus delivering himself with great Earnestness, *Hegesippus* look'd on him with Astonishment. He had seen him formerly at *Crete*, during the Time he administer'd the greatest Affairs of State, lean, languid, wither'd, and almost spent; the Ardency and Severity of his Mind consum'd his Body thro' Care and Application to Business; he could not without Indignation behold Vice unpunish'd; he requir'd in the Management of Affairs such an Exactness as is hardly ever to be met with; and thus his Employments impair'd his Health. But at *Samos*, *Hegesippus* found him plump and vigorous; for all his Age, a florid blooming Youth seem'd to be renew'd in his Face; a sober, quiet, and laborious Life had, as it were, given him another Constitution.

You wonder, said *Philocles* to him smiling, to see me so chang'd: This Freshness and perfect Health are owing to my Solitude. My Enemies have given me what I cou'd never have found in
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the Height of my Fortune; and wou'd you have me part with true Happiness, to plunge my self again into my former Miseries? I beg you would not be more cruel than *Protesilaus*; at least envy me not the Happiness for which I am indebted to him.

Hereupon *Hegefippus* urg'd to him, but in vain, all that he thought might move him. Are you then, said he to him, insensible of the Pleasure of seeing your Friends and Relations, who sigh for your Return, and whom the sole Hope of embracing you fills with Joy? Do you, who fear the Gods, and love to do your Duty, reckon as nothing the Service of your King, and the assisting him in all the good he designs in Order to make so many People happy? Is it allowable for a Man to abandon himself to a wild and savage Philosophy, to prefer his single Self to all the Rest of Mankind, and to be sonder of his own Quiet, than the Happiness of his fellow Citizens? Besides all this, 'twill be thought that 'tis out of Resentment you refuse to see the King. If he design'd any ill to you, 'twas because he did not then know you: It was not the true, the honest, the just *Philocles*, whom he went about to destroy; no, 'twas quite another Man he design'd to punish; but now he knows you, and mistakes you not for another, he feels all his former Friendship revive in his Heart; he waits for you; he already holds forth his Arms to embrace you; he impatiently counts the Days, the Hours, 'till you come, and can you be inexorable to your King, and to all your dearest Friends?

Philocles, who at first melted away at the sight of *Hegefippus*, reassum'd his grave austere Look at this Discourse; like a Rock which the Winds assault in vain, and against which the roaring Bil-

low's break, so did he stand unmov'd; nor Prayers, nor Reasons could find the least Access to his Heart: But in the Moment when *Hegesippus* began to despair of prevailing over him, *Philocles*, having consulted the Gods, found by the Flight of Birds, the Entrails of Victims, and by several other Presages, that he must follow *Hegesippus*.

Hereupon he no longer resisted, but 'prepared to go; tho' not without Regret for leaving the Solitude where he had pass'd so many Years. Alas! said he, must I then quit thee, O lovely Grotto, where peaceful Slumber came every Night to ease the Labours of the Day! Here, in the midst of Poverty, did the Destinies spin the Thread of my Life with Gold and Silk! Then weeping, he prostrated himself to adore the *Naiad* who had so long quench'd his Thirst with her clear Flood, and the Nymphs likewise that inhabited the neighbouring Mountains. *Eccbo* heard his Lamentations, and with a mournful Voice repeated them to all the rural Deities.

Afterwards *Philocles* went to the Town with *Hegesippus* to take shipping. He could not believe that the wretched, the miserable *Protesilaus* wou'd have the Face to see him; but he was mistaken; for ill Men have no Shame, and are ever ready to make the meanest Submissions. *Philocles* modestly avoided being seen by that miserable Wretch; fearing indeed to lighten his Misfortune by shewing him the Prosperity of an Enemy, who was going to be rais'd on his Ruins: But *Protesilaus* was very eager and earnest to find out *Philocles*, with a Design to move his Compassion, and engage him to beg the King to let him return to *Salentum*. *Philocles* was too sincere to promise to solicit his Return, for he knew better than any Man how pernicious such a Thing wou'd be to the publick.

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But he spoke very mildly to him, testify'd a great Compassion of his Misfortunes, endeavour'd to comfort him, admonish'd him to pacify the Gods by a pious Life, and an exemplary Patience under his Affliction: And having understood that the King had stript him of all his ill gotten Riches, he promis'd him two Things, which he afterwards faithfully perform'd. One was, to take Care of his Wife and Children, who were left at *Salentum* in a wretched poor Condition, expos'd to the Indignation of the Populace: And the other was, to send him some little supply of Money to alleviate his Misfortunes.

And now a favourable Wind fills the spreading Sails. *Hegesippus* grows impatient for *Philocles's* Departure. *Protesilaus* sees them embark; his Eyes remain fix'd and immoveable on the Shore; they follow the Vessel that cuts the Waves, and which the Wind still carries further and further; and when at last he cou'd see them no more, he again paints the Image of them in his Mind. Then grown distracted, furious, and abandon'd to his Despair, he tears of his Hair; rolls about the Sand; he accuses the Gods of Severity; he in vain calls cruel Death to his Aid; she, deaf to his Prayers, deigns not to deliver him from his Miseries, nor has he the Courage to make away with himself.

Mean while, the Ship, favour'd by *Neptune* and the Winds, soon arrived at *Salentum*; the King being inform'd that it was just entering the Port, he instantly ran with *Mentor* towards *Philocles*, and affectionately embrac'd him, expressing a deep Concern for having so unjustly persecuted him. This ingenuous Confession, instead of looking like a Weakness in a Prince, was deem'd by all the *Salentines* as the Act of a great Soul, which
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raises itself above past Miscarriages by freely owning them, in Order to redress them. Every one wept for Joy to see again this honest Man, who lov'd the People, and to Hear the King speak with so much Discretion and Humanity.

Philocles, in a respectful modest Manner receiv'd the King's Caresses, and was very impatient to steal away from the Acclamations of the People: He follow'd the King to the Palace, where *Mentor* and he were presently grown as intimate as if they had pass'd their whole Life together, tho' they had never seen one another before; for the Gods, who have deny'd Eyes to the wicked to discern good Men, have given Eyes to good Men whereby to know one another. Those who have any Relish of Virtue, cannot be long together without contracting a Friendship. Not long after, *Philocles* begg'd of the King, that he might retire to some private Place near *Salentum*, where he might continue to live in the same Manner he did at *Samos*. The King and *Mentor* us'd to go and see him almost every Day in his Solitude; and there they consulted the proper Means of strengthening the Laws, and of establishing a solid Form of Government for the publick Good.

The two principal Things they consider'd, were the Education of Children, and the Way of living in Time of Peace. As for Children, *Mentor* said, they belong less to their Parents than to the Publick; they are the Children of the People; they are the Hope and Strength of the Body Politick: It is too late to correct them when they are spoilt; it is insignificant to exclude them from Employments, when they have made themselves unworthy of them; it is better by far to prevent the mischief than be forc'd to punish it. A King, added he, who is Father of all his People, is yet more particularly

ticularly the Father of all the Youth, who are the Blossom of a Nation; and it is in the Blossom that Fruits are prepar'd. Let not the King therefore disdain to watch over them himself, and to cause others to do the like in the Educating of them: Let them see that the Laws of *Minos* be strictly observ'd, which ordain, that Children be bred up to despise Pain and Death; that Honour be plac'd in a Neglect of Pleasures and Riches; that Injustice, Lying, Ingratitude, and Slothfulness be accounted infamous; that from their tenderest Infancy they be taught to sing the Praises of the Heroes who were belov'd of the Gods, who have perform'd generous Actions for their Country, and who have distinguish'd themselves in Battle: Let the Charms of Musick seize their Souls, in order to soften and purify their Manners; let them learn to be tender of their Friends; faithful to their Allies, equitable to all Men, even to their most cruel Enemies; let them learn to be more afraid of the Stings of Conscience than of Death itself, and all Manner of Torments. If Children early imbibe these noble Maxims, and if those are instill'd into them with the Charms of Musick, there will be but few who shall not be inflam'd with the Love of Glory and Virtue.

Mentor added, that it was of the greatest Importance to institute publick Schools; to accustom the Youth to manly Exercises of the Body, that they might not grow tender and lazy, which spoils the best Dispositions. He further advis'd to have a great Variety of Games and Shows to animate the People, but more especially to Exercise their Bodies, to render them active, supple, and vigorous, with Rewards and Prizes to stir up a noble Emulation: But what he most desir'd, for the Encouragement of good Manners, was, that young People should marry betimes, and that their Parents, without any fordid Views, should leave them to chuse

chuse their Wives themselves, such as they thought most agreeable both in Mind and Body, and to whom they might be constant.

But while they were thus contriving to keep the Youth chaste, innocent, laborious, tractable, and fond of Glory, *Philocles*, who delighted in War, said to *Mentor*: In vain do you employ Youth in all those Exercises; if you suffer them to languish in a continual Peace without any Experience in War, or Occasion to exert their Valour: By this you will insensibly weaken the Nation; their Spirits will flaken; Pleasure will corrupt their Manners; and they will be expos'd to be an easy Conquest to other warlike Nations; and thus by endeavouring to shun the Evils of War, they will fall into a miserable Servitude.

Mentor reply'd, The Evils of War are still more dreadful than you imagine. War drains a State, and puts it always in Danger of being ruin'd, even while it is most victorious: How advantageously soever they may begin a War, they are never sure of ending it, without being expos'd to the most tragical Reverses of Fortune; whatever Superiority you have in Fight, the smallest Mistake, a panick Fear, a nothing snatches the Victory out of your Hands, and carries it to the Enemies. Nay, tho' you should hold Victory chain'd, as it were, in your Camp, you destroy your self in destroying your Enemy; you unpeople your Country, leave the Ground uncultivated, interrupt Commerce; nay, what is worse, you weaken the best Laws, and tolerate the Corruption of Manners: The young Men no longer apply themselves to Literature; pressing Necessity makes you connive at a pernicious Licentiousness among your Troops; Justice, Order, every Thing suffers in this Confusion. A King who sheds the Blood of so many, and causes so many Mischiefs for the Sake of a little Glory,
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or to extend the Limits of his Kingdom, does not deserve to attain the Glory he is in Pursuit of, but rather deserves to lose what he possesses, for usurping that which does not belong to him.

But in this Manner it is that you shou'd exercise the Courage of a Nation in Time of Peace. You have already taken Notice of the Exercises of the Body, which we have establish'd; and of exciting Emulation by publick Rewards; as likewise by the filling the Children's Minds, almost from their Cradle, with Principles of Glory and Virtue, by celebrating to Musick the greatest Actions of Heroes: To which you may add, a sober and laborious Life. Furthermore, as soon as any one of your Allies shall be engag'd in a War, you must send thither the Flower of your Youth, especially those who discover a Genius for War, and who are most likely to improve by Experience. Hereby you will maintain a high Reputation among your Allies; your Friendship will be courted, and they will be afraid to lose it; and thus, without having a War upon your own Hands, you will always be stor'd with a season'd and an intrepid Body of Youth. Although you enjoy Peace at home, yet fail not to treat honourably those who have a Talent for War; for the true Way to avoid War, and preserve a lasting Peace, is to cultivate Arms, to honour Men that are excellent that Way, and always to have some of your Subjects abroad train'd up in that Profession, that they may be acquainted with the Strength, Discipline, and Manner of Fighting in the neighbouring Countries: The true Way, in short, to avoid War, is to be equally remote from beginning one out of Ambition, and from being afraid of it through Effeminacy. Thus, being always in a Readiness to go into it when Necessity calls, you will arrive to that Pass as to be almost ever able to prevent it.

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As for your Allies, when they are breaking out into a War with each other, it will be your Part to be Mediator; and thereby you will acquire a Glory more solid and more lasting than the Conquerors; you will gain the Love and Esteem of strangers; they will all of them stand in need of you, you will reign over them by the Confidence they repose in you, as you reign over your Subjects by Authority. You will become the Trustee of all Secrets, the Arbitrator of Treaties, the Master of all their Hearts. Your Fame will fly thro' the most distant Countries, and your Name will be like a delicious Perfume that spreads itself round about thro' all Nations. In such Circumstances, if a neighbouring State attacks you unjustly, they will always find you prepar'd to receive them; but, what is still more advantageous to you, they will find you belov'd and succour'd; all your Neighbours will take the Alarm upon your Account, being persuaded, that on your Preservation depends the common Welfare. This is a Bulwark more secure than the strongest Walls, and the most regular Fortifications: This is true Glory. But how few Kings are there that know how to pursue it? nay, rather how few are there that do not pursue the Contrary? They run after a deceitful Shadow, and leave behind them true Honour, for Want of knowing it.

After *Mentor* had spoke thus, *Philocles* look'd upon him with Astonishment, and then cast his Eyes on the King: He was perfectly charm'd to see how greedily *Idomeneus* suck'd into his very Soul the Stream of Wisdom which flow'd from the Mouth of that Stranger.

Thus *Minerva*, in the Shape of *Mentor*, did establish in *Salentum* the most wholesome Laws, and the most useful Maxims of Government, no less to make the Kingdom of *Idomeneus* prosperous and flourishing, than to shew *Telemachus*, at his Return, a plain Example, how far a wise Administration contributes to render a People happy, and to procure to a good King a lasting Reputation.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

BOOK XV.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, being in the Confederate Camp, gains the Esteem of Philoctetes, who, at first, was prepossessed against him, upon the Score of Ulysses his Father. Philoctetes relates to him his Adventures, in which he intermixes the Particulars of Hercules's Death, occasion'd by the poison'd Gown which the Centaur Nessus gave to Dejanira; and explains to him how he obtain'd from that Hero his fatal Arrows, without which the City of Troy cou'd not be taken; How he was punish'd for having betray'd his Secret, with all the Ills that befel him in the Isle of Lemnos; and how Ulysses employ'd Neoptolemus to engage him to go to the Siege of Troy, where his Wounds were cured by the Sons of Æsculapius.

T*elemachus*, in the mean while, signaliz'd his Courage amidst the Dangers of the War. When he departed from *Salentum*, he made it his chief Study to gain the Affection of the old Captains, whose Reputation and Experience were at the Height. *Nestor*, who had before seen him at *Pylos*, and who had always lov'd *Ulysses*, treated him as his own Son: He gave him Instructions, which he enforc'd by divers Examples; he related to him all the Adventures of his Youth, and the most remarkable Things he had seen perform'd by the Heroes of the last Age. The Memory of this sage old Man, who had liv'd three Men's Ages, was like an History of ancient Times, engrav'd on Marble or Brass.

Philoctetes at first had not the same Kindness for *Telemachus*: The Hatred he had so long entertain'd in his Heart against *Ulysses*, gave him a Coldness towards his Son, and he cou'd not see without Uneasiness what Glories the Gods seem'd to be preparing for this Youth, to make him equal to those Heroes, who had laid *Troy* in Ashes; but at Length, *Telemachus's* Moderation overcame all the Resentments of *Philoctetes*, and he cou'd no longer forbear loving a Virtue so modest and sweet. He wou'd often take *Telemachus*, and say to him, My Son (for I no longer scruple to call you so) I own your Father and my self did for a long Time entertain a Hatred against each other; I own too that after we had levell'd *Troy's* proud Walls to the Ground, my Anger was not yet asswag'd; and when I saw you, I felt a Reluctance to love Virtue in the Son of *Ulysses*. I have often blam'd my self for it: But, after all, Virtue, when it is gentle, simple, ingenuous and modest, is not to be resisted by any Thing. Then *Philoctetes* insensibly engaged himself to relate to him, what it was that
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had kindled in his Heart so much Hatred against *Ulysses*.

This Story, said he, must be traced a little further up: I accompany'd in all his Travels the great *Hercules*, who deliver'd the Earth from so many Monsters, and in Comparison of whom all other Heroes were but as a feeble Bulrush to a lofty Oak, or the little Birds to an Eagle. That Heroe's Misfortunes and mine, took Rise from a Passion which occasions the most terrible Disasters, namely, Love. *Hercules*, who had overcome so many Monsters, cou'd not master so shameful a Passion, and became the Laughing stock of that cruel Boy, *Cupid*: He cou'd not without blushing call to Mind, that he had once so far forgot his Glory, as to work at the Spinning-Wheel with *Omphale* Queen of *Lydia*, like the most abject and most effeminate of all Men; so great a Command over him had a blind inconsiderate Love. A hundred Times has he confess'd to me, that this Passage of his Life had tarnish'd his Virtue, and almost defac'd the Glory of all his Labours. Nevertheless, such is, O Gods! the Weakness and Inconstancy of Men, who are so confident of themselves, and yet resist nothing. Alas! the Great *Hercules* fell again into the Shares of Love, which he had so often detested. If he had been constant to *Dejanira* his wife, happy, exceeding happy had he been; but too soon the blooming Youth of *Iole*, on whose Face the Graces were imprinted, stole away his Heart. *Dejanira* burning with Jealousie, bethought her of the fatal Garment which the Centaur *Nessus* had left her at his Death, as an infallible Way to revive the Love of *Hercules*, whenever he seem'd to neglect her for another. But this Garment, full of the venomous Blood of the Centaur, contain'd the Poison of the Darts with which that Monster

had been pierc'd, for you know that the Arrows with which *Hercules* kill'd this perfidious Centaur, had been dipp'd in the Blood of the *Lernean* Hydra, which had tinctur'd them with so strong a Poison, that the Wounds they made were incurable.

Hercules, having put on this Garment, soon felt the devouring Fire, which penetrated into the Marrow of his Bones. Mount *Oeta* resounded with his horrible Cries, which rung in the deepest Valleys, the Sea it self seem'd troubled at his Groans, which far surpass'd the Bellowings of fierce Bulls, in their Combats. The unhappy *Lychas*; who had brought him the Garment from *Dejanira*, presuming to approach him, *Hercules* seiz'd him, in the Height of his Pain, whirl'd him round as a Slinger does a Stone, which is going to throw at a great Distance from him. Thus *Lychas*, being hurl'd from the Top of a Mountain by the strong Arm of *Hercules*, tumbled amidst the Waves of the Sea, where he was presently chang'd into a Rock, which still preserves its human Shape, and which, being incessantly beaten by the angry Billows, frightens from afar the wary Pilots.

After the Misfortune of *Lychas*, I judg'd it not safe to trust my self any longer with *Hercules*: I began now to think of hiding my self in the deepest Caverns of the Earth: I observ'd how easily he with one Hand pluck'd up by the Roots the lofty Firs and aged Oaks, which for many Centuries had defy'd the Winds and Storms; and with the other he endeavour'd, but in vain, to tear from his back the fatal Garment; which was glu'd to his Skin, and as it were incorporated to his Limbs. As he rent it, he tore of his Skin and Flesh. His Blood, in flowing Streams moisten'd the Earth; at Length, his Virtue surmounting his Pain, he cry'd out, Thou seest, my dear *Philoctetes*, the Evils which
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the Gods make me suffer; they are just: I have offended them, I have violated conjugal Love. After having overcome so much many Enemies, I have basely suffer'd my self to be vanquish'd by the Love of a beautiful Stranger. I perish, and am content to perish, to appease the Wrath of the Gods. But alas! my dear Friend, Whither flyest thou? 'Tis true, the Excess of my Pain made me commit upon the unhappy *Lychas* an Act of Cruelty, which I upbraid my self for: He was ignorant of the Poison he had brought me; he did not deserve the Treatment I gave him: But dost thou believe that I can forget the Friendship I owe thee, or that I would take away thy Life? Ne, sure I shall never cease to love *Philoctetes*: He shall receive into his Bosom my Soul that is now upon the Wing, and he shall gather up my Ashes. Where art thou then, my dear *Philoctetes*? *Philoctetes*, the only Hope that is left me here below?

At these Words I ran towards him; he held out his Arms to embrace me, but presently drew them back, for fear he should kindle in my Breast the same devouring Fire with which himself was burnt up. Alas! says he, I dare not embrace thee; even that Consolation is no longer allow'd me! With that he gathers all the Trees he had pluck'd up, and erected them into a Funeral Pile upon the Top of the Mountain: He calmly ascends the Pile, spreads the Skin of the *Nomean* Lyon, with which he so long had wrapt his Shoulders as a Mantle whilst he travel'd from one Corner of the Earth to the other, to destroy Monsters, and rescue the Unfortunate: He leans upon his Club, and desires me to set fire to the Pile.

My Hands, though trembling with Horror, could not refuse him this cruel Office; for his Life was now no longer a Gift of the Gods, so irksome

was it to him: Nay, I fear'd lest the Extremity of his Pain should transport him to do some Action unworthy of that Virtue which had amaz'd the World. As soon as he saw the Flame begin to catch; Now, says he, my dear *Philoctetes*, I am convinc'd of the Sincerity of thy Friendship; for thou lovest my Honour more than my Life; may the Gods reward thee for it. I bequeath thee what I have most valuable on Earth, namely, these Arrows, that were dipt in the Blood of the *Lernean Hydra*. Thou knowest that the Wounds they give are incurable; by them thou shalt be invincible as I have been, nor shall any Mortal dare to attack you. Remember I die thy faithful Friend, and may'st thou never forget how dear thou hast been to me. But if thou art really affected by my Misfortunes, it is in thy Power to give me one Comfort, tho' it be the last; by promising never to discover to any Mortal either my Death, or the Place where thou hidest my Ashes. I promis'd him, nay, I swore it, and at the same Time bedew'd his Funeral Pile with my Tears. A flash of Joy darted from his Eyes, but on a sudden a whirl of flame involv'd him round, stifled his Voice, and robb'd me almost of the Sight of him; but yet I could see him thro' the Flames, with a Countenance as serene, as if he had been sitting with his Friends at a delicious Banquet, crown'd with Garlands, and cover'd with Perfumes.

The Fire quickly consum'd his earthly and mortal Part, and soon there remain'd nothing of what he had receiv'd at his Birth from his Mother *Almena*: But by the Decree of *Jupiter*, he still preserv'd that subtle and immortal Substance, that Celestial Spark, which is the true principle of Life, and which he had receiv'd from the Father of the Gods; and so with them he went under the gilded Arches

Arches of bright *Olympus*, to quaff Nectar, and there the Gods gave him to Wife the lovely *Hebe*, who is the Goddess of Youth, and whose Office was to fill Nectar to *Jupiter*, before *Ganymede* was promoted to that Honour.

As to my self, the Arrows, which he left me with a Design to raise me above all Heroes, have been an inexhaustible Fountain of Sorrows to me; for now the confederate Kings had undertaken to Revenge *Menelaus* upon the infamous *Paris* for the Rape of *Helena*, and to overturn the Empire of *Priam*. The Oracle of *Apollo* gave them to understand, that they were not to expect a happy Issue of the War, unless they could get the Arrows of *Hercules*.

Your Father *Ulysses*, who was always the most penetrating and the most active in all the Counsels took upon him to persuade me to go with them to the Siege of *Troy*, and to bring along with me those Arrows, which he believ'd were in my Possession. It was now a long Time since *Hercules* had disappear'd, nor was there any Mention of any new Exploit of that Heroe: Monsters and Villains began now again to shew their Heads with Impunity: The *Greeks* knew not what to think of him: Some said he was dead; others affirm'd, that he was gone under the Northern Bear, to subdue the *Scythians*; but *Ulysses* averr'd that he was dead, and undertook to make me own it. He came to me, when as yet I was disconsolate for the Loss of the great *Alcides*; he found it a hard Matter to accost me, for the Sight of Mankind was become intolerable to me: I would not be taken from the Desarts of Mount *Oeta*, where I had beheld the Exit of my dear Friend; my only Study was to re-imprint on my Mind the Image of that Hero, and I minded nothing but to weep at the

Sight of that melancholy Place: But soft and powerful Persuasion flow'd from your Father's Lips; he seem'd almost as much afflicted as my self; he shed Tears, he knew how to get Access insensibly to my Heart, and to engage me to confide in him: He rais'd in me a Concern for the *Grecian* Kings, who were going to fight in a just Cause, and who cou'd not prosper without me. Yet could he not extort from me the Secret of *Hercules's* Death, which I had sworn never to mention; but he, no longer doubting of his Death, press'd me to reveal the Place where I had hid his Ashes.

Alas! I was seiz'd with Horror at the Thought of revealing a Secret, which I had promis'd to the Gods never to disclose; but not daring to violate my Oath. I was so weak as to elude it; for which the Gods have punished me. I stamp'd with my Foot upon the Place where I had hid the Ashes of *Hercules*. Afterwards I went and join'd the Confederate Kings, who receiv'd me with the same Joy, as they wou'd have done *Hercules* himself: As I pass'd thro' the Isle of *Lemnos*, I had a Mind to shew the *Greeks* the Efficacy of my Arrows, and preparing to let fly at a Buck that rush'd into a Wood, I heedlessly dropt the Arrow, which lighting on my Foot, gave me a Wound which still pains me. I presently felt the same Torments *Hercules* had suffer'd: Night and Day fill'd the Island with my Groans; black and corrupted Gore issuing from my Wound, infected the very Air, and spread thro' the *Grecian* Camp, a Stench that was capable of suffocating the most healthy Men. The whole Army was seized with Horror to see me in that Agony each taking it for granted that it was a Curse sent down upon me by the righteous Gods.

Ulysses, who had drawn me into the War, was the first that forsook me: I afterwards understood
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that he did so because he preferr'd the common Interest of *Greece*, and the Victory they had so much at Heart, to all the Considerations of Friendship, or private Regards. It was now grown impossible to sacrifice in the Camp; so much did the Horror and Infection of my Wound, and the violence of my Groans disturb the whole Army. But when I perceiv'd my self abandon'd by all the *Greeks* thro' the Advice of *Ulysses*; that Piece of Policy seem'd to me to be full of the most barbarous Cruelty and blackest Treachery. Alas! I was blinded, and did not see that I had justly incurr'd the Displeasure of all wise and good Men, as well as of the Gods whom I had offended!

I continu'd, during almost the whole Siege of *Troy*, destitute of Succour, without Hope, without Help to ease my Pain, excessively tormented in that Desert and savage Island, where nothing was to be heard but the roaring Billows dashing against the Rocks. In this solitary Place I found a Cave within a Rock, which lifted to the Sky two high Points like two Heads: From this Rock issu'd a Chrystal Spring: The Cave was the usual Retreat of wild Beasts, to whose Fury I was Night and Day expos'd; my Bed consisted of what Leaves I could pick up; all my Furniture was a wooden Box coarsely wrought, and some tatter'd Cloaths, with which I bound up my Wound to stop the Blood, and which I likewise us'd to clean it. Here, abandon'd by Mankind, and deliver'd over to the Anger of the Gods, I spent my Time in piercing with my Arrows the Pigeons and other Birds which flew about the Rock. When I kill'd any Bird for my Sustenance, I was forc'd to crawl along the Ground in a painful Manner, to take up my Prey: And thus my Hands prepared my Subsistence.

The *Greeks* did indeed leave me some Provisions, but they lasted not long. I us'd to light me a Fire with some Flints. This Life, as dreadful as it was, would have seem'd pleasant, in that it was remote from ungrateful and deceitful Men, had I not been quite overcome with the Extremity of the Pain, and the continual Remembrance of my sad Disaster. How, said I, to entice a Man from his own Country, as the only Person that was capable to revenge the Quarrel of *Greece*, and then to leave him in this desert Island while he was asleep! for so I was when the *Greeks* departed. You may judge of my Surprize when I wak'd; and how bitterly I wept when I saw the Fleet sailing away. Alas! wherever I cast my Eyes I met with nothing but Sorrow. That horrid Island has neither Harbour, Commerce, nor Hospitality; nor did ever Man voluntarily land upon it: None came there but what were driven by Storms, and no other Company is to be expected but what is forc'd thither by Shipwreck; nor even did such dare to carry me away along with them, being afraid both of the Anger of the Gods and of the *Greeks*. Thus ten long Years I suffer'd Pain and Hunger: I nourish'd a Wound that devour'd me; and even Hope it self was quite extinguish'd in my Breast.

One Day returning from seeking some medicinal Plants for my Wound, I was surpriz'd to see in my Cave a young Man of a handsom and graceful Men, but withal haughty and of an heroick Aspect: He seem'd to me to be *Achilles* by his Features, Look and Gate; but his Age gave me to understand that it cou'd not be him. His Eyes expressed both Compassion and Confusion: He was mov'd with Pity at seeing me crawl along in that miserable Condition. The piercing Cries and doleful

leful Shrieks, with which I made the ecchoing Shores resound, melted his very Heart.

Being at some Distance from him: O Stranger, said I, what Misfortune has brought thee into this uninhabited Island? I know that *Greek* Habit, that Habit still so dear to me. O how I long to hear thy Voice, and to find upon thy Lips that Language which I learnt from my Infancy, and which I for so long a Time have been debar'd from talking my self in this Solitude; be not affrighted to see so wretched a Creature, since thou oughtest rather to Pity him.

Scarce had *Neoptolemus* said that he was a *Greek*, when I cry'd out: O sweet Word, after so many Years of Silence and comfortless Pain! O my Son, what Disaster, what Tempest, or rather what propitious Wind has brought thee hither to put an End to my Misery? He answer'd; I am of the Island of *Scyros*, thither I am returning; 'tis said I am the Son of *Achilles*; thou know'st that best.

So short an Account did not satisfy my Curiosity: Therefore I said to him, O Son of a Father whom I so much lov'd: The dear Charge of *Lycomedes*, how cam'st thou hither? And from whence com'st thou? He answer'd me, that he came from the Siege of *Troy*. Thou wert not, said I, in the first Expedition. And wert Thou there, reply'd he? I answer'd him; I see Thou art a Stranger both to the Name and Misfortunes of *Philoctetes*. Alas! How unhappy am I? My Persecutors insult over me in my Affliction! *Greece* is ignorant of what I suffer, which heightens my Grief: The *Atrides* have brought me to this; may the Gods repay them!

Afterwards I inform'd him how the *Greeks* had forsaken me. As soon as he had heard the Relation of my Misfortunes, he began his own. After
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the Death of *Achilles*, said he — Here I interrupted him; What! *Achilles* dead! Pardon me, my Son, if I interrupt your Relation with the Tears I owe your Father. *Neoptolemus* answer'd me, 'tis a Comfort to me that you interrupt me. O how agreeable it is to me, to see *Philoctetes* bewail my Father!

Neoptolemus resuming his Discourse, said, after the Death of *Achilles*, *Ulysses* and *Phænix* fought me out, affirming that the City of *Troy* cou'd not be overthrown without me: I needed no great Persuasion to go along with them, for my Grief for the Death *Achilles*, and a Desire to inherit his Glory in that renown'd War, were sufficient Inducements to follow them. I arrive at the Camp, the Army gathers round about me; every one swore they saw *Achilles* again, but alas! he was no more. Young and unexperienced as I was, I thought I might promise myself any Thing from those who prais'd me so highly. Immediately I demanded of the *Atrides* my Father's Arms; to which they made me this barbarous Reply; thou shalt have every Thing else that belong'd to thy Father, but as for his Arms, they are destin'd for *Ulysses*.

With this I was mightily disturb'd; I wept, I grew passionate; but *Ulysses*, without any Concern, said to me: Young Man, thou hast had no Share in the Perils of this long Siege; thou hast not therefore merited such Arms, and thou beginnest too soon to talk so big. Thou never shalt have the Arms. Thus being unjustly robb'd by *Ulysses*, I am now returning into the Island of *Scyros* not so much incens'd against *Ulysses* as against the *Atrides*. May the Gods ever befriend their Enemies! O *Philoctetes*, I have said all.

Hereu-

Hereupon I ask'd *Neoptolemus*, how it came to pass, that *Telamonian Ajax* did not hinder such a Piece of Injustice. He is dead, answer'd he. Dead! cry'd I; and is *Ulysses* alive and prosperous in the Army? Then I ask'd him news of *Antilochus*, the wise *Nestor's* Son, and *Patroclus*, the favourite of *Achilles*. They are dead too, said he. Then cry'd I out again; Alas! what dost thou tell me? Thus cruel War mows down the good, and spares the wicked, *Ulysses* still lives, and so does *Thersites* no doubt! These are the doings of the Gods; and yet we continue to praise them!

Whilst I was in this Rage against your Father, *Neoptolemus* carry'd on the Cheat, and added these melancholy Words: I am going to live contented in the savage Isle of *Scyros*, far from the *Grecian* Army, where Evil prevails above Good: Adieu, I am gone, may the Gods restore you to your Health! Hereupon I said to him: O my Son, I conjure thee by the *Manes* of thy Father, and by thy Mother, by all that is dear and precious to thee in the World, leave me not alone in this Extremity of Pain and Sorrow. I am not ignorant how burthensome I shall be to you; but it were a dishonourable Thing to forsake me: Take me into your Ship, and let me lye at the Prow, at the Stern, nay, in the very Sink, or where I shall least incommode you. None but great Souls relish the Pleasure of doing good: Do not leave me in a Desert, where there is not the least Footstep of a Man: Carry me into your own Country, or into *Eubœa*, which is not far from Mount *Oeta*, nor from *Trachyne*, and the agreeable Banks of the River *Sperchius*. Send me back to my Father: Alas! I fear he is dead; I sent to him to desire that he wou'd dispatch a Ship to me; either he is dead, or those who promis'd to carry the Message have

have not deliver'd it. O my Son, thou art the only Refuge I have: Remember the Instability of humane Affairs; he that is in Prosperity ought to be afraid of abusing it, and to Succour the unfortunate.

This was what the Excess of my Grief made me say to *Neoptolemus*; and he promis'd to carry me along with him. Then I burst into Exclamations again: O blessed Day! O lovely *Neoptolemus*, worthy of thy Father's Glory! Dear Companions of this Voyage, allow me to bid adieu to this melancholy Abode; see where I have liv'd, consider what I have suffer'd; no other cou'd have endur'd it; but Necessity has instructed me, and 'tis Necessity that teaches Mankind what they would never learn without her. Those that have never been in Tribulation, know nothing; they cannot distinguish between Good and Evil, they are unacquainted with Mankind, and even with themselves. After I had thus spoken, I took my Bow and my Arrows,

Neoptolemus desir'd me to let him kiss those celebrated Arms, which had been consecrated by the invincible *Hercules*. I can refuse thee nothing, said I to him; 'tis thou, O my Son, who restorest to me the Light, my Country, my aged Father, my Friends, and my self. You may freely touch these Arms, and boast that thou art the only *Greek* that ever deserved that Honour. With that *Neoptolemus* enter'd my Grotto to admire my Arms.

Mean while, I am seiz'd with an excessive Pain, I grow distracted, and know not what I do; I ask for a sharp edg'd Sword to cut of my Foot; I cry out, O Death, so much desir'd, why comest thou not! O beloved Youth, burn me instantly as I burnt the Son of *Jupiter*! Receive, O Earth, a dying wretch, that cannot any more raise himself from
from

from thee! After this Fit of exquisite Pain, of a sudden I fell, as I us'd to do, into a deep swoon, and began to be eas'd by a plentiful sweating; whilst a black corrupted stream of Blood issued from my Wound. While I was asleep, it had been easy for *Neoptolemus* to have carried off my Arms and gone away; but he was the Son of *Achilles*, and uncapable of Guile. When awaked, I perceiv'd the Confusion he was in; he sigh'd like one that knows not how to dissemble, and who acts against his Conscience. Wilt thou then surprize me, said I to him? What is the Matter? Thou must follow me, said he, to the Siege of *Troy*. Alas, reply'd I, what sayst thou, my Son? Restore me my Bow; I am betray'd rob me not of my Life. To this he made no Return, but look'd on me calmly, and without any Concern. O you Shores and Promontories of this Island! O you wild Beasts and steep Rocks! 'Tis to you I complain; for to none other can I complain: You are accusom'd to my groanings: Must I be betray'd by the Son of *Achilles*, who robs me of the sacred Bow of *Hercules*, and would drag me to the Camp of the *Greeks* to Triumph over me? He considers not that it is triumphing over a dead Corps, a Ghost, an empty Shadow! O had he attack'd me in my full Strength! But yet at present, 'tis only by Surprize; What shall I do? My Son, restore me my Bow: Act like thy Father, like thy self. What say'st thou? Nothing! O savage Rock, to thee I return; naked, miserable, forsaken, famish'd; in this Cave must I pine away; being depriv'd of my Bow to kill the wild Beasts, they will now devour me? No Matter; but, my Son, thou hast not the Look of an ill Man; sure thou art put upon this Action; restore me my Arms, and get thee gone.

Neopto.

Neoptolemus, with Tears in his Eyes, thus mutter'd to himself: Wou'd to the Gods I had never parted from *Scyros*! Then I cry'd out: Alas! what is it I fee! Is not that *Ulysses*! I immediately hear his Voice, and he reply'd, Yet it is I. If *Pluto's* dusky Realm had open'd itself, and I had seen the gloomy *Tartarus*, which the Gods themselves are afraid to behold, I own I cou'd not have been seiz'd with greater Horror. Again I cry'd out, O Land of *Lemnos*, be thou my Witness! O Sun, dost thou behold this, and suffer it? *Ulysses*, without Emotion, answer'd, *Jupiter* will have it so, and I but execute the Will of *Jupiter*: Darest thou, said I, name *Jupiter*? Seest thou there that Youth, who was not born to deceive, and to whom it is a Pain to execute what thou obligeest him to do? It is neither to cheat thee, said *Ulysses*, nor to hurt thee that we come hither; it is to deliver thee, to cure thy Wounds, to give thee the Glory of overthrowing *Troy*, and to bring thee back into thy own Country; it is your self, and not *Ulysses*, that is *Philoctetes's* Enemy.

Hereupon I told your Father all that an extravagant Passion cou'd suggest: Since thou didst abandon me on this Shore, said I to him Why dost not thou suffer me to live here in Peace? Go, seek Renown in Battle, and enjoy the Delights of Life; enjoy thy good Fortune with the *Atrides*; do not envy me my Misery and Pain. Why wou'd you carry me off: I am nothing, I am already dead; hast thou not the same Reason now to believe, as thou had'st heretofore, that I am not in a Condition to go, and that my Cries, and the Infection of my Wound, will disturb the Sacrifices? O *Ulysses*, Author of all my Affliction, may the Gods — But the Gods no longer hear me; on the contrary they stir up my Enemy against me.

O my

O my native Land, which I shall never see again!
O ye Gods, if there be yet any one amongst you
just enough to take Compassion on me; punish
Ulysses, then I shall think my self cur'd of all my
Ailments.

Whilst I thus spoke, your Father look'd on me
with an Air of Compassion, like one, who far from
being provoked, bears with and excuses the Passi-
on, and Disorder of an unfortunate Wretch. He
look'd like a Rock upon the Top of a Mountain,
which defies the Fury of the Winds, and lets them
spend their Rage whilst it remains immoveable;
so your Father waited in Silence till my Wrath was
exhausted; well knowing that to bring Men to
Reason, their Passions must not be attack'd till they
begin to grow weak, and flaken as it were thro'
Weariness. Afterwards he said these Words to me;
O *Philoctetes*, what is become of your Reason and
Courage? Now is the Occasion to use it. If you
refuse to go along with us to accomplish the great
Design of *Jupiter*, in Reference to your self, fare-
wel; you are unworthy to be the Deliverer of
Greece, and the Destroyer of *Troy*. Continue at
Lemnos: These Arms that I carry of shall give me
that Renown which was destin'd for you: Come,
Neoptolemus, let us be gone; 'tis in vain to speak
to him: our Compassion for one single Man must
not make us forego the Welfare of all *Greece*.

Then I felt my self like a Lyonsess that had been
just rob'd of her Young; and who with her roaring
makes the Forest tremble. O Cave, said I, I will
never quit thee, thou shalt be my Grave: O thou
Mansion of Sorrow, I have now no longer Means
to subsist me, nor any Hope left; who will give
me a Sword to stab my self? O that the Birds of
Prey would devour me! I shall hurt them no more
with my Arrows! O precious Bow, consecrated

by the Hands of the Son of *Jupiter*! O dear *Hercules*, if thou hast still any Sentiment left, art thou not fill'd with Indignation at this? Thy Bow is now no longer in the Hands of thy faithful Friend, but in the impure and treacherous Hands of *Ulysses*. Birds of Prey; Wild Beasts, fly no more from this Cave; my Hands are no longer arm'd with Arrows! I can no longer hurt you: Come then and devour me, or rather may the Thunder of merciless *Jove* dash me in Pieces!

Your Father having try'd all other Means of Perswasion, at last thought it better to restore me my Arms, and made a Sign to *Neoptolemus*, who restor'd them to me immediately. Then said I to him, Now thou shew'st thy self the Son of *Achilles*; but suffer me to pierce my Enemy to the Heart. Then I was going to let fly an Arrow at your Father, but *Neoptolemus* stop'd me, saying, Anger clouds your Reason, and hinders you from seeing the Unworthiness of the Action you are going to commit.

As for *Ulysses*, he appear'd as unconcern'd at my Arrows, as at my Invectives. I was deeply affected with that Intrepidity and Patience: I was asham'd of attempting, in the first Transport of my Passion, to kill him with the Weapons which he had caus'd to be restor'd to me: But as my Resentment was not yet appeas'd, I was vex'd that I shou'd owe such a Restitution to a Man whom I so much hated. In the mean Time, *Neoptolemus* said to me; know that the divine *Helenus*, Son of *Priam*, having come out from the City of *Troy*, by the Order and Inspiration of the Gods, hath unveil'd to us the Mysteries of Futurity. The unhappy *Troy*, said he, shall fall, but not before it is attack'd by him who keeps the Arrows of *Hercules*: Nor shall that Man be ever restor'd to Health,

Health, till he come before the Walls of *Troy*, where the Sons of *Æsculapius* shall cure him.

At this Moment I was divided in my Thoughts. I was mov'd with the Ingenuousness of *Neoptolemus*, and his Honesty in restoring my Bow: But I cou'd not tell how to submit to *Ulysses*, and a mistaken Shame kept me in Suspence: Must I then be seen again, said I to my self, in the Company of *Ulysses* and the *Atrides*? What will People think of me?

Whilst I was in this Uncertainty, on a sudden I heard a supernatural Voice: I saw *Hercules* in a shining Cloud, encircled with Rays of Glory: I presently knew again his masculine Features, his robust Limbs, and his plain Manner; but he appear'd with a Majesty and a Loftiness which he never us'd to wear when he was taming of Monsters upon the Earth. He said to me:

'Tis *Hercules* whom thou hearest and seest: I have quitted the high *Olympus* to declare to thee the Orders of *Jupiter*: Thou know'st by what Labours I purchas'd Immortality: Thou must go with the Son of *Achilles* to trace my Steps in the Road of Glory: Thou shalt be cur'd, thou shalt pierce with my Arrows *Paris*, the Author of so much mischief. After the taking of *Troy* thou shalt send the rich Spoils to *Pæan*, thy Father, upon Mount *Oeta*. These Spoils shall be plac'd upon my Tomb, as a Monument of the Victory owing to my Arrows. And thou, O Son of *Achilles*, I tell thee, that thou canst not be victorious without *Philoctetes*, nor *Philoctetes* without thee. Go then, like two Lyons that seek their Prey together: I will send *Æsculapius* to *Troy* to cure *Philoctetes*. Above all, O ye *Greeks*, love and observe Religion: All other Things are perishable, but this endures for ever.

When I had heard these Words, I cry'd out, O happy Day! O pleasing Light, that after so many Years dost shew thy self at last! I obey thee, I depart as soon as I have bid farewell to these Places. Adieu, dear Cave, adieu thou Nymph of these watry Meadows. I shall no more hear the hollow Noise of the Billows of this Sea. Adieu, thou Shore, where I have so often endur'd the Inclemencies of the Weather. Adieu, Promontories, where Eccho so often repeated my Groans! Adieu, ye Fountains, sweet in your selves, but bitter to me. Adieu, O *Lemnos*; let me depart propitiously, since I go whither I am call'd by the Gods and my Friends.

After this we departed, and arriv'd at the Siege of *Troy*. *Machaon* and *Podalyrius*, by the Divine Art of their Father *Æsculapius*, cur'd me, or at least put me in the Condition you now see me: I feel no more pain, I have recover'd my usual vigour, but I am somewhat lame. *Paris* fell by my Hand, as a fearful Fawn pierc'd with the Arrows of the Hunter. *Ilium* was soon reduc'd to Ashes: You know the Rest. Nevertheless, I still retain'd some Aversion to the sage *Ulysses*, thro' the Remembrance of my past Sufferings, and my Resentment was beyond the Power of his Virtue to appease: But the Sight of a Son who resembles him, and whom I cannot forbear loving, begets a Tenderness in me even for the Father himself.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

BOOK XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus quarrels with Phalantus about the Property of some Prisoners: He fights and overcomes Hippias, who despising his Youth, boldly seized those Prisoners for his Brother Phalantus; but being little satisfied with his Victory, he secretly bemoans his Rashness and Fault, which he would fain retrieve. At the same Time Adrastus King of the Daunians, being inform'd that the Confederate Allies are wholly employ'd in making up the Quarrel between Telemachus and Hippias, goes and attacks them at unawares. After having surpriz'd an hundred of their Ships in Order to transport his Troops into their Camp, he sets them on Fire; begins the Attack by Phalantus's Quarter, kills his Brother Hippias, and Phalantus himself receives many Wounds.

WHILST *Philoctetes* was thus relating his Misfortunes, *Telemachus* continued as it were suspended and motionless; his Eyes being wistfully fix'd upon the great Man that spoke. All the different Passions that had work'd the Souls of *Hercules*, *Philoctetes*, *Ulysses*, *Neoptolemus*, appear'd in their Turns, upon the innocent Countenance of *Telemachus*, as they were one after another represented to him. During the Narration, he would sometimes cry out and interrupt *Philoctetes* without thinking: Sometimes he would seem thoughtful, as a Man deeply intent on the Issue of some important Affair. Whilst *Philoctetes* was describing the Confusion of *Neoptolemus*, who was incapable of Dissimulation, *Telemachus* seem'd to be under the same Confusion, and in that Moment one would have taken him for *Neoptolemus*.

Mean while, the Confederate Army was marching in good Order against *Adrastus*, King of the *Daunians*, a despiser of the Gods, and a deceiver of Mankind. *Telemachus* found it no easy Task to keep fair with so many Kings jealous of one another: It behoved him to give none of them any Occasion of Suspicion, but to make himself belov'd by them all: He was naturally of an open, well-meaning Disposition, but not overcourteous or endearing: He was not solicitous to oblige others: He was not fond of Riches, but neither did he care to part with them. Thus with a noble and honest Heart, he seem'd neither obliging nor sensible of Friendship, nor liberal, nor mindful to make Returns for the Care others took of him, nor attentive to distinguish Merit. He follow'd his Honour without Reflection: His Mother *Penelope* had, in Spite of *Mentor*, brought him up in Pride and Haughtiness of Temper, which tarnish'd every Thing

Thing that was amiable in him: He look'd upon himself as made of different Mould from the Rest of Mankind, who seem'd to him to be created by the Gods for no other End but to please and serve him; nay, even to anticipate his very Desires, and refer all Things to him as a Deity. The Happiness of serving him was, he thought, a sufficient Recompence for so doing. Nothing was ever to be thought impossible when he was to be gratify'd; the least Delay irritated his ardent Temper.

Had any one seen him thus in his natural Disposition, they would have thought him incapable of loving any Thing but himself, and that he was affected with nothing but his own Vain-glory and Pleasure: But this Indifference for others, and continual Regard for himself, proceeded from nothing but the continual Hurry and Violence of his Passions. He had, from his Cradle, been indulg'd by his Mother, who humour'd him in every Thing, and he was a remarkable Instance of the Unhappiness of those who are high born. The Severities of Fortune, which he felt in his greenest Years, had not moderated that Impetuosity and Haughtiness of his Temper; tho' stript of every Thing, abandon'd, expos'd to so many Miseries, yet he abated nothing of his Pride: it wou'd still raise it self like a Palm-Tree, after all the Attempts to press it down.

These Faults did not shew themselves in *Mentor's* Company, but abated daily; just as a fiery Courser scouring thro' the spacious fields, whom neither Rocks, nor precipices, nor Torrents can stop, is obedient only to the Voice and Hand of one Man, who knows how to tame him: So *Telemachus*, full of noble Ardour, cou'd be kept in by none but the wise *Mentor*: A Look from him was able to stop him in his most impetuous Career; he pre-

sently knew the Meaning of each Glance; and at that Moment would summon all his virtuous Sentiments. Wisdom in an instant would render his Countenance cool and serene: *Neptune* does not more suddenly appease the hideous Tempest, when with his lifted Trident he threatens the raging Billows.

When *Telemachus* found himself alone, all his Passions that had been suspended like a Torrent stop'd by a strong Bank, wou'd take their natural Course: He cou'd not endure the Arrogance of the *Lacedemonians*, nor of *Phalantus* who was at their Head. This Colony, which came to found the City of *Tarentum*, was compos'd of young Men, born during the Siege of *Troy*, who had had no Education: The Illegitimacy of their Birth, the Incontinence of their Mothers, and the Licentiousness in which they had been brought up, gave them a Sort of Wildness and Barbarity, resembling rather a Gang of Robbers than a *Grecian* Colony.

Phalantus was ever upon the Catch to contradict *Telemachus*, and would often interrupt him in the publick Assemblies, despising his Counsels, as those of a raw unexperienc'd Man: He was always joking upon him, treating him as if he had been pusillanimous and effeminate: He expos'd his smallest Failings to the Chief Officers of the Army, endeavouring to sow Jealousy every where, and to make the Haughtiness of *Telemachus* odious to all the Confederates.

One Day *Telemachus* having taken some *Daunian* Prisoners, *Phalantus* pretended they belong'd to him, alledging it was he, who at the Head of his *Lacedemonians* had defeated that Party of the Enemy, and that *Telemachus* having found the *Daunians* already vanquish'd and put to Flight, had no other Trouble but that of giving them Quar-

Quarter, and carrying them into the Camp. *Telemachus* affirm'd on the contrary, that he had sav'd *Phalantus* from being beaten, and had obtain'd the Victory over the *Daunians*. They both pleaded their Cause in the Assembly of the Confederate Princes, where *Telemachus* was so transported with Passion, that he gave *Phalantus* threatening Language, and they had immediately come to blows, if they had not been hinder'd.

Phalantus had a Brother, whose Name was *Hippias*, fam'd throughout the Army for his Valour, Strength and Dexterity. *Pollux*, said the *Tarentines*, was not a better Combatant at the *Cestus*; nor cou'd *Castor* outdo him in managing a Horse. He had almost the Stature and Strength of *Hercules*; the whole Army fear'd him; for he was yet more Quarrellsome and Brutal, than Strong and Valiant.

Hippias, when he saw how haughtily *Telemachus* had treated his Brother, hastens away to carry off the Prisoners to *Tarentum*, without waiting for the Sentence of the Assembly. *Telemachus*, upon secret Intimation of it, goes out in a Rage, like a foaming Boar, that turns upon the Huntsman who had wounded him: You might see him roving up and down the Camp, throwing his Eyes about to find out his Enemy, brandishing the Dart with which he resolv'd to pierce him. At last meeting him that Sight redoubled his Rage.

He now ceased to be the wise *Telemachus*, instructed by *Minerva* in the Shape of *Mentor*: He was like a Madman, or a furious Lyon. He immediately cries out to *Hippias*: Stay, thou basest of all Mortals! Stay, we'll see if thou darest rob us of the Spoils of our Victory. Thou shalt not carry them to *Tarentum*: Go descend this Moment to the gloomy Banks of *Styx*. He spoke, and
(G) 5 flung

flung his Dart, but with so much fury that he cou'd take no Aim, and the Dart touch'd not *Hippias*. Immediately *Telemachus* lays his Hand upon his Sword, whose Hilt was of Gold, and which *Laertes* had given him when he parted from *Ithaca*, as a Pledge of his Love. *Laertes* had us'd this Sword with great Glory while he was young, and it was stain'd with the Blood of many famous Captains of the *Epirotes*, in a War wherein *Laertes* was victorious. Scarce had *Telemachus* drawn his Sword, when *Hippias*, resolving to take the Advantage of his own Strength, rush'd upon him, in Order to force it from out of the Hands of the young Son of *Ulysses*. The Sword was broke betwixt them, upon which they seiz'd each other and closed; and now behold them like two wild Beasts seeking to tear each other to Pieces: Their Eyes strike Fire, they contract themselves, then stretch their Limbs; they stoop, they rise again; they fly upon one another; they are eager for one another's Blood. And now they come to Blows, Foot to Foot, Hand to Hand, with their Bodies so twisted together, that they seem'd but one: But *Hippias*, who was of a more advanc'd Age, seem'd to be an Overmatch for *Telemachus*, who, by Reason of his tender Youth, was not so brawny and sinewy as the other. By this Time *Telemachus* being out of Breath, felt his Knees tremble; and *Hippias*, seeing him in a staggering Condition, redoubles his Efforts. There had been an End of the Son of *Ulysses*, and he had suffer'd the punishment due to his Temerity, if *Minerva*, who at a Distance watch'd over him, and left him in this Extremity of Danger only for his Instruction, had not determin'd the Victory in his Favour.

She did not quit the Palace of *Salentum*, but sent *Iris*, the swift-wing'd Messenger of the Gods, who

who cutting the immense Extent of the Air, and leaving behind her a long Track of Light, which painted a Cloud of a thousand different Colours; she rested not her self till she came to the Shore, where was incamp'd the numberles Army of the Confederates. She at a Distance beheld the Conflict, the Ardour and Strugglings of the two Combatants; she shiver'd at the Sight of the Danger which threaten'd young *Telemachus*; she draws near, wrapt in a bright Cloud form'd of subtle Vapours, at the very Moment when *Hippias*, exerting his whole Force, believ'd himself victorious: She cover'd the young Pupil of *Minerva* with the Shield which the sage Goddess had entrusted to her. Immediately *Telemachus*, whose Strength was quite spent, began to recover new Spirits; and as he reviv'd, the more *Hippias* was disorder'd; He felt something, as it were Divine, that crush'd and amaz'd him. *Telemachus* bears hard upon him, attacks him, sometimes in one Posture, sometimes in another; he leaves him not a Moment to recover himself; at last he throws him to the Earth and falls upon him. A well grown Oak of Mount *Ida*, hew'd with a thousand Blows of the resounding Ax, makes not a more terrible Noise in falling; the Earth groan'd, and all Things round about shook.

In the mean Time *Telemachus* found himself repossess'd of Wisdom as well as Strength. Scarce had *Hippias* touch'd the Earth, but the Son of *Ulysses* began to be sensible of the Fault he had committed, in attacking thus the Brother of one of the Confederate Kings, whom he came to succour. He call'd to Mind with Confusion the wise Counsels of *Mentor*; he was asham'd of the Victory, and was conscious he rather deserv'd to be vanquish'd. Mean while *Phalantus*, transported
with

with Rage, ran to succour his Brother, and had pierc'd *Telemachus* with a Dart, if he had not been afraid at the same Time to have hurt *Hippias*, whom *Telemachus* kept under him in the Dust. The Son of *Ulysses* might easily have taken his Enemy's Life, but his Wrath was asswag'd, and he thought of nothing now but repairing his Fault, by shewing his Moderation. Up he rises, uttering these Words: O *Hippias*, 'tis enough that I have taught thee not to despise my youth: Live, I admire thy Strength and Courage; the Gods have protected me, yield thou to their Power, and now let us think of nothing but uniting our Force against the *Daunians*. Whilst *Telemachus* thus spoke, *Hippias* rose up, besmear'd with Dirt and Blood, and extremely enrag'd and ashamed. *Phalantus*, not daring to take the Life of him who had so generously given it to his Brother, was quite beside himself, and knew not what to do. All the Confederate Kings ran to the Place: On the one Side they carry off *Telemachus*, and on the other Side *Phalantus* and *Hippias*, who was now so dispirited that he durst not lift up his Eyes. The whole Army cou'd not sufficiently admire *Telemachus*, who, at so tender an Age, before Men arrive at their full strength, was able to throw down *Hippias*, a Man who for strength and Bulk was like those earth-born Giants, who in Times of old attempted to expel the immortal Powers from *Olympus*.

But the Son of *Ulysses* was very far from enjoying the Pleasure of his Victory: And whilst others thought they could never enough admire him, he withdrew into his Tent, ashamed of his Fault; and being unable any longer to endure himself, he bemoan'd his Rashness: He was sensible how unjust and unreasonable he was in his Passion; he found a certain Vanity, Weakness, and Unge-

Ungenerousness in that excessive Pride of his: He acknowledg'd that true Greatness was no where to be found but in Moderation, Justice, Modesty and Humanity: All this he clearly saw, but he cou'd not tell how to hope that he should ever amend after so many Relapses: He was torn with inward Conflicts, and you might hear him roar like a furious Lyon.

Two Days he continued shut up by himself in his Tent, unable to go into any Company, and tormenting himself. Alas! said he, dare I ever look *Mentor* in the Face again? Am I the Son of *Ulysses*, the wisest and most patient of Men? Did I come hither to bring Dissention and Disorder into the Confederate Army? Is it their Blood, or that of the *Daunians*, I ought to shed? I was rash, I forgot how to lance my Dart; I expos'd my self to *Hippias* with unequal Strength, and I cou'd expect nothing but Death, and the Shame of being overcome: But what then? I shou'd no longer have been that thoughtless *Telemachus*, that hare-brain'd Fool, that does not profit by any Advice; then had my Disgrace and my Life ended together. O cou'd I but at least hope that I should never again commit the like Fault, I should still be happy, too, too happy! But perhaps before Night I may run into the same Errors, which at this Time fill me with so much Horror and Shame. O shameful Victory! O disagreeable Applause! Which indeed is nothing but a bitter Reproach of my Folly.

Whilst he was thus alone and comfortless, *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* came to him. *Nestor* had purpos'd to remonstrate to him how much he had been in the wrong; but the wise old Man, soon finding the Disconsolateness of *Telemachus*, changed

ged his grave Reproof into Expressions of Tenderness, to allay his Grief.

The Progress of the Confederate Princes was retarded by this Quarrel, nor cou'd they march towards the Enemy till they had first reconcil'd *Telemachus* with *Phalantus* and *Hippias*: They were every Moment afraid lest the *Tarentine* Troops should fall upon the hundred young *Cretans*, who follow'd *Telemachus* in this War: Every Thing was in Combustion thro' this single Oversight of *Telemachus*, who, being sensible that he was the Author of so many present Mischiefs, and future Dangers, gave himself up entirely to bitter Sorrowings. All the Princes were under the greatest Perplexities: They durst not march their Army, lest *Telemachus's* *Cretans* and *Phalantus's* *Tarentines* should fall foul on one another by the Way: And it was not without great Difficulty they were restrain'd from attacking each other within the Camp, where a strict Guard was kept over them. *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* went incessantly to and fro, between the Tent of *Telemachus* and that of the implacable *Phalantus*, who breathed nothing but Revenge. Neither *Nestor's* soft Eloquence, nor the Authority of the great *Philoctetes*, cou'd prevail upon his fierce stubborn Heart, which was still more incensed by his Brother *Hippias's* enrag'd Discourse. *Telemachus* was indeed much more temperate, but overwhelm'd with a Grief which refused all Manner of Consolation.

Whilst the Princes were in this Disorder, all the Troops were under an extream Consternation: The whole Camp look'd like the House of Mourning, that has just lost the Father of the Family, the Support of all his Relations, and the dear Hopes of his little Children.

During this Agitation and Consternation in the
Army,

Army, there was heard, of a sudden, the dreadful Noise of rushing Chariots; clattering Arms, neighing Horses, and cryings of Men; some as of Conquerors bent on Slaughter, others as of Run a ways either dying or wounded. A whirling Cloud of Dust cover'd the Sky, and invellop'd all the Camp: Presently to this Dust was joyn'd a thick Smoke that obscur'd the Air, and took away all Respiration. There was heard a hollow Noise like that of the Whirls of Flame which Mount *Ætna* vomits from its burning Entrails, when *Vulcan*, with his *Cyclops*, forges there Thunderbolts for the Father of the Gods. All Hearts were seiz'd with Terror.

The vigilant and indefatigable *Adrastus* had, it seems, surprized the Allies, having had Intelligence of their March, and concealing his own. He had with incredible Diligence march'd round an almost inaccessible Mountain, of which the Allies had seiz'd most of the Passes, and being possess'd thereof, thought themselves not only perfectly secure, but fancy'd that when the other Troops, which they expected, were come up, they shou'd be able, by these Avenues, to fall on the Enemy on the other Side the Mountain. *Adrastus*, who spared no Expence for Intelligence, had been advis'd of this their Resolution: For *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*, tho' in other Things wise and experienc'd, were not close enough in their Counsels. *Nestor* being now in the Decline of his Age, took too much Delight in recounting his former Actions, thro' a fond Desire of Praise. *Philoctetes* was by Nature more reserv'd; but was Passionate; and upon the least Provocation of his hasty Temper, he wou'd blab out what he design'd to conceal. Cunning People by this Means had found the Key to his Heart, whereby to come at all the most

most important Secrets. They needed but to set him in a Flame, then wou'd he break out into threatening Language, bragging of infallible Means to compass his Designs. If they seem'd in the least to doubt of those Means, he would presently, and without consideration, fall to explaining them, and thus the nearest and most intimate Secret escaped from his Heart, which was like a costly but leaky Vessel, that lets go the most delicious Liquors.

The Traytors, that were corrupted by *Adrastus's* Gold, did not fail taking Advantage of the Weakness of these two Princes. They wou'd be incessantly flattering *Nestor* with vain Praises, they repeated to him his past Victories, admir'd his Forecast, and ever applauded him. On the other Hand, they laid continual Snares for the impatient Humour of *Philoctetes*; they talk'd of nothing to him but Difficulties, Disappointments, Dangers, Inconveniencies, and irretrievable Oversights. As soon as his warm Disposition was once inflam'd, his Wisdom deserted him, and he was another Man.

Telemachus, notwithstanding the Faults we have mention'd, was far more close and wary in keeping a Secret. He had been accusom'd to Secrecy by his Misfortunes, and by being necessitated, even in his Childhood, to hide his Designs from *Penelope's* Lovers. He knew how to keep a Secret, without telling any Untruth; and yet cou'd lay aside that close mysterious Air, which is so common to People who are reserv'd: He did not seem oppress'd with the Burthen of the Secret which he kept; he always seem'd easy, natural, open, as one that carry'd his Heart upon his Lips. But at the same Time that he wou'd tell you every Thing that was of no Consequence, he knew how
to

to stop just in the nick, and without proceeding to those Things which might raise some Suspicion, and give a Hint of his Secret. By this Means his Heart was impenetrable and inaccessible; nay, he never communicated, even to his best Friends, but just so much as he thought was necessary, in Order to have their good Advice, and *Mentor* was the only Person with whom he acted without Reserve: He did indeed place a Confidence in some other Friends, but then he observ'd different Degrees of Confidence, according as he had met with Proofs of their Friendship and Discretion.

Telemachus had often observ'd, that the Resolutions of the Council were too soon and too much spread over the Camp. He hinted this to *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*; yet they, tho' Men of such great Experience, did not give sufficient Regard to so wholesome an Intimation. Old Age loses all its Suppleness, long Habitude ties it down, as it were, in Chains: there is no longer any Remedy against its Errors. Like full grown Trees, whose rough and knotty Trunk is harden'd by Years, and can never more be set straight: So Men at a certain Age cannot any more unbend themselves from those Customs which have grown up with them, and are, as it were, enter'd into the very Marrow of their Bones. Sometimes indeed they are conscious of their Faults, but too late; they in vain lament and bemoan themselves; and tender Youth is the only Age wherein Men have the Power of correcting what is amiss.

There was in the Army a *Delopian* named *Eurymachus*, a wheedling insinuating Sycophant, who cou'd adapt himself to the several Humours of the Princes, being ever studious, and inventive

of new Ways to please them. To hear him speak, nothing was ever hard to be compass'd; ask his Advice, he presently hit upon that which he thought wou'd be most agreeable: He was a pleasant drolling Fellow, ever joking upon the weak, and complaisant to those he stood in Awe of: He cou'd so nicely season his Flattery, as to make it grateful even to the most modest. He was grave with the grave, and sprightly with the jovial. He cou'd at any Time, with all the Ease in the World, assume whatever Shape he pleased: Sincere and honest Men, who are always the same, and who confine themselves to the strict Rules of Virtue, can never be so acceptable to Princes, as those who strike in with their predominant Passions. *Eurymachus* understood the Art of War; had a Talent for Business; was a Man who had resolv'd to push his Fortune, and in Order thereto had attach'd himself to *Nestor*, and gain'd his Confidence. He cou'd pump out of his Heart, (which was somewhat vain, and fond of Praise) whatever he had a Mind to know.

Tho' *Philoctetes* did not trust him, yet his cholerick and impatient Temper had in him the same Effect as *Nestor's* confidence in *Eurymachus*, who needed only to contradict him, and put him in a Passion, and then he discover'd every Thing. This fellow had receiv'd great Sums from *Adrastus*, to inform him of all the Designs of the Allies. This King of the *Daunians* had in the Army of the Allies a certain Number of Deserters, who were, one after another, to make of from their Camp, and return to his: And as often as any Thing of Importance happen'd, and such as might be of Benefit to *Adrastus* to be advertis'd of,
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Eurymachus us'd to dispatch away to him one of these Deserters. The Villany cou'd not easily be discover'd, because they carry'd no Letters, and if they were taken, there was nothing found upon them to make *Eurymachus* suspected.

In the mean Time, *Adrastus* continually prevented all the Enterprizes of the Confederates: For a Resolution was hardly taken in the Council, ere the *Daunians* did the very Thing that was necessary to hinder the Success of it. *Telemachus* was indefatigably industrious to find out the Cause of this, and to awaken *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* to a Distrustfulness, but to no Purpose: For they were blind.

The Council had resolv'd to wait for the numerous Troops that were coming up, and they had sent away privately in the Night a hundred Ships to transport those Troops with the greater Expedition, from a very rugged Coast where they were to come, to the Place where the Army was encamp'd. All this while they thought themselves secure, because their Troops were possess'd of the Avenues of a neighbouring Mountain, which is an almost inaccessible Side of the *Apennine*. The Confederate Army was encamp'd on the River *Galesus*, not far from the Sea, which is a very delicious Part of the Country, abounding in Pasturage, and all Things necessary for the Subsistence of an Army. *Adrastus* was encamp'd behind the Mountain, which they reckon'd he cou'd not pass: But he, understanding that the Confederates were weak, and expected a great Reinforcement; that the Ships were waiting for their Arrival, and that the Army was divided by the Quarrel between *Telemachus* and *Pbalantus*, with great

Expedition begins to march round about, which he did Night and Day, till he reach'd the Sea-Coast, and pass'd thro' Ways which till then had been thought impracticable. Thus Courage and Labour surmount the greatest Obstacles; and nothing is impossible to those who know how to dare and to suffer: Whereas those who supinely fall asleep, reckoning that what's difficult is impossible, deserve to be surpriz'd and oppress'd.

Adrastus, at Break of Day, surpriz'd the hundred Vessels that belong'd to the Allies; and which being ill guarded, because they thought themselves safe, he seized upon them without much Resistance, and made Use of them to transport his own Troops with incredible Diligence, to the Mouth of the River *Galesus*: Afterwards sailing up the River, the advanc'd Guards of the Confederate Camp taking these Ships to be fill'd with their own Troops, which they expected, immediately broke out into shouts of Joy. *Adrastus* and his Soldiers landed before they were known: They fall on the Allies, who distrust nothing, they find them scatter'd negligently up and down in an open Camp, without any Order, without a Commander, and unarm'd.

That Part of the Camp which he first attack'd, was where the *Tarentines* were quarter'd under the Command of *Phalantus*; and which the *Dau-nians* enter'd with so much Briskness, that the *Lacedemonian* Youth, being surpriz'd, were not able to resist: Whilst they were looking for their Arms, and hinder'd one another in the Confusion, *Adrastus* sets fire to the Camp; and immediately the Flame flies from Tent to Tent, and ascends to the Skies. Its Noise resembled that of a Torrent, which

which deluges a whole Country, and with its rapid Force carries away the largest Oaks, with their deep Roots, the Corn, Barns, Stalls, and Flocks. The Wind impetuously drives the Flame from Tent to Tent, and in an Instant the whole Camp looks like an old dry Forest, which is set on Fire by a small Spark.

Phalantus, tho' nearest the Danger, cou'd not remedy it: He saw plainly that all the Troops must perish in the Fire, if they did not instantly abandon the Camp; But he likewise saw how dangerous such a retreat might be before a victorious Enemy. He began to draw out his *Lacedaemonian* Youth, tho' with half their Arms; but *Adrastus* gives them no Respite: On one Side a Troop of expert Archers discharge numberless Arrows upon *Phalantus's* Soldiery, and on the other the Slingers hurl a Shower of large Stones. *Adrastus* himself, Sword in Hand, marching at the Head of a chosen Company of the boldest *Daunians*, by the Light of the Fire pursues the flying Troops: he mows down with the sharp-edg'd Steel whatever had escap'd from the Fire: He swims in Blood, yet cannot be satiated with Slaughter: His Fury surpass'd that of Lyons and Tygers when they worry to Death the Shepherds and their Flocks. *Phalantus's* Troops faint, their Courage fails them; pale Death, led on by an infernal Fury whose Head bristles with Adders, freezes their Blood in their Veins; their benumb'd Members grow stiff, and their tottering Knees leave them destitute even of the Hope of Flight. *Phalantus*, whose Shame and Despair still supplies him with some small Remainder of Strength and Vigour, lifts up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and sees

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his Brother *Hippias* fall at his Feet, beneath the strokes of *Adrastus's* thundering Hand. *Hippias* stretch'd on the Ground, grovels in the Dust, while a black boiling Stream issues from the deep Wound which had cleft his Side: His Eyes refuse the Light, and his furious Soul flies out with the last Drop of his Blood. *Phalantus* himself, besmear'd all over with his Brother's Blood, and unable to help him, finds himself beset with a Croud of his Enemies, endeavouring to overcome him: His Buckler is pierc'd with a thousand Darts; he is wounded in several Parts of his Body; he can no longer rally his fugitive Troops; the Gods behold him, but vouchsafe not to pity him.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

BOOK XVII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *having put on his Divine Armour, runs to the Relief of Phalantus, bears down, at first, Iphicles, Adrastus's Son, repulses the victorious Enemy, and wou'd have gain'd a compleat Victory over them, but that a sudden Storm puts an End to the Fight. Afterwards Telemachus causes the wounded to be carried off, takes Care of them and particularly of Phalantus. He is the chief Mourner in the Obsequies of his Brother Hippias, whose Ashes he presents to him in a Golden Urn.*

Jupiter, amidst the Celestial Deities, looks down from the Top of *Olympus*, and beholds the Slaughter of the Confederates: Then he consulted the unchangeable Destinies, and saw all those Captains whose Thread was that Day to be cut by the fatal Scissars. All the Gods were intent on *Jupiter's* Face, thereby to read his Pleasure. But the Father of the Gods and Men told them in a sweet yet majestick Voice: You see to what Extremity the Allies are reduc'd, you see *Adrastus* beating down all his Enemies; but this Spectacle is fallacious, the Glory and Prosperity of the Wicked is very short-lived; The impious, perfidious *Adrastus* shall not obtain a compleat Victory. This Misfortune befalls the Allies only to teach them to grow wiser, and to be more cautious in keeping their Councils secret: For now the sage *Minerva* is preparing a new Triumph for her Darling, the young *Telemachus*. Here *Jupiter* ceas'd speaking, and all the Gods in profound Silence continu'd to behold the Battle.

Nestor and *Philoctetes* by this Time were advertis'd that Part of the Camp was already consumed; that the Flame, driven by the Winds, was continually advancing, that their Troops were in Disorder, and that *Phalantus* cou'd no longer sustain the Enemy's Efforts. These fatal Words had scarce reach'd their Ears, but they run to Arms, assemble the Captains, and command them instantly to retire from the Camp, to avoid the spreading Conflagration.

Telemachus, who was dejected and disconsolate, now forgets his Grief: He puts on his Armour, the precious Gift of the wise *Minerva*, who, under the Shape of *Mentor*, made as if she had procur'd it from an excellent Artist of *Salentum*, but in Reality

Reality she had got *Vulcan* to make it in the smoking Caverns of Mount *Ætna*.

The Shield was as smooth as Ice, and bright as the Sun-beams. Upon it were ingraved *Neptune* and *Pallas* contending for the Honour of giving a Name to a new City. *Neptune* with his Trident struck the Earth, from whence a fiery Horse was seen springing. His Mane wanton'd with the Wind; and his supple and nervous Legs bent with Vigour and Nimbleness. He did not walk, but by the Strength of his Back, skip'd with so much Swiftneſs, that he left no Track of his Foot. One would have thought he hear'd him neigh.

On the other Side, *Minerva* gave to the Inhabitants of her new City, an Olive-Branch, with the Fruit of that Tree, which she had planted, and which represented sweet Peace with Plenty, preferable to the Troubles of War, of which that Horse was the Emblem. The Goddess gain'd the Victory by her plain and useful Gifts, and proud *Athens* bore her Name.

Minerva was also to be seen gathering about her all liberal Arts, which were represented by young, wing'd Boys. They fled for Refuge to her, being frightened by the brutal Fury of *Mars*, who ravages all, just as the bleating Lambs take Refuge near their Mothers, at the Sight of an hungry Wolf, who with an open fiery Mouth, rushes on to devour them. *Minerva*, with a disdainful and angry Look, by the Excellency of her Work, confounded the foolish Temerity of *Arachne*, who was so daring as to contend with her for Perfection in Tapeſtry; and there was seen that wretched mortal, all whose extenuated Members grew deformed, and turn'd into a Spider.

Near that Place appear'd also *Minerva*, who in the War against the Giants advised *Jupiter* himself,

and encourag'd all the other affrighted Gods. She was likewise represented with her Lance and *Aegis* on the Banks of the *Xanthus* and *Simois*, leading *Ulysses* by the Hand, reviving the Spirits of the flying *Greeks*; sustaining the Efforts of the bravest *Trojan* Captains; and of the dreadful *Hector* himself: And in the last Place, introducing *Ulysses* into that fatal Machine, which, in one Night, was to overthrow the Kingdom of *Priam*.

In another Part of the Shield was represented *Ceres* in the fertile Fields of *Enna*, in the middle of *Sicily*. There you might see that Goddess assembling together the Inhabitants who were scatter'd up and down in Search of something to support Nature, either by hunting, or by picking up the wild Fruit which had fallen from the Trees; she taught those ignorant Men the Art of cultivating the Earth, and to extract their Food from her fruitful Bosom. She shew'd them the Plough, and taught them how to yoke the Oxen to it; and now you might see the Earth cleft in Furrows by the sharp-edg'd Plough-share, and then you might perceive the golden Harvest covering the fruitful Plains. The Reaper with his Sickle crops the kindly Fruits of the Earth, and repays himself for all his Pains. Iron, elsewhere the Instrument of Destruction, was employ'd in this Place only to produce Plenty and all Sorts of Pleasures.

The Nymphs, crown'd with Garlands dance together in a Meadow on the Bank of a River near a Grove. While Pan plays on his Flute, the Fauns and wanton Satyrs frisk in a Corner by themselves. *Bacchus* was likewise represented crown'd with Ivy, leaning on his *Thyrsus*, and holding in his Hand a Vine-branch adorn'd with Leaves and Clusters of Grapes: His Beauty was indolent and easie, with a Mixture of something noble, passionate
and

and languishing. He look'd as he did when he appear'd to the unhappy *Ariadne*, and found her alone overwhelm'd with Grief for being deserted on an unknown Shore.

In the last Place, there were seen in all quarters vast Shoals of People; the old Men carrying the first Fruits of their Harvests into the Temples; young Men, fatigu'd with the Labour of the Day, returning to their Spouses, who going out to meet them, lead by the Hand their little Children, whom they fondle all the Way as they go. There were likewise several Shepherds represented, some singing, others dancing to the Sound of the Reed; the whole was a Picture of Peace, Plenty and Pleasure, every Thing look'd smiling and happy. Nay, you might see the Wolves in the Pastures playing among the Sheep; the Lyons and Tygers, having quitted their Fierceness, were feeding among the tender Lambs, whilst the young Shepherd, with his Crook, govern'd them all alike; and this lovely Picture recall'd to Mind the Charms of the Golden Age.

Telemachus, having put on his divine Armour, instead of his own Shield took up the terrible *Aegis* which *Minerva* had sent him, and which *Iris* the swift Messenger of the Gods had left him. *Iris* had without his Knowledge carry'd away his own Buckler, and given him instead of it this *Aegis*, formidable to the very Gods.

Thus arm'd he runs out of the Camp to avoid the Flames; he calls to him, with a strong Voice, all the Commanders of the Army, and his Voice already began to inspire fresh Courage into the dismay'd Allies: A divine Fire sparkles in the Eyes of the young Warrior. He still appears mild free and sedate, still attentive to give the necessary Orders, with as much Caution as an old Man in ruling

ling his Family, and instructing his Children; but in the Execution, he is prompt and vigorous, like an impetuous River, which not only precipitates his frothy Billows, but carries along with it in its rapid Course, the Vessels of the greatest Burden that float upon it.

Philoctetes, *Nestor*, and the Commanders of the *Mandurians*, and other Nations, found in the Son of *Ulysses* a Sort of Authority which irresistibly aw'd them all. And now the old Men no longer can trust to their Experience: Counsel and Wisdom forsake all the Commanders; even Jealousy, a Passion so natural to all Men, is wholly extinguish'd in their Breasts; all keep Silence, all admire *Telemachus*, all wait for his Commands implicitly, and as if it had been customary for them so to do. He comes forward, ascends an Eminence, from thence observes the Posture of the Enemy, and forthwith judges it necessary to use the utmost Expedition to surprize them in their present Disorder, while they were burning the Camp of the Confederates. He fetches a compass with all possible Diligence, and the most experienc'd Commanders follow him. He falls upon the *Daunians* in their Rear, at a Time when they thought the Confederate Army was involv'd in the Flames of the Camp. This Surprize disorders them: They fall beneath the Hand of *Telemachus*, as the Leaves fall in the Forests in the latter Days of *Autumn*, when the boisterous North-wind, fraught with Winter, clatters all the Branches, and makes the aged Trunks to groan: The Earth is cover'd with the Bodies of those whom *Telemachus* has overthrown. With his own Javelin he pierced the Heart of *Iphycles*, *Adrastus's* younger Son, who presumed to offer him Combat, to save his Father's Life, who was in Danger of being surpriz'd by *Telemachus*. The Son of *Ulysses*
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and *Iphycles* were both beautiful, vigorous, full of Conduct and Courage, of the same Stature, the same Age, had the same sweetness of Temper, and were equally dear to their Parents: But *Iphycles* prov'd like an opening Flower in the Meadow, cut down by the Mower's Scythe. Afterwards *Telemachus* overthrows *Euphorion* the most celebrated of all the *Lydians* that came into *Uetruvia*: Then his Sword pierces the new marry'd *Cleomenes*, who had promised his Spouse to bring her the rich Spoils of his Enemies, but was destin'd never to return himself.

Adrastus foam'd with Rage to see the Death of his Son and of many other Commanders, and the Victory slipping out of his Hands. *Phalantus*, almost crush'd at his Feet, is like a half-slain Victim, that shuns the edge of the Sacred Knife, and flies away far from the Altar. But one Moment more and *Adrastus* had compleated the Ruin of the *Lacedemonian*.

Phalantus, drown'd in his own Blood, and in that of the Soldiers who fought with him, hears the Shouts of *Telemachus* advancing to his Relief; in that Moment he regains new Life, and the Cloud, that had already overspread his Eyes, is dispell'd. The *Daunians*, being not aware of this Attack, leave *Phalantus*, in Order to repulse a more formidable Enemy. *Adrastus* is like a Tyger, from whom an united Body of Shepherds snatches the Prey which he was ready to devour. *Telemachus* seeks him out in the Croud, resolving at once to put an End to the War, by delivering the Allies from their implacable Enemy.

But *Jupiter* refused to the Son of *Ulysses* so quick and so easy a Victory. *Minerva* too was willing he shou'd undergo more Difficulties, that he might the better understand how to govern Men. The
impious

impious *Adrastus* therefore was preserv'd by the Father of Gods, that *Telemachus* might thereby gain more Glory and Virtue. A thick Cloud which *Jupiter* gather'd in the Air saved the *Daunians*; the Will of the Gods was declar'd in dreadful Thunder. One wou'd have thought that the eternal Arches of high *Olympus* were going to break down on the Heads of feeble Mortals; the Lightning split the Clouds from Pole to Pole, and scarce had they dazzled the Eyes with their darting flame, but all relapsed again into Midnight Darkness. In the same Instant a mighty Shower of Rain falling, serv'd likewise to part the two Armies.

Adrastus took Advantage of the Succour of the Gods, without having any Regard to their Power, and for this Ingratitude deserved to be kept for a more severe Vengeance. He hasten'd to march his Army between the Camp that was half burnt down, and a Morass that reach'd as far as the River; which he did with so much Expedition and Dexterity, that this very Retreat was a Demonstration of his Presence of Mind and Readiness of Invention. The Allies, encouraged by *Telemachus*, were for pursuing him; but by Favour of the Storm he escap'd, as a swift-wing'd Bird out of the Nets of a Fowler. The Allies now think on nothing but returning to the Camp and repairing their Loss. As they enter'd it, they saw the most lamentable Effects of War: The Sick and Wounded not being able to crawl out of their Tents, were consequently unable to avoid the Fury of the Fire: They appear'd half burnt, sending up to Heaven their doleful Cries and dying Shrieks. *Telemachus's* Heart was pierc'd with it; he cou'd not refrain weeping; he often turn'd away his Eyes, being seiz'd with Horror and Compassion; he cou'd not

not without shuddering behold those Bodies that were still alive, and destin'd to a tedious and dreadful Death: They look'd like the Flesh of Victims that is burnt on the Altars, and whose Smell spreads it self all around.

Alas! said *Telemachus*, how mischievous are the Effects of War? What blind Fury pushes on unhappy Mortals? Their Days are few upon the Earth, and those Days attended with so much Misery! Why then will they hasten their Death, which is already so near? Why will they add so much dreadful Desolation to the Bitterness with which the Gods have fill'd this short Life? Men are all Brethren, and yet they worry one another; the Savage Beasts are less cruel than they are to each other: The Lyons never make War with Lyons, nor the Tygers with Tygers; nor do they fall upon any Creatures of their own Species: Man alone, in Despight of his Reason, does that which Beasts that are void of it never did. But once more, what need is there for these Wars? Is there not Land more than enough in the Universe, to employ the Labour of all Mankind? What vast prodigious Tracts lie desert? Mankind can never replenish them. What then! an empty Notion of Glory, a vain Title of Conqueror, which a Prince is in pursuit of, kindles and spreads the Flames of War over vast Tracts of Land! Thus one Man, sent by the angry Gods into the World as a Scourge, brutally sacrifices many others to his Vanity. Every Thing must go rack, every Thing swim in Blood, every Thing be destroy'd by Fire, and those who escape the Fire and Sword, must perish by more cruel Famine, to gratify one single Man who makes all human Nature his Sport, and finds his Pleasure and Glory in this general Desolation. What monstrous Sort of Glory is this! Can we
too

too much detest and despise such Men as forego all Ties of Humanity? No, they are far from being Demi-Gods; they are hardly so much as Men: They ought to be held in Execration by all succeeding Ages which they were in Hopes to be admired by. Ah! with how much Deliberation ought Princes to weigh every Thing before they undertake a War! The Causes of it ought to be just; nor is that enough; they ought to be necessary for the publick Good. The Blood of the People ought not to be spilt, but for their own Preservation in Cases of Extremity: But the Counsels of Flatterers, a mistaken Notion of Glory, groundless Jealousies, and unreasonable Covetousness, cover'd with specious Pretences; in short, insensible Engagements generally hurry Princes into Wars that make them unhappy; wherein they put their Whole to the Venture without Necessity, and which, in the End, prove no less fatal to their own Subjects than to the Enemy. Thus did *Telemachus* reason: But he did not only confine himself to deplore the Miseries of War, but endeavour'd to alleviate them; you might see him go from Tent to Tent, visiting the sick and dying Soldiers; he distributed Money and Medicine among them; he cheer'd them by his friendly Discourses, and sent others to visit them, when he cou'd not do it himself.

Among the *Cretans* that came with him there were two old Men, *Trausmaphilus* and *Nozophugus*. The former had been at the Siege of *Troy* with *Idomeneus*, and had been taught by the Sons of *Æsculapius* the divine Art of curing Wounds: He us'd to pour into the deepest and most invenom'd Wounds a fragrant Liquor, which ate away all the dead and putrified Flesh, without being forc'd to make Incisions, and which quickly caused new Flesh to grow more sound and better colour'd

colour'd than the former. As for *Nozophugus* he had never seen the Sons of *Æsculapius*, but by the Means of *Merione* he had got Possession of a sacred and mysterious Book, which *Æsculapius* had given his Sons: Besides this, *Nozophugus* was a Favourite of the Gods: He had compos'd Hymns in Honour of the Children of *Latona*, and us'd every Day to sacrifice a white unspotted Sheep to *Apollo*, by whom he was oftentimes inspired. He no sooner saw a sick Person, but he cou'd tell by his Eyes, the Colour of his Skin, the Conformation of his Body, and the Manner of his Breathing, what the Source of his Malady was. Sometimes he administer'd Sudorificks, and by the Success of Sweatings, he shew'd how much the Mechanism of our Bodies is either help'd or hurt, disorder'd or restor'd by Perspiration. In lingering Diseases he gave certain Drinks, which by Degrees recover'd the noble Parts, and renew'd the Vigour of the Patients by sweet'ning their Blood: But he wou'd often declare, that it was for Want of Virtue and Courage Men had so frequent Occasion for Physick. It is a Shame, wou'd he say, for Men to have so many Diseases: For a sober Life produces sound Health: Their Intemperance, said he, changes into deadly Poyson the Aliments which were destin'd to preserve their Life. Immoderate Pleasures shorten Mens Days more than the best Medicaments can prolong them: The Poor are seldomer sick for Want of Food, than the Rich are by the Excess of it. Meats that are too relishing, and which create an immoderate Appetite, are rather a Poyson than a Nutriment. Medicines in themselves are really mischievous and destructive of Nature, and ought only to be us'd on pressing Occasions; but the great Medicament, which is always

harmless, always useful, is Sobriety, Temperance in Pleasures, Tranquility of Mind, and bodily Exercise; by this the Blood is sweeten'd, and in good Temperament, and all superfluous Humours are dissipated. Thus was the wise *Nozophugus* less admir'd for his Medicines, than for the Regimen he prescrib'd to prevent Diseases, and to render Medicines unnecessary.

These two Men were sent by *Telemachus* to visit all the Sick in the Army. They cur'd many of them by their Medicaments, and many more by the Care they took to have their Patients well tended; for they made it their Business to keep them neat and clean, thereby to prevent noisom Air, and made them observe an exact and sober Diet, during their Recovery. The Soldiers were all deeply affected with a Sense of these Benefits, and gave Thanks to the Gods, for sending *Telemachus* into the Confederate Army.

This is no Mortal, said they, but doubtless some beneficent Deity under a human Shape; at least, if he is a Man, he resembles more the Gods than the Rest of Mankind, and is sent to the Earth only to do good; he is more amiable for his Sweetness and Good-nature than for his Valour. O that we cou'd have him for our King! But the Gods reserve him for some more happy Nation, whom they favour, and among whom they intend to renew the Golden Age.

Telemachus, while he went in the Night-time to visit the several Quarters of the Camp, to prevent the Stratagems of *Adrastus*, was an Ear-witness of these Commendations, which cou'd not be suspected of Adulation, as those are which Flatterers bestow on Princes to their very Faces, upon a Supposition

position that they are void of Modesty and Discernment, and that the sure Way to gain their Favour, is to praise them immoderately. The Son of *Ulysses* cou'd relish nothing but Truth; nor cou'd he bear any other Commendations but such as were given him in private, far from him, and which he had truly deserv'd. As his Heart was not insensible of such Commendations; he felt that sweet, that pure Delight which the Gods have annex'd to Virtue alone, and which ill Men, for Want of experiencing it, can neither conceive nor believe; but he did not give a Loose to the Enjoyment of this Sort of Pleasure. The Faults he had committed came crowding again into his Mind; he did not forget his natural Haughtiness and Indifference to other Men; he was secretly ashamed that his natural Disposition shou'd be so harsh, and his Looks so stern. He referr'd to the sage *Minerva* all the Glory that was given him, and which he thought himself undeserving of.

It is thou, O great Goddess, did he say, that bestowedst *Mentor* on me to instruct me, and correct my evil Disposition; it is thou that hast bless'd me with Wisdom, to make me improve by my Faults, and distrust my self; it is thou that checkest my impetuous Passions: It is thou that makest me feel the Pleasure of relieving the distressed; without thee I shou'd be hated, and justly too; without thee I shou'd commit irreparable Faults, and be as a Child, who not being sensible of its own Weakness, lets go the Hold it had of its Mother, and falls the very first step it makes.

Nestor and *Philoetes* were amaz'd to see *Telemachus* grown so gentle, so obliging, so officious, so helpful, so ingenuous to obviate even all Ex-

igencies; they cou'd not tell what to think; they found him to be quite another Man. What most surprized them, was the Care he took about the Funeral of *Hippias*; he went himself and fetch'd the bloody and disfigur'd Body from the Place where it lay bury'd under a Heap of other dead Men. He bedew'd it with pious Tears, and said: O mighty Shade, now thou knowest how much I esteem thy Valour; 'tis true, thy Haughtiness did provoke me, but it proceeded from the Heat of thy Youth, and I am not insensible how much that Age stands in need of Pardon. We should in Time have been sincerely united in the Bonds of Friendship: The Fault was wholly mine: O ye Gods! why have you taken him from me, before I cou'd force him to love me.

Telemachus afterwards caus'd the Body to be wash'd in odoriferous Liquors, and then gave Orders concerning the Funeral Pile. The lofty Pines groaning beneath the Strokes of the Ax, come tumbling down from the tops of the Mountains; the Oaks, those ancient Sons of the Earth, that seem'd to threaten Heav'n; the tall Poplars, the Elms, with their verdant Heads and thick-leav'd Branches; the Beeches, the Glory of the Forest, lay all fell'd along the Bank of *Galefas*. There was rais'd in exact Symmetry a Funeral Pile, resembling a regular Building; the Flame begins to appear, and a Whirl of Smoke ascends up to the Skies. The *Lacedaemonians* advance with a slow and mournful Pace, trailing their Pikes, and with their Eyes fix'd on the Ground: bitter Sorrow stands imprinted in their fierce Looks; and the Tears trickle down in Abundance. Next came the aged *Pherecides*, not so much depress'd by the
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Number of Years, as by his Grief for surviving *Hippias*, whom he had brought up from his very Infancy. He rais'd towards Heaven his Hands and his Eyes, that were drown'd in Tears. After the Death of *Hippias* he refus'd all Manner of Food, nor was it in the Power of gentle Sleep to weigh down his Eye-lids, or to suspend the Smartness of his Grief for a Moment. With a trembling Pace he march'd after the Croud, not knowing whither he went; not a Word issued out of his Mouth, his Heart was so wrung with Grief; it was a Silence of Despair and Dejection. But when he saw the Pile kindled, then he cry'd out in a Fury; O *Hippias*, *Hippias*, I shall never see thee again! *Hippias* is no more, yet I still live! O my dear *Hippias*, 'tis I that occasion'd thy Death; 'twas I that taught thee to despise it; I believ'd thy Hands wou'd have clos'd my Eyes, and that thou wou'dst have catch'd my latest Breath: Cruel Gods, you prolong my Life, only that I might see the Death of *Hippias*: Oh! dear Child, whom I had brought up with so much Care, I shall see thee no more, I shall see thy Mother, whom Grief will kill, and who will reproach me with thy Death; I shall see thy young Spouse beating her Breast, tearing of her Locks, and I all the while am the unhappy Cause of it! O dear Shade, call me to the Banks of *Styx*; the Light grows hateful to me; and 'tis thee only, my dear *Hippias*, that I wish to see again. *Hippias*, *Hippias*, O my dear *Hippias*, all I now live for, is to pay my last Duty to thy Ashes!

Mean while you might see the Body of young *Hippias* stretch'd out on a Bier adorn'd with Purple, Gold and Silver; Death, that had put out the Light of his Eyes, was not able to deface all his

Beauty, and the Graces still faintly appear'd in his pale Face. Around his Neck, which was whiter than Snow, but now leaning on his Shoulder, his long black Hair hung loose, finer than that of *Atis* and *Ganymede*, but which were now going to be reduc'd to Ashes. You might behold in his Side the gaping Wound whereat all his Blood had issued out, and which had sent him down to the melancholy Regions of *Pluto*.

Telemachus sad and dejected, followed the Corpse close, strewing Flowers all the Way. When they came to the Pile, the Son of *Ulysses* cou'd not, without shedding new Floods of Tears, behold the Flame seize the Cloth in which the Body was wrapt. Adieu, said he, O magnanimous *Hippias*; for I dare not call thee Friend; be appeased, O Shade, who hast merited so much Renown! if I did not Love thee I shou'd envy thy Happiness; thou art freed from those Miseries which still compass us Mortals; thou didst retire from them by the most glorious Path: Alas! how happy shou'd I be if my End were the same! May *Styx* never be able to stop thy Ghost; may the *Elysian* Fields be open to thee; may Fame preserve thy Renown throughout all Ages, and may thy Ashes rest in Peace!

Scarce had he said these Words, intermix'd with Sighs, when the whole Army set up a Cry; they were mov'd with Pity for *Hippias*, upon the Recital of his great Actions; their Grief for his Death brought to their Minds all his good Qualities, and made them forget all those Oversights which had been occasion'd by Heat of Youth, or a faulty Education. But they were yet more mov'd with the tender Sentiments of *Telemachus*. Is this, said they,

they, the young *Greek* that was so proud, so haughty, so disdainful, so untractable? Behold, how humane, how kind, he is now become! Doubtless *Minerva*, who so much lov'd his Father, has the same Affection for the Son! Doubtless she has bestow'd on him the most valuable Blessings that the Gods can give to Mortals, in conferring on him, together with Wisdom, a Heart that is susceptible of Friendship.

The Body being by this Time consumed by the Flame, *Telemachus* did himself besprinkle the yet smoaking Ashes with a perfum'd Liquor; then he put them into a golden Urn, which he crown'd with Flowers, and carry'd that Urn to *Phalantus*, who lay stretch'd out, wounded in several Places, and who in the Extremity of his Weakness, already had a Glimpse of the melancholy Gates of Death.

Already had *Trausmaphilus* and *Nozophugus*, whom the Son of *Ulysses* had sent to attend him, used their utmost Skill for his Relief. They had by little and little recall'd his departing Soul; fresh Spirits insensibly revived him; a gentle and a penetrating Vigour, a Balsam of Life, insinuated it self from Vein to Vein, even to the inmost Recesses of his Heart; an agreeable Warmth drew him from the frozen Hands of Death; but in the very Moment that his Fainting left him, Grief of Mind succeeded: he began to be sensible of the Loss of his Brother, which 'till then he had not been in a Condition to consider. Alas! said he, why all this Care to save my Life? Had I not better die and follow my dear *Hippias*? I saw him fall hard by me: O *Hippias*, the Comfort of my Life, my Brother, my dear Brother, thou art now no more! I must now no longer see thee nor hear thee,

thee, nor embrace thee, nor communicate to thee my Troubles, nor comfort thee in thy own! O ye Gods, enemies to Mankind, must *Hippias* be for ever lost to me! Is it possible? But is it not a Dream? No, 'tis but too real: O *Hippias*, I have lost thee, I have seen thee dye, and I must live; so long at least till I have reveng'd thee: I will sacrifice to thy *Manes* the cruel *Adrastus*, distain'd with thy Blood.

Whilst *Phalantus* was thus speaking the two divine Men us'd their utmost Endeavours to assuage his Grief, for Fear it shou'd encrease his Ailments, and hinder the Effect of their Medicines. On a sudden, perceiving *Telemachus* before him, his Heart was at first agitated by two contrary passions: He had entertain'd a deep Resentment of what had pass'd between *Telemachus* and *Hippias*: And this Resentment was quicken'd by his Grief for the Loss of *Hippias*. On the other Hand, he cou'd not be ignorant that he ow'd the Preservation of his own Life to *Telemachus*, who rescu'd him, all bloody and half dead, out of the Hands of *Adrastus*. But when he saw the golden Urn, which contained the beloved Ashes of his Brother *Hippias*; he pour'd forth a flood of Tears, he embrac'd *Telemachus* without being able to speak a Word: At last with a languishing Voice, interrupted with Sobs, he said:

O worthy Son of *Ulysses*, your Virtue compels me to love you; to you I am beholden for this small Remainder of Life, which is drawing towards its End: But I am still beholden to you for what is far more dear to me; had you not hinder'd it, my Brother's Body had become a prey to Vultures; had it not been for you, his Ghost, depriv'd

priv'd of Sepulture, had wander'd miserable upon the Banks of the River *Styx*, continually repulsed by the pitiless *Charon*. Must I be so deeply oblig'd to a Man whom I hated so much? Repay him, O ye Gods, and deliver me from this Load of Life! And thou, *Telemachus*, perform for me the last Duty which you performed for my Brother, that nothing may be wanting to make your Glory compleat.

At these Words *Phalantus* was quite spent and overwhelm'd with Excess of Grief. *Telemachus* stay'd by him without daring to speak, and waited till he had recover'd a little Strength. *Phalantus*, soon coming again to himself, takes the Urn out of *Telemachus*'s Hand, kiss'd it over and over, watering it with his Tears, and said: O dear, O precious Ashes! When shall mine enclos'd with you in the same Urn! O thou Ghost of *Hippias*, I will follow thee to the Shades below; *Telemachus* will avenge us both.

Mean while *Phalantus* recover'd daily by the Care of those two Men endow'd with the Science of *Æsculapius*. *Telemachus* was always by them, that they might use the more Diligence in perfecting the Cure; and the whole Army admir'd more his Goodness in relieving his greatest Enemy, than the Valour and Conduct he had shew'd in Battle, when he sav'd the Confederate Army. *Telemachus* at the same Time was indefatigable in the most rugged Hardships of War: He slept little, and his Slumberings were often interrupted, either by the Intelligence he receiv'd every Hour, in the Night as well as by Day, or by viewing all Parts of the Camp, which he never did twice together at the same Hour, that he might the better surprize

those who were negligent. He wou'd often return to his Tent cover'd o'er with Sweat and Dust: His Dyet was plain, he liv'd like the common Soldiers, that he might set them an Example of Sobriety and Patience. Provisions growing scarce in that Incampment, he judg'd it necessary to stop the Murmuring of the Soldiers, by voluntarily sharing with them the same Inconveniences they underwent. His Body, instead of being weaken'd by so painful a Life, every Day became stronger and more harden'd: He began to lose those tender Graces which are, as it were, the Bloom of Youth: His Complexion grew brown, and less delicate, and his Limbs less soft, and more nervous.





THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK XVIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus being, by various Dreams, perswaded that his Father is no longer among the Living, resolves to put in Execution his Designs of going to look for him in the Infernal Regions. Hereupon he steals away from the Camp, attended by two Cretans as far as a Temple near the famous Cavern of Acherontia: He goes thro' Darkness to the Bottom of it; arrives on the Banks of the Styx, and Charon receives him into his Boat. He makes application to Pluto, who permits him to look for his Father. He crosses the Tartarus, where he sees the Torments inflicted on the ungrateful, perjur'd Hypocrites, and especially on bad Kings.

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MEAN while, *Adrastus*, whose Troops had been considerably diminish'd in the Battle, had posted himself behind the Hill *Aulon*, to wait the coming up of several Reinforcements, and try once more to surprize the Enemy, like a famish'd Lyon, which having been repuls'd from the Sheepfold, returns again into the shady Forests, and re-enters his Den, where he whets his Teeth and Claws, waiting for a favourable Opportunity to destroy the whole Flock.

Telemachus, having taken Care to establish a strict Discipline throughout the whole Army, apply'd himself now solely to execute a Design he had already form'd, and which he conceal'd from all the Commanders. He had been for a considerable Time disturb'd every Night with Dreams that represented to him his Father *Ulysses*. His dear Image ever return'd towards the End of the Night, before *Aurora* with her dawning Light began to chase from Heaven the wandering Stars, and from the Earth gentle Sleep, attended with fluttering Dreams. Sometimes he fancy'd he saw *Ulysses* naked in one of the fortunate Islands, on a River's Bank, in a Meadow enamell'd with Flowers, and surrounded by Nymphs who threw Garments on him to cover him. Sometimes he thought he heard him talk in a Palace glittering with Gold and Ivory, where he was listen'd to with Pleasure and Admiration by Men crown'd with Garlands. At other Times *Ulysses* appear'd to him of a sudden, amidst the bright Joy and Delights of a Feast; where he thought to hear the soft Harmony of a Voice with a Harp more melodious than the Harp of *Apollo*, or the Voice of all the Muses.

Telemachus awaking wou'd grow melancholy upon the Recollection of these agreeable Dreams. Oh my Father! Oh my dear Father *Ulysses*! cry'd he;

he; the most frightful Dreams had been pleasanter to me. These Images of Felicity give me to understand, that you are already descended to the Mansion of blessed Souls, in which the Gods reward their Virtue with eternal Tranquility: Methinks I see the Elysian Fields: O how uneasy a Thing it is to hope no more! Oh my dearest Father, shall I never see you more! never again embrace him who lov'd me so tenderly, and whom I seek after with so much Pain and Toil! Shall I never again hear the Voice of that Mouth which us'd to pour forth Wisdom! Shall I never again kiss those Hands, those precious, those victorious Hands by which so many Enemies have fallen? Shall they never punish the foolish Lovers of *Penelope*? And must *Ithaca* never rise again from her Ruins? Oh ye Gods, who are Enemies to my Father, it is you who send me these fatal Dreams, to tear from my Heart all Hope, which is the same as if you tore Life it self from me! No, I can no longer live in this Uncertainty: Alas! What say I? I am but too well assur'd that my Father is no more: I'll go even to the Infernal Shades to find out his Ghost. *Theseus* went thither with good Success; the impious *Theseus* who durst offer Violence to the infernal Deities, whereas I am led thither by a Motive of Piety. *Hercules* descended thither: I am not *Hercules*, but 'tis glorious to dare to imitate him. *Orpheus*, by the Recital of his Misfortunes, moved the Heart of that God, who they say, is inexorable; he obtain'd Leave for *Euridice* to return to the Living. I have a juster Claim to Compassion than *Orpheus*, for my Loss is much greater. Who will compare a young Girl, who had nothing extraordinary, with the sage *Ulysses* admir'd by all *Greece*? Let us go, let us dye, if it must be so: Why should we fear Death, when

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we suffer so much in Life? O *Pluto*, O *Proserpine*, I will soon try whether you are so pitiless as you are reported to be! O my Father, after having in vain travell'd o'er Land and Sea to find you out, I will go see whether you are in the melancholy Abodes of the Dead: Though the Gods refuse me the Pleasure of enjoying the Sight of you upon Earth, and in the Light of the Sun; perhaps they may not refuse me the Sight of your Ghost in the Kingdom of Darknes.

As *Telemachus* was speaking these Words he bedew'd his Bed with Tears; then presently he arose and endeavour'd by Enjoyment of the Light to mitigate that sharp Sorrow which his Dreams had occasion'd; but it was an Arrow which had pierc'd his Heart, and which he continually carry'd about with him. In this Anguish he took a Resolution to descend into the Lower Regions by a famous Place not far from the Camp; it is called *Acherontia*, because in this Place there is a dreadful Cave which leads down to the Banks of *Acheron*, a River by which the Gods themselves are cautious how they swear. The Town was plac'd on a Rock, like a Nest on the top of a Tree: At the Foot of the Rock was this Cavern, which fearful Mortals did not adventure to come near: The Shepherds were watchful to turn their Flocks from going that Way: The sulphureous Vapours of the *Stygian* Lake, incessantly exhaling thro' this Passage, tainted the ambient Air; around it grew neither Herb nor Flower: There none ever felt the gentle Fannings of the Zephyrs, or saw the blooming Graces of the Spring, nor the rich Gifts of Autumn: The parch'd ground look'd languishing, and nothing was to be seen but some few leafless Shrubs, and fatal Cypress-trees. Even at a Distance from the Place, *Ceres* deny'd her golden Har-

Harvest to the Labourers. In vain did *Bacchus* seem to promise his delicious Fruits: The Grapes wither'd instead of ripening. The melancholy *Naiades* cou'd not conduct a limpid Stream; their Waves were bitter and muddy. No warbling Bird was heard in this Desert o'ergrown with Thorns and Brambles; no Grove was there to shelter the feather'd Choristers; they went and sung their Loves beneath a milder Sky. Nothing was heard there but the croaking of the Ravens, and the Owl's hideous Voice: The very Grass was bitter, and the Flocks which fed thereon, did not feel that kindly Joy which uses to make them skip. The Bull flew from the Heifer, and the dejected Shepherd forgot his Pipe and Flute.

Out of this Cavern there frequently issued forth a black thick Smoke, which made a Sort of Night at Mid-day. At such Times the neighbouring People renew'd their Sacrifices to appease the infernal Deities; but oftentimes Men, in the Flower of their Age, and in the Bloom of their Youth, were the only Victims which these cruel Deities took Pleasure to sacrifice by a fatal Contagion.

It was here that *Telemachus* resolv'd to find out the Way into the black Abode of *Pluto*. *Minerva* who never ceas'd watching over him, and who had cover'd him with her *Ægis*, had bespoke *Pluto's* Favour in his behalf. Even *Jupiter*, at the Request of *Minerva*, had order'd *Mercury* (who every Day goes down to the Regions below, to deliver into *Charon's* Hands a certain Number of Mortals) to desire the King of the Shades, that he wou'd permit the Son of *Ulysses* to come within his Dominions.

Telemachus, by Favour of the Night, steals away from the Camp; he travels by the Light of the Moon, and invokes that powerful Deity, who in
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the Heavens appears the bright Planet of the Night, on Earth is the chaste *Diana*, and in Hell the dreadful *Hecate*. This Goddess heard his Prayers with a favourable Ear, because his Heart was righteous, and because he was led by the pious Love of a dutiful Son.

Scarce had he approach'd the Entry of the Cave, when he heard the Roarings of the subterranean Empire: The Earth trembled under him, and the Heavens arm'd themselves with Lightning and Fire, which seem'd to fall on the Earth. The young Son of *Ulysses* was surpriz'd and troubled, and his whole Body was cover'd with a cold Sweat; but his Courage supported him; he lifted up his Hands and Eyes towards Heaven. Great Gods, cry'd he, I accept these happy Omens, compleat your Work. He spoke, and redoubling his Pace, went boldly forward.

In an instant the thick Smoke, which render'd the Entry of the Cavern fatal to all other Creatures that came near it, was dissipated; the poysonous Smell ceased for a while; and *Telemachus* enter'd alone, for what other Mortal durst follow him? Two *Cretans* who had accompany'd him to a certain Distance from the Cave, and whom he had made privy to his Design, stood trembling and half dead a great Way from it, in a Temple, pouring forth Prayers, and never expecting to see *Telemachus* again.

Mean while, the Son of *Ulysses*, with his Sword in his Hand, rushes into this horrible Darknefs: presently he perceives a dim and faint Light, such as we see in the Night-time on Earth. He observes the nimble Ghosts fluttering round him, and he puts them by with his Sword: Not long after he espies the melancholy Banks of the marshy River, whose foul and fluggish Waters turn in a
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continual Whirl-pool: He discovers upon the Banks of it an innumerable Croud of departed Souls, who being destitute of Burial, appear in vain before the unrelenting *Charon*. This Deity, who thro' eternal old Age is peevish and fretful, tho' still vigorous, answers them with nothing but Threats and Repulses; but at first Sight admits into his Boat the young *Greek*. *Telemachus* had no sooner enter'd it, than he heard the mournful Groanings of a certain disconsolate Ghost.

What is the Cause, said he, of your Misery? What were you upon Earth? I was, reply'd the Ghost, *Nabopharzar*, King of proud *Babylon*: All the People in the East trembled at the very Sound of my Name. I made the *Babylonians* worship me in a Temple of Marble, where I was represented by a Statue of Gold, before which they burn'd Night and Day the most precious perfumes of *Æthiopia*: None ever durst to contradict me, but he was immediately punish'd for it: Fresh Diversions were every Day invented, to render Life more delightful to me. I was yet young and vigorous: O what Satisfaction, what luscious Enjoyments I had yet to taste in that exalted Condition! But a Woman whom I lov'd, and who lov'd not me, made me sensible that I was not a God. She poyson'd me, and now I am nothing. Yesterday my Ashes were with great Solemnity put into a golden Urn. The People wept, they tore their Hair, and seem'd as if they wou'd throw themselves into the Flames of my funeral Pile, and share my Fate: Some are still going to mourn at the foot of the magnificent Tomb, where my Ashes are laid; but no Body does really lament the Loss of me; even my own Family have my

Memory in Abhorrence, and here below I begin already to suffer the most outrageous Abuses.

Telemachus, mov'd at this Sight, said to him: Were you truly happy during your Reign? Did you feel that kindly Peace without which the Heart remains always shrunk and blasted, as it were, amidst the greatest Pleasures? No, reply'd the *Babylonian*, I don't so much as know what you mean: The *Sages* extol this Peace as the only Good; but for my Part I never felt it. My Heart was incessantly ruffled with fresh Desires, with Fear and with Hope. I endeavour'd to stupify my self by the violent Agitation of my Passions; I endeavour'd to keep up this intoxicating Frenzy to make it lasting: The least Interval of calm Reason had been intolerably bitter to me. Such was the Peace which I enjoy'd; all other I took to be a meer Fable and a Dream: These are the Blessings which I regret.

In speaking this, the *Babylonian* wept like a pusillanimous poor-spirited Wretch, enervated by Prosperity, and unaccustom'd to bear Misfortunes with Resolution. There were hard by him certain Slaves, who had been slain to grace his Funeral. *Mercury* had deliver'd them into *Charon's* Hands, together with their King, and had given them absolute Power over him, who, when on Earth, was their Master. The Ghosts of these Slaves now no more stood in Awe of the Ghost of *Nabopharzan*: They kept him in Chains, and offer'd him the most cruel Indignities. One would say to him were we not Men as well as Thee? How camest thou to be so senseless as to fancy thy self a God? Ought'st thou not to have remember'd that thou wert but Flesh and Blood like other
other

other Men? Another, in an insulting manner said to him, Thou wert in the right not to be thought a Man, for thou wert a Monster void of all Humanity. Another would say to him, Well, what is now become of thy Flatterers? Thou hast now nothing to bestow, poor Wretch! 'Tis out of thy Power to do any more Mischief; thou art now become a Slave to thy own Slaves; the Gods are sure, tho' slow, in executing Justice.

At these harsh Expressions *Nabopharzan* flung himself flat on his Face, tearing his Hair thro' Excess of Rage and Desperation; but *Charon* said to the Slaves, pull him by his Chain, raise him up in spite of his Teeth; he shall not have so much as the Satisfaction to conceal his Shame; it must be seen by all the Ghosts about *Styx*, that they may bear Witness of it, and absolve the Gods, who so long suffer'd this impious Wretch to reign upon the Earth. This is, O *Babylonian*, but the beginning of thy Sorrow: Prepare thyself for thy Tryal before the inflexible *Minos*, Judge of the Infernal Regions.

While the dreadful *Charon* was thus speaking, his Boat reach'd the Shore of *Pluto's* Empire. All the Ghosts came thronging to view this living Man, that appear'd in the Boat among the dead: But scarce had *Telemachus* landed, 'ere they all fled away like the Shades of Night, which are dissipated by the first Glimpse of the Day. *Charon*, with a Brow less wrinkled, and Eyes less fierce than usual, said to the young *Greek*: O Mortal, favourite of the Gods, since it is given thee to enter into the Kingdom of Night, inaccessible to other living Men, make Haste and go where the Destinies call thee; go thro' this gloomy Path to the

Palace of *Pluto*, whom thou wilt find on his Throne: He will permit thee to enter into those Places, the Secrets of which I am not allow'd to discover.

Upon this *Telemachus* advances with a quick Pace; he sees on all Sides of him Multitudes of hovering Ghosts, more numerous than the Sands that cover the Sea-shore. Amidst the Hurry of this infinite Croud; he is seiz'd with a divine Horror, observing the profound Silence of these vast Regions. His Hair stood an End so soon as he reach'd the melancholy Mansion of the pitiless *Pluto*: his Knees tremble, his Voice fails him, and it was not without great Difficulty he pronounc'd these Words to the God: You see, O terrible Deity, the Son of the unhappy *Ulysses*: I come to enquire of you whether my Father is descended into your Dominions, or whether he is still wandering upon the Earth?

Pluto was seated on a Throne of Ebony; his Complexion was pale and severe; his Eyes hollow, but sparkling with Fire; his Face wrinkled and menacing. The Sight of a living Man was as odious to him, as the Light is offensive to the Eyes of those Creatures, that are accusom'd to keep within their Recesses till the Approach of Night. By his Side appear'd *Proserpine*, who alone commanded his Affections, and who seem'd in some Measure to soften his Heart. She enjoy'd an ever-blooming Beauty; but her divine Graces seem'd to be somewhat tarnish'd by a certain harsh and stern Air, which she had contracted from her Consort.

At the Foot of the Throne was pale and devouring Death, with his sharp-edged Scythe, which
he

he was continually whetting. About him flew black Cares, cruel Jealousies, Revenges glutted with Blood and full of Wounds; unjust Hatred, Covetousness gnawing it self, Despair tearing it self with its own Hands, wild Ambition that puts every Thing in Combustion, Treason that feeds upon Blood, and cannot enjoy the Fruits of its Wickedness: Envy that pours forth her deadly Venom all around her, and who grows outrageously mad when she is unable to do any Hurt, Impiety digging a bottomless Pit, and desperately throwing herself into it, hideous Spectres, Phantoms that assume the Shapes of the dead to frighten the living, dreadful Wakings no less tormenting than sad Dreams: With all these direful Images was the fierce *Pluto* surrounded, and with these were his Palace fill'd: He answer'd *Telemachus* with a hollow Voice that made the Bottom of *Erebus* to roar: Young mortal, Destiny has made thee violate this sacred Sanctuary of the Ghosts: follow thy high Destiny: I will not tell thee where thy Father is; 'tis enough, thou art free to go look for him; since he has been a King upon Earth, thou hast no more to do but to traverse, on the one Hand, that Part of gloomy *Tartarus* where wicked Kings are punished; and, on the other, the *Elysian* Fields, where the good ones are rewarded. But thou can'st not pass from hence into the *Elysian* Fields, till thou hast gone thro' *Tartarus*; make Haste thither, and get you out of my Dominions.

With this *Telemachus* seems to fly thro' those void and immense Spaces, so impatient was he to seek his Father, and to avoid the Presence of that horrible Tyrant, dreaded both by the living and the dead. He presently finds himself on the

Borders of the melancholy *Tartarus*, from whence there arose a black and thick Smoke, whose pestilential Stench wou'd have brought present Death with it, if it had reach'd the Abodes of the living: This Smoke fate upon a River of flaming Fire, the Noise whereof, like that of the most impetuous Cataracts falling from some steep Rock into a bottomless Pit, struck those almost deaf that enter'd into those dismal Places.

Telemachus, secretly encourag'd by *Minerva*, undauntedly enters this Gulph. At first he perceiv'd a great Number of Men, who had liv'd in the meanest Condition, and who were punish'd for having heap'd up Riches by Fraud, Treachery and Cruelty. He observ'd great Numbers of impious Hypocrites, who, making as if they had lov'd Religion, employ'd it as a fair Pretext to cover their Ambition, and to impose upon the credulous: These Men, who had abus'd Virtue itself (the greatest Gift the Gods have to give) were punish'd as the most villainous of all Mankind. The Children who had kill'd their Fathers or Mothers, Wives who had imbru'd their Hands in the Blood of their Husbands; Traytors who had sacrificed their Country after they had violated all the most solemn Oaths, were less severely punish'd than these Hypocrites. Such was the Sentence of the three Infernal Judges, which was grounded upon this; because, the Hypocrites not thinking it enough to be ill, like the Rest of the wicked, wou'd pass for good Men, and so by their counterfeit Virtue they make others shy of trusting those who are really virtuous. The Gods, whom they mock'd, and whom they make despicable in the Eyes of Men, take Delight in exercising their whole Power to revenge such Insults.

Near

Near to these appear'd another Sort of Men, whom the Vulgar do not believe to be very culpable, but whom the divine Vengeance punishes without Mercy. These are the Ungrateful, the Lyars, the Flatterers, who commend Vice; the malicious Censurers, who endeavour to sully the brightest Virtue; in fine, those who have rashly pass'd Sentence without thoro'ly considering Things, and thereby have prejudiced the Reputation of the Innocent. But of all Ingratitudes, that which was punish'd as the blackest, is that which is committed against the Gods: What, said *Minos*, shall a Man be reputed a Monster that fails in his Acknowledgments to his Father, or to his Friend, from whom he has receiv'd Assistance, and shall Men glory in their Ingratitude towards the Gods, of whom they hold Life, and all the Benefits belonging to it? Do they not owe their Being to them more than to the Parents of whom they are born? The more such Crimes are excused upon Earth, the more they become Objects of Vengeance here below, where nothing can escape the Test.

Telemachus seeing the three Judges passing Sentence upon a Man, took the Liberty to ask them, what where his Crimes? The criminal immediately taking upon himself to answer, cry'd out: I never did the least Evil; on the contrary, I plac'd my greatest Happiness in doing good: I ever was generous, liberal, just, compassionate; what have they then to charge me with? To which *Minos* answerd: We have nothing to accuse thee of with respect to Men, but didst thou not owe to them far less than to the Gods? Where is then that Justice thou so much bragg'st of? Thou hast fail'd in

nothing towards Men, who are nothing; thou hast been virtuous; but thou hast referr'd all thy Virtue to thy self, and not to the Gods who gave it thee. Thou hadst a Mind to enjoy the Fruits of thy own proper Virtue, and made it center in thy self: Thou hast been thy own Deity; but the Gods, who were the Creators of all Things, and who have made nothing but for themselves, cannot renounce their Right. As thou didst forget them, so they will forget thee, and surrender thee up to thy self; since for thy self thou liv'dst, and not for them. Find now (if thou canst) Consolation in thy own Heart. Thou art now for ever separated from the Company of Men, whom thou didst study so much to please; thou art now alone with thy self, thy own Idol: Know that there is no true Virtue without the Reverence and Love of the Gods, to whom every Thing is due: Thy sham Goodness, which has so long dazzled the Eyes of credulous Mankind, shall now be put to Confusion. Men who judge of Virtue and Vice only with respect to their own Conveniency, or Inconveniency, are blind both as to Good and Evil; but in this Place a divine Light overthrows all their superficial Opinions, condemning what they admire, and justifying what they condemn,

At these Words the Philosopher, as if he had been thunderstruck, could no longer endure himself; the Complacency with which he formerly contemplated his own Moderation, Courage and Generosity, were new turn'd into Despair; the Review of his own Heart, which had been so false to the Gods, became his Punishment. He sees himself, and spight of all he can do, is not able to turn his Eyes from the hateful Object: He now
sees

Book XVIII. of TELEMACHUS.

fees the Vanity of the Opinions of Men, whom in all his Actions, he had study'd to please. There is an universal Revolution of every Thing within him, as if all his Entrails were turn'd up-side down; he is no more the same Man; his Heart no longer gives him Support or Comfort; his Conscience, whose Testimony was formerly so pleasing to him, flies in his Face, and terribly upbraids him with the Deceit and Illusion of all his Virtues, which had not the worship of the Gods either for their Principle or their Object. He is troubled, disorder'd, fill'd with Shame, Remorse and Despair: The Furies, indeed, do not torment him; because they thought it enough to have deliver'd him up to himself; and his own Heart sufficiently avenges the Gods whom he had despis'd; Since he cannot hide himself from himself, he seeks the darkest Places to hide himself from others: He courts Darknes, but cannot find it; a troublesome Light pursues him every where; every where the piercing Rays of Truth revenge his Contempt of her. What he lov'd formerly now becomes loathsome to him, as being the Source of his Miseries which are never to have an End. He says to himself: Fool that I am, I have neither known the Gods, nor Mankind, nor my self: No, I have been ignorant of every Thing, since I never lov'd the only and true Good: Every step I took was wrong; my Wisdom was nothing but Folly, and my Virtue nothing but impious and foolish Pride; for I idoliz'd nothing but my self.

At last *Telemachus* espy'd those Kings that were punish'd for having abus'd their Power. On one Hand, a vindictive Fury held up to them a Mirror which represented to them all their Vices in their

full Deformity: There they saw, in spite of themselves, their fulsome Vanity that greedily swallow'd down the grossest Flattery; their Hard-heartedness towards Men, for whose Benefit they were born; their Insensibility of Virtue; their Dread to hear the Truth; their Love of base Men and Flatterers; their Inapplication, their Effeminacy, their Sloth, their Jealousy, their Pride, their excessive Pomp built upon the Ruin of their People; their Ambition to purchase a little vain Glory with the Blood of their Subjects: In fine, their Cruelty, which every Day hunts out for new Pleasures amidst the Tears and Distresses of so many unhappy Wretches. In this Mirror they incessantly behold themselves under Images more dreadful and monstrous than the Chimera that was vainquish'd by *Bellerophon*, or the *Lernean Hydra*, which was destroy'd by *Hercules*, or the *Cerberus* himself, tho' he disgorges from his three-gaping Throats a black and venomous Gore, capable to infect the whole Race of Mankind with poysonous Exhalations.

At the same Time, on the other Hand, another Fury did insultingly repeat to them the Encomiums which their Flatterers had bestow'd on them while alive, and presented another Mirror, wherein they saw themselves under the same Representation as Flattery had described them. The Opposition of these so contrary Portraits, was the Punishment of their Vanity. It was observable, that the most wicked of these Kings were such, as during their Lives, had receiv'd the most exalted Praises; because the Evil are more dreaded than the Good, and shamelessly exact the sordid and nauseous Flatteries of the Poets and Orators of their Time.

You

You might hear them groan in this profound Darkness, where they can see nothing but the Mockings and Insults which they are oblig'd to suffer. They have none about them but such as repulse, contradict and oppose them; whereas on Earth they sported themselves with the Live of Men, and pretended that all Things were made for them alone. In *Tartarus* they are deliver'd over to the capricious Humours of certain Slaves, who make them feel, in their turn, the severities of a cruel Bondage; their Slavery is painful, nor have they the least Hopes of being ever able to mitigate their Captivity. Under the Lash of those Slaves, now become their Tyrants, they seem like the Anvil beneath the Hammers of the Cyclops, when *Vulcan* presses them on to Work in the glowing Furnaces of Mount *Ætna*.

There *Telemachus* perceiv'd pale, hideous, and melancholy Countenances, occasion'd by gnawing Grief, which the Criminals feel within themselves, nor can they any more deliver themselves from this Horror, than from their own very Nature. They need no other Punishment for their Crimes than their Crimes themselves, which incessantly stare them in the Face, with all their most aggravating Circumstances: They present themselves to them like horrible Apparitions, they pursue them, whilst those who are pursu'd, in Order to secure themselves, call for a Death more powerful than that which separated them from their Bodies. In the Height of their Despair they court a Death that may extinguish in them all Sense and Thought: They call upon the Deep to swallow them up, that they may be rescu'd from the avenging Beams of Truth, which persecutes them; but they are reserv'd

reserv'd for a Vengeance which distils upon them Drop by Drop, and will never be dry'd up. The Truth, which they dreaded to see, now becomes their Punishment; they see it, but whilst it flies in their Face, the Sight of it pierces them, tears them to Pieces, and puts them besides themselves; 'tis like the Lightning, which, without destroying the Outside, penetrates to the inmost Parts of the Bowels. Like to Metal in a flaming Furnace, the Soul is as it were liquify'd in this avenging Fire; its Texture is destroy'd, and yet there is nothing consum'd; it dissolves even the very first Principles of Life, and yet it is impossible for it do dye: They are torn from themselves, and can find neither Ease nor Comfort for the least Minute: They subsist only by their Rage against themselves and by a Despair which makes them furious.

Among the many Objects which made *Telemachus's* Hair stand erect, he saw several of the ancient Kings of *Lydia* punish'd for having preferr'd a lazy, to a laborious Life, which ought to be inseparable from Royalty, for the Ease of the People.

These Kings reproach'd each other for their Follies: One of them said to another, who had been his Son, did I not often recommend to you, when I was old and sinking to my Grave, to take Care to redress those Mischiefs which I had committed through Negligence? O unhappy Father, reply'd the Son, 'tis you that have ruin'd me; 'twas your Example that inspired me with Pride, Arrogance, and Cruelty to Mankind. While I saw you reign in so indolent a Manner, and surrounded with so many base Flatterers, I grew fond of Flattery and Pleasure: I thought the Rest of Men were, in Respect of Kings, what Horses
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and other Beasts of burden are in Regard to Men; that is to say, Beasts, which are no otherwise esteem'd, than as they are serviceable and minister to our conveniency: This was my Opinion; it was from you I deriv'd it, and now I endure all these Miseries for imitating your Example. From these Reproaches, they proceeded to the most dreadful Curses; and were so enraged, that they seem'd to be ready to tear one another piece-meal.

Around these Kings there likewise hover'd, like Owls in the Night-time, cruel Suspicions, vain Allarms, Diffidences which revenge Subjects upon their inhuman Kings, insatiable Thirst of Riches, a false Glory that is ever tyrannical, and vile Effeminacy, which doubles all the Evil one suffers, without ever being able to afford any solid Pleasure. Many of these Kings were severely punish'd, not for the Ill they had done, but for the Good they ought to have done: All the Crimes of the People, which proceed from Remissness in executing the Laws, were imputed to the Kings, who ought to reign for no other End, but to make Laws reign thro' their Ministry. They were likewise charg'd with all the Disorders, which arise from Pride, Luxury, and all other Excesses which throw Men into a State of Violence, and tempt them to transgress the Laws to acquire Wealth. Above all, those Kings were treated with great Rigour, who instead of being good and vigilant Shepherds over the People, thought of nothing but how to worry their Flocks like so many voracious Wolves.

But that which most troubled and surpriz'd *Telemachus* was, to see in this Abyss of Darkn^{ess} and

and Misery, a great many Kings, who had pass'd on Earth for tolerably good Princes, now condemn'd to the Pains of *Tartarus*, for suffering themselves to be overrul'd by wicked and designing Men: These were punish'd for the Evils which they had suffer'd to be committed by their Authority: Most of these Kings were neither good nor wicked, their Weakness was so great; they never had dreaded being kept in Ignorance of the Truth; they never had a Relish for Virtue, nor plac'd their Glory in doing Good.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS

BOOK XIX.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus enters the Elysian Fields, where he is known again by Arceſius; his Great-Grand Father, who assures him, that Ulyſſes is among the living; that he will ſe him again in Ithaca; and that he will reign there after his Father. Arceſius deſcribes to him the Felicity which juſt Men enjoy, particularly good Kings, who during their Lives have worſhipped the Gods, and conſulted the Happineſs of their Subjects. He makes him take Notice, that the Heroes who excelled only in the Art of making War, are far leſs happy in a ſeparate Place. He gives Inſtructions to Telemachus; after which the latter goes back to rejoyne with Speed the Confederate Camp.

NO sooner had *Telemachus* got out of this Place, but he felt himself as much eased as if a huge Mountain had been remov'd of his Breast: By this he was convinced of the Misery of those who are shut up there, without Hope of being ever released. He shiver'd with Horror, in observing how much Kings were more grievously tormented than other Criminals. What, said he, so many Duties, so many Perils, so many Snares, so many Difficulties in coming at the Truth, to guard against others, and against one's self too, and at last so many horrible Tortures in Hell, after having been so envy'd, so worry'd, and so thwarted in a short Course of Life! Oh how void of Sense is the Man who courts a Crown! Happy he who takes up with a private peaceable Manner of Life, wherein he may with more Ease be virtuous!

In making these Reflections, his Mind was troubled and disorder'd; he was brought under a Consternation which made him feel something of that Despair those miserable Princes suffer'd, whose wretched Condition he had been considering. But the further he made off from these Territories of Darkness, Horror and Despair, his Courage began gradually to revive; he breathed anew in Proportion as he went forward, and now began to perceive at a Distance that kindly and pure Light, which stream'd from the Mansions of the Heroes.

Here resided all those virtuous Kings, who till that Time had govern'd Mankind, being separated from other good Men. As wicked Princes were infinitely more severely punish'd in *Tartarus* than those of inferior Condition; so these good Kings enjoy'd,

enjoy'd, in the *Elysian* Fields, a Happiness infinitely exceeding that of the Rest of Mankind, who had devoted themselves to Virtue, when upon Earth.

Telemachus advances towards these Kings, who were in odoriferous Groves on the ever fresh and flowery Green: A thousand little Rivulets water'd this beauteous Place with a Crystal Stream, which imparted a delicious Freshness all around: An infinite Number of Birds made those Groves resound with their melodious chirping and singing: Here were seen at once the Flowers of the Spring growing up beneath one's Feet, and the rich Fruits of Autumn hanging on the Trees over Head: Here was never felt the scorching Heat of the Dog Star, nor durst the bleak North Winds dare to breathe forth the Rigours of Winter. Neither War that thirsts after Blood, nor cruel Envy that bites with an invenom'd Tooth, and carries twisted Vipers in her Bosom, and wreath'd about her Arms; nor Jealousies, Distrusts, Fears, nor vain Desires did ever approach this blessed Mansion of Peace: Here the Day knows no End, and the Night with her sable Veil is utterly unknown; a pure, agreeable Light spreads it self round the Bodies of these righteous Men, and surrounds them with its Rays like a Garment: It is not like that which lightens the Eyes of miserable Mortals, and which compar'd to this, is no better than Darkness: It is rather a Celestial Glory than a Light, for it penetrates more subtilly the thickest Body, than the Beams of the Sun can pierce the purest Crystal; yet it never dazzles, but, on the contrary, strengthens the Eyes, and produces in the inmost Recesses of the Soul, an inexpressible Serenity. It is this alone that nourishes those blessed Men; it comes out of them, and goes back into them; it penetrates into

P. II. (L) them,

them, and incorporates it self with them, as Food with us; they see it, they feel it, they breathe it; it causes an inexhaustible Fountain of Peace and Joy to spring up in their Souls: They plunge into this Abyss of Joy as Fishes into the Sea; they desire nothing; they have all Things without having any Thing, for the Relish of this pure Light satisfies the Hunger of their Souls; their utmost Wishes are gratified, and their Plenitude raises them above all that empty hungry Minds court upon Earth: All the Pleasures that surround them do not affect them, because their consummate Happiness, which proceeds from within them, admits no Sense of any Delights to enter from without: Just as the Gods, who satisfied with *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, wou'd reject and nauseate those gross Meats, which the most exquisite Table of Mortals cou'd set before them. All Evils fly away from these calm Abodes: Death, Sicknes, Poverty, Pain, Lamentation, Remorse, Fear, and Hope too, (which often is as painful to us as Fear) Divisions, Disgusts and Vexations can find no Access there.

The lofty Mountains of *Thrace*, which with their Brows, cover'd with everlasting Snow, do split the Clouds, might sooner be overturn'd from their Foundations, which are fix'd in the Center of the Earth, than the Hearts of these righteous Men be mov'd in the least Degree; only they compassionate the Inhabitants of the Earth for the Miseries that oppress them; but then it is such a sweet and calm Kind of Compassion, as alters not in the least their unchangeable Felicity. Eternal Youth, endless Happiness, and all divine Glory are impress'd on their Countenances; but their Joy has nothing in it that is wanton or indecent: It is a noble, majestic Joy; it is a sublime Taste of Truth and Virtue that transports them; they are every Moment,
without

without Interruption, seiz'd with such an Elevation of Heart, as is felt by a tender Mother at the Sight of her beloved Son whom she had given over for dead: But this Rapture, which soon withdraws from such a Mother's Heart, never forsakes the Souls of these Men; it never decays in the least, it is always fresh and new; they have the Transports of Inebriation, without the Disorder and Stupefaction of it: They discourse together of what they see and taste, they trample under Foot the fond Delights and vain Poms of their former Conditions, which they deplore; they with Pleasure reflect on those sad but short Years, wherein they were oblig'd to struggle against their own Inclinations, and the Torrent of corrupt Men, to become virtuous: They admire the Assistance of the Gods who led them, as it were by the Hand, in the Paths of Virtue, thro' a Multitude of Perils; something unspeakably Divine runs incessantly through their Hearts, like a Flood of the Divine Nature it self, which unites it self to them: They see, they feel that they are happy, and are sensible they shall always be so; they all sing the Praises of the Gods, and all of them together make but one Voice, one Thought, one Heart, one Felicity, which is like a Flux and Reflux in these united Souls: While they enjoy these divine Raptures, whole Ages glide away more swiftly than Hours do with Mortals here on Earth; and yet a thousand and a thousand Ages, when elapsed, do not in the least diminish their Felicity, which is always new, and always entire: They all reign together, not on such Thrones as the Hand of Man can overturn, but in themselves with a Power that can never be shaken; for now they have no more need to make themselves formidable, by a Power borrow'd from a vile and miserable People; nor

do they any longer wear those vain Diadems, beneath whose dazzling Lustre lurk so many Fears and melancholy Cares: The Gods themselves have placed on their Heads such Crowns, whose Glory nothing can ever tarnish.

Telemachus, who was in Quest of his Father, and was once afraid of finding him in these Regions, was so ravish'd with this Taste of Peace and Felicity, that he cou'd have wish'd to have met him here, and was very much concern'd, that he himself shou'd be forc'd to return again into the Society of Mortals: Here it is, said he, that true Life is to be found, and what on Earth is call'd Life is nothing but Death: But what surpriz'd him was, his seeing so many Kings punish'd in *Tartarus*, and so few bless'd in the Elysian Fields. This convinc'd him that there are but few Kings who are firm and couragious enough to withstand their own Power, and to reject the Flattery of so many Men who study to excite all their Passions; so that good Kings must needs be very rare, and the greatest Part are so wicked, that the Gods wou'd not be just, if, when they have suffered them to abuse their Power during their Life, they shou'd not chastise them after their Death.

Telemachus, not finding his Father among these Kings, look'd about him to see if he cou'd find at least his Grandfather the divine *Laertes*. Whilst he was looking for him in vain, a venerable majestic old Man made up to him. He did not look like one that was depress'd with Age: One might perceive only that he was old before he dy'd: His old Age was only a mixture of all the Gravity of numerous Years, with all the Graces of Youth; for those Graces revive, even in the most decrepid old Men, the Moment they enter into the Elysian Fields. This Man advanc'd eagerly towards
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Telemachus, and look'd upon him with all the Complacency imaginable, as on a Person who was very dear to him. *Telemachus*, not knowing him, was both in Pain and in Suspence.

I forgive thy not knowing me, O my dear Son, said the old Man to him: I am *Arceſius*, Father of *Laertes*; I resign'd my laſt Breath a little before *Ulyſſes* my Grandſon ſet out for the Siege of *Troy*: Thou wert then an Infant in thy Nurſe's Arms; I even then conceiv'd great Hopes of thee, nor was I miſtaken, ſince I ſee thee deſcended into *Pluto's* Kingdoms to ſeek thy Father, and ſince the Gods are thy Support in this Enterprize. O happy Child! thou art favour'd by the Gods, who are laying up for thee a Glory equal to thy Father's! O how happy am I to ſee thee again! Seek no more thy Father in theſe Regions; he is yet alive, reſerv'd to reſtore the Grandeur of our Family in the Iſle of *Ithaca*. Even *Laertes*, tho' he bends beneath the Weight of Years, yet ſtill enjoys the Light, and waits for his Son's coming to cloſe his Eyes. Thus Mortals paſs away like Flowers that blow in the Morning, and in the Evening are wither'd and trampled under Foot: The Generations of Men ſlide away like the Waves of a rapid River; nothing can ſtop the Courſe of Time, which ſweeps away even ſuch Things as ſeem to be the moſt immoveable. Thou, O my Son, my dear Son, thou, who now enjoy'ſt ſo lively and ſo pleaſurable a Youth, forget not that this bright Part of thy Youth is nothing but a Flower, that is almoſt as ſoon wither'd as blown. Thou wilt ſee thy ſelf inſenſibly chang'd; the ſmiling Graces, the gentle Joys, Strength, Health, and Jollity will vaniſh like a delightful Dream, and will leave behind them nothing but the ſad Remembrance. Languid old Age, an Enemy to Pleaſure, will wrinkle thy

Brow, bend thy Body, weaken thy trembling Limbs, dry up in thy Heart the Source of Joy, make thee disrelifh what is present, and dread what is to come, and render thee infensible of every Thing but Pain and Sorrow. This Time to thee seems distant and remote; but alas, my Son, thou art deceiv'd; it hastens towards thee, and will soon reach thee: That which advances with so much Rapidity cannot be far from thee; Time is always upon the Wing; nay the present Time is already gone far away, since it is annihilated in the Moment we are speaking, and can come near us no more. Therefore, O my Son, never rely on the present, but let the prospect of Futurity support thee in the rough uneven Path of Virtue: Prepare for thy self, by a virtuous Course of Life a Place in the happy Seat of Peace: In a short Time thou shalt see thy Father resume the Government of *Ithaca*. Thou art born to reign after him; but alas, O my Son, how deceitful a Thing is Royalty! If you look on it afar off, you see nothing but Authority, Grandeur and Pleasure: But if you approach near to it, it is full of Thorns and Difficulties. A private Man, may, without Disgrace, lead a calm obscure Life; but a King cannot, without Reproach, prefer an easy, unactive Life, to the painful Offices of Government; he owes himself to the Nation he governs, and is not allow'd to be his own Man: His least Slips are of infinite Consequence, because they occasion National Miseries, and that sometimes for several Ages. He ought to check the Audaciousness of wicked Men, support Innocence, and discountenance Calumny. It is not enough for him to do no Ill; he must do all the possible Good that his People stands in need of. It is not enough for him to do Good for his own Part; but he must likewise prevent all the Mischiefs

Mischiefs others wou'd do, were they not restrain'd. Fear therefore, O my Son, fear so perillous a Condition, be arm'd with Courage against thy self, against thy Passions, and against Flatterers.

Arceſius, as he ſpoke theſe Words, ſeem'd poſſeſſed with a Divine Flame, and carry'd a Countenance full of Compaſſion for the Miſeries that accompany a Royal State. A Crown, ſaid he, if aſſum'd for the gratifying a Man's own ſelf, is a monſtrous Tyranny; if accepted to fulfil the Duties that belong to it, and to conduct a numerous People, as a Father guides his Children, it is a laborious Servitude that requires Heroick Courage and Patience. On the other Hand, it is certain that thoſe who have reign'd with an untainted Virtue, are here in Poſſeſſion of all that the Gods can poſſibly give to compleat their Happineſs.

While *Arceſius* ſpoke in this Manner, his Words ſunk deep into *Telemachus's* Heart, and were impreſſed therein like thoſe indelible Figures which an able Artiſt graves in Braſs, in Order to tranſmit them to the moſt remote Poſterity. His ſage Diſcourſe was like a ſubtle Flame that pierc'd into the very Bowels of the young *Telemachus*, who felt himſelf mov'd and inflam'd, and whoſe Heart ſeem'd to melt through a ſuper-natural Operation. That which lodg'd in the moſt intimate Recesses of his Soul, ſecretly conſum'd him; he cou'd neither contain it, nor ſupport it, nor reſiſt ſo violent an impreſſion; it was a quick and bewitching Kind of Pain, a lively and delightful Sentiment, mix'd with a Sort of Torment, capable of depriving one of Life.

At length *Telemachus* began to breathe more freely: He perceiv'd in the Countenance of *Arceſius* a great Reſemblance of *Laertes*; he thought too

that he remember'd, though imperfectly, in his Father *Ulysses* the same Kind of Lineaments, when he set out for *Troy*. This Resemblance melted his Heart, so that Tears of joy gently trickled down from his Eyes. He wou'd needs embrace a Person so dear to him, and several times he attempted it, but in vain; the empty Shadow still mock'd his straining Arms, just as a delusive Dream flies from a Man when he thinks he has it fast: One while his thirsty Mouth pursues a fugitive Stream; another while his Lips move themselves to form Words which his benumn'd Tongue cannot utter: He eagerly reaches out his Hand, and catches nothing. Thus fares it with *Telemachus*, who cannot gratify his Tenderness; he sees *Arcefius*, hears him, speaks to him, but cannot touch him: At Length, he asks him, who those Men are that stand round him?

They are, my Son, said the grave old Man, such Persons as have been the Ornament of the Age they liv'd in, the Glory and Happiness of Mankind: Thou seest the few Kings who have been truly worthy of Royalty, and have faithfully discharged the Function of Gods upon Earth. Those others whom thou seest not far from them, but parted by that small Cloud, enjoy a less Degree of Glory; these indeed are Heroes, but the Recompence of their Valour and military Expeditions is not to be compar'd whith that of wise, just, and beneficent Princes.

Among those Heroes thou beholdest *Theseus*, who wears a Sort of Sadness on his Brow. He was so unhappy as to rely too much upon an artful Wife, and is still afflicted for having so unjustly begg'd of *Neptune* the Death of his Son *Hippolytus*: Happy had it been for him if he had not been so passionate, and so easily provok'd! Thou also seest

seest *Achilles* leaning on his Spear, by Reason of the Wound which the base *Paris* gave him on his Heel, and which was the Cause of his Death. Had he been as wise and moderate as he was fearless, the Gods wou'd have granted him a long Reign; but they were compassionate to the *Phthiotes* and the *Dolopes*, whose King he was to have been, had he, according to the Course of Nature, surviv'd his Father *Peleus*. The Gods were unwilling to deliver so many People to the Mercy of a hot-brain'd Man, more easily provok'd than the most stormy Sea. The fatal Sisters have shorten'd his Thread of Life, and he was like a half-blown Flower mow'd down by a Plough-share, and which dies before the End of the Day which gave it Birth. The Gods were willing to use him only as they do Torrents and Tempests, to punish Men for their Crimes: They employ'd *Achilles* to demolish the Walls of *Troy*, revenge the Perjury of *Laomedon*, and chastise the unjust Amours of *Paris*: After having thus made Use of him as the Instrument of their Vengeance, they were appeas'd; and unmov'd by the Tears of *Thetis*, they refus'd to suffer that young Hero any longer on the Earth, who was fit for nothing but to disturb Mankind, and to overthrow Cities and Kingdoms. But dost thou observe that other Person who looks so fiercely? 'Tis *Ajax*, the Son of *Telamon*, and Cousin of *Achilles*: Doubtless, you are not ignorant what Glory he acquired in Battle: After the Death of *Achilles*, he pretended that his Armour ought not to be bestow'd on any but himself: Thy Father did not think fit to yield him up that Advantage, and the *Greeks* adjudg'd them to *Ulysses*. *Ajax*, upon this, kill'd himself in Despair: Rage and Indignation are still legible in his Face: Do not go near him, my Son, for he wou'd think that you

had a Mind to insult him on Account of his Misfortune, for which he ought justly to be pity'd. Dost thou not observe that he looks at us with Uneasiness, and is just now hurrying away into the gloomy Grove, because he hates to see us. On the other Side, thou seest *Hector*, who had been invincible, if the Son of *Thetis* had not, at the same Time, been in the World. But take Notice there of *Agamemnon*, who still carries upon him the Marks of *Clytemnestras* Perfidy: O my Son, I tremble to think of the Misfortunes of the impious *Tantalus's* Family. The Division of the two Brothers *Atreus* and *Thyestes* fill'd that House with Horror and Blood. Alas! how many Crimes does but one Crime draw after it! *Agamemnon*, when he return'd at the Head of the *Greeks* from the Siege of *Troy*, had not Time to enjoy in Peace the Glory he acquir'd in War: And this is the common Destiny of almost all Conquerors. All the Men whom thou seest yonder, have been formidable in War, but they were not amiable or virtuous, and therefore are admitted only to the second Mansion of the *Elysian* Fields.

As for those others who have reign'd with Justice, and have had a tender Love for their People, they are the Favourites of the Gods. While *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of their Quarrels and Battles, do still, even here, retain their unquiet Disposition, and natural Infirmities, while they in vain regret the Life they have lost, and teaze themselves with the Thoughts of their being now only impotent and vain Shadows. These just Kings, being purify'd by the divine Light which feeds them, have nothing more to desire to make them happy; with Eyes of Compassion they behold the Restlessness of Mortals; and the great Designs, which distract the Thoughts of ambitious Men, appear to them

them like the Sports of Children; their Hearts are replenish'd with Truth and Virtue, which they draw at the Fountain-head; They have nothing more to suffer either from themselves or from others; no more Appetites, no more Necessities, no more Fears. Every Thing is at an End with them, except their Joy, which is endless.

Consider, my Son, that ancient King *Inachus*, who founded the Kingdom of *Argos*: Thou seest how full of Sweetness and Majesty his old Age appears: Flowers grow beneath his Feet, and his Light tread seems to resemble the Flight of a Bird; He holds in his Hand an ivory Harp, and with eternal Raptures sings the wonderful Works of the Gods: From his Heart and his Mouth breathe exquisite Perfumes; the Melody of his Lyre and Voice were enough to ravish the Gods as well as Men; he is thus rewarded for the tender Affection he bore to the People, whom he assembled within the Compass of his new Walls, and to whom he gave Laws.

On the other Side, you may see, among those Myrtles, the *Ægyptian Cecrops*, the first of *Athens*, a City consecrated to that wise Goddess, whose name it bears. *Cecrops* having brought beneficial Laws from *Ægypt*, (a Country which has been to *Greece* the Source both of Literature and Morality,) he soften'd the rough Tempers of the Inhabitants of the Villages of *Attica*, and united them by the Bands of Society. He was conspicuous for Justice, Humanity, and a sympathizing Compassionateness: He left his People in great Prosperity and Affluence, and his own Family but indifferently provided for. He was not willing his Children shou'd succeed him in his Authority, because he judg'd there were others more deserving of it.

I must

I must not omit to shew thee *Erycthon* in that little Valley; he invented the Use of Silver for Money; he did it with a Design to facilitate Commerce among the Islands of *Greece*; but he foresaw the Inconveniency attending this Invention. Apply your selves, said he to all the People, to multiply among you natural Riches, which are the true Riches. Cultivate and improve the Earth, that you may have plenty of Corn, Wine, Oyl and Fruit: Get innumerable Flocks, that may feed you with their Milk, and cloath you with their Wooll: and by this Means you need never fear falling into Poverty. The more Children you have, the richer you will be, provided you breed them up to Labour and Industry; for the Earth is inexhaustible, and her Fruitfulness encreases in Proportion to the Number of her Inhabitants, who are diligent to manure her: She bountifully rewards the Labour of them all, whereas she is niggard and barren to them who are negligent in her Culture: Endeavour therefore principally to acquire this true Wealth, which is sufficient to answer all the real Necessities of Mankind. As for coyn'd Money, it ought not to be valued any further, than it is subservient to the carrying on such Wars as you are unavoidably engag'd in abroad, or in the Way of Commerce, for purchasing such necessary Commodities as are wanting in your own Country; and it were to be wish'd, that there were no longer in the World any Trafficking for such Things as serve only to keep up Luxury, Vanity, and Effeminacy. The sage *Erycthon* wou'd often say to them; my dear Children, I fear I have made you a fatal Present, in imparting to you the Invention of Money: I fear it will excite Avarice, Ambition, and Pomp; that it will encourage an infinite Number of pernicious Arts, whose Tendency

dency is only to corrupt and debauch good Manners; that it will put you out of Conceit with that happy Simplicity, which makes your Lives so very quiet and secure; in fine, that it will breed in you a Contempt for Agriculture, which is the Basis of human Life, and the Source of all substantial Riches: But the Gods are my Witnesses, that my Heart was upright, when I bestow'd this Invention on you, which in itself is useful. But at Length, when *Erythron* found that Money corrupted the People, as he had foreseen, he, for Grief, retired into a solitary Mountain, where he lived in Poverty, and sequester'd from Men, to an extream old Age; nor wou'd he concern himself in the Government of Cities.

Not long after him there appear'd in *Greece* the famous *Triptolemus*, whom *Ceres* had taught the Art of tilling the Ground, and covering it every Year with golden Harvests. Not but that Men were before this acquainted with the Method of multiplying Corn by sowing it; but they know not the Art of Husbandry to that Perfection, till *Triptolemus*, sent by *Ceres*, came with a Plough in his Hand to offer the Goddess's Favour to all People, who had Courage enough to overcome their natural Laziness, and addict themselves to assiduous Labour. Soon did *Triptolemus* teach the *Greeks* to cleave the Earth, and to fertilize her by tearing up her Bosom. Soon did the ardent indefatigable Reapers make the yellow Ears that cover'd the Fields fall under their sharp Sickles; even the wild and barbarous People, that wander'd here and there in the Forests of *Epirus* and *Etolia*, seeking Acorns for their Food, soften'd their rugged Manners, and submitted to Laws, when they had learn'd the Way of making Corn to grow, and baking of Bread. *Triptolemus* made the *Greeks* sensible

sible of the Pleasure of owing their Riches to nothing but their own Labour; and of finding in their own Fields whatever was necessary to render their Lives commodious and happy. This plain and innocent Affluence, inseparable from Agriculture, brought to their Minds the sage Counsels of *Erychthon*; so that they contemn'd Money, and all artificial Riches, which are no otherwise Riches, than as they become so by Men's Fancy, tempting them to seek for dangerous Pleasures, and diverting them from Labour, wherein they wou'd find all that is substantially Good, together with Purity of Manners, in the full Enjoyment of Liberty. They then were fully convinc'd that a fruitful and well till'd Field is the true Treasure of a Family, that is wise enough to be content to live frugally as their Fathers did before them. And happy had it been for the *Greeks*, had they continued firm to these Maxims, so adapted to render them Powerful, free, happy, and worthy to be so by a solid Virtue. But, alas! they begin to admire false Riches, gradually neglect the true, and degenerate from that admirable Simplicity. O my Son! thou shalt one Day fill a Throne; then remember to bring Men back to the Exercise of Husbandry, to honour that Art, to ease those who apply themselves to it, and neither to suffer the People to live idle, nor to spend their Time in those destructive Arts which foment Luxury and Sloth. Those two Men who were so wise, when upon Earth, are here the Favourites of the Gods: Take Notice, O my Son, that their Glory as far exceeds that of *Achilles*, and the other Heroes who have only been eminent in War, as the agreeable Spring is preferable to the frozen Winter, or as the Light of the Sun is brighter than that of the Moon.

While

While *Arceſius* was thus ſpeaking, he obſerv'd *Telemachus's* Eyes were continually fix'd towards a little Grove of Lawrel, planted near a Rivulet, whoſe Banks were enamell'd with Violets, Roſes, Lillies, and other odoriferous Flowers, whoſe lively Hues reſembled thoſe of *Iris* when ſhe deſcends from Heaven to Earth, to bring ſome Meſſage from the Gods to mortal Men. It was the great King *Sefoſtris* whom *Telemachus* diſcern'd in that lovely Place; and who was infinitely more majeſtick than when he ſat on the Throne of *Ægypt*. Gentle Rays of light ſtream'd from his Eyes, which dazzled thoſe of *Telemachus*: Had you ſeen him, you wou'd have thought him inebriated with *Nectar*, ſo much had the divine Spirit transported him above human Reaſon, as a Reward for his Virtues.

Said *Telemachus* to *Arceſius*; O my Father, I know this to be *Sefoſtris*, the wiſe King of *Ægypt*, whom I not long ago ſaw on Earth. It is true, reply'd *Arceſius*, and thou ſeeſt how largely the Gods remunerate virtuous Princes! But know, that all this Felicity is nothing in Compariſon of what was deſign'd for him, if too great Proſperity had not made him forget the Rules of Moderation and Juſtice. His inordinate Appetite to humble the insolent *Tyrians*, prompted him to take their City. This Conqueſt created in him a Deſire to make others; he ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſeduced by the vain Glory of Conquerors; he ſubdu'd, or rather ravag'd all *Asia*. At his Return into *Ægypt*, he found his Brother had ſeiz'd his Throne, and, by an unjuſt Government, had alter'd the moſt wholeſome Laws, of the Country. But what render'd him more inexcusable, was his being intoxicated with

with his own Glory, and causing the most haughty Kings he had subdu'd, to draw, like Horses, his triumphal Chariot. He afterwards acknowledg'd his Fault, and was ashamed of having been so inhuman: And this was the Fruit of his Victories. These are the Mischiefs Conquerors bring on their States, and on themselves, while they go about to usurp those of their Neighbours: This is what eclipsed the Glory of a King, otherwise so just and beneficent, and it is this that diminish'd the Happiness which the Gods had prepared for him.

Dost thou not see, O my Son, that other Person, whose Wound appears so glorious? It is a King of *Caria*, *Diocletes* by Name, who sacrific'd himself, for his People's Good, in Battle; because the Oracle had declar'd, that in the War between the *Carians* and the *Lycians*, that Nation whose King shou'd fall should be victorious.

There is likewise another whom I wou'd have you take Notice of; it is a wise Legislator, who having, for the Benefit of his Country, fram'd such Laws as were proper to render them virtuous and happy, made them swear they wou'd never violate any of those Laws during his Absence; after which he left them, exiling himself voluntarily from his Country, and dy'd poor in a strange Land, to oblige his People, according to their Oath, for ever to observe those wholesome Laws.

That other Prince thou seest, is *Eunesymus* King of the *Pylians*, and one of the Ancestors of the sage *Nestor*. When the Earth was ravaged by a Pesti-

Pestilence, which sent down to the Banks of *Acheron* Multitudes of crouding Ghosts, he begg'd of the Gods that he might appease their Wrath, and redeem by his own Death that of so many thousand innocent Men. The Gods heard his Prayer, and gave him here the true Royal Grandeur, in Comparifon of which, all the Pomps of the Earth are but fo many vain Shadows.

That old Man, whom thou feest crown'd with Garlands, is the famous *Belus*; he reign'd in *Ægypt*, and married *Anchynoe*, the Daughter of the God *Nilus*, who conceals the Source of his Stream, and enriches a mighty Tract of Land by his Inundations. He had two Sons, *Danaus*, whose History thou art no stranger to, and *Ægyptus* who imparts his Name to that fine Country. *Belus* thought himself richer by the Plenty he procur'd to his People, and the Love his Subjects bore to him, than by all the Tributes he cou'd have impos'd on them. These Men, whom you think dead, my Son, are alive, and that Life which Men miserably drag upon Earth, is the only Death: The Names of Things are indeed changed, that's all. May it please the Gods to render thee virtuous enough to merit this happy Life, which nothing can ever extinguish or disturb! Haste thee away; 'tis Time for thee to go and seek thy Father: Before thou findest him, alas, how much Bloodshed shalt thou see! But then what Glory waits for thee in the Fields of *Hesperia*! Let not the Counfels of the sage *Mentor* ever be out of thy Mind; and if thou follow'st them, thy Name shall be great among all Nations, and in all Ages.

He spoke, and presently conducted *Telemachus* to the Ivory Gate, which leads out of the gloomy Empire of *Pluto*. *Telemachus*, with Tears in his Eyes, parted from him, without being able to embrace him. Being come out of those dark Regions, he hasten'd to the Camp of the Confederates, after having again join'd Company with the two young *Cretans*, who went with him almost as far as the Cavern, and who despair'd of ever seeing him more.





THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK XX.

The ARGUMENT.

In an Assembly of the Chiefs of the Army, Telemachus prevails with them not to surprise the Town of Venusium, which both Parties had deposited into the Hands of the Lucanians. He shews his Wisdom with respect to two Deserters, one of whom, named Acanthus, had undertaken to poyson him; the other, named Dioscorus, offer'd to the Allies to kill Adrastus. In the ensuing engagement, Telemachus carries Death where ever he goes, in Order to find out Adrastus; and this King, who likewise seeks Telemachus, meets with, and kills Pisistratus, Nestor's Son. Philoctetes comes to his Assistance, and as he was going to pierce Adrastus, he is himself wounded, and obliged to leave the Combat. Telemachus runs to the Cries of his Allies, among whom Adrastus makes a terrible Havock. He engages that Enemy, and gives him his Life, upon Conditions which he prescribes to him. Adrastus, being got up again, attempts to surprize Telemachus, who seizes on him a second Time, and takes away his Life.

MEAN while the Commanders met together, to deliberate, Whether they shou'd possess themselves of *Venusium*, a strong Town, which *Adrastus* had formerly usurp'd from his Neighbours, the *Peuceti Apulians*, who were enter'd into the Confederacy against him for this Act of Perfidiousness. *Adrastus*, to appease them, had put this Town, by Way of Trust, into the Hands of the *Lucanians*: But he had by Money debauch'd both the *Lucanian* Garrison and the Governor; so that, in Reality, *Adrastus* had more Power in *Venusium* than the *Lucanians* themselves; and the *Apulians*, who had consented that the *Lucanian* Garrison shou'd keep *Venusium*, were trick'd in this Negotiation.

A certain Citizen of *Venusium*, *Demophantes* by Name, had under-hand made an Offer to the Allies to deliver up to them one of the Gates of the City by Night. This Advantage was so much the greater, in that *Adrastus* had lodg'd all his warlike Stores and Provisions in a Castle near *Venusium*, which cou'd not defend it self, if *Venusium* were taken. *Philoctetes* and *Nestor* had already given their Opinion, that they ought not to let slip such a lucky Opportunity. All the Commanders, sway'd by their Authority, and dazzled by the advantageous Prospect of so easy an Enterprize, applauded their Sentiment. But *Telemachus*, at his Return, used his utmost Endeavours to divert them from it.

I am not ignorant, said he, that if ever any Man deserv'd to be trick'd and deceiv'd, it is *Adrastus*; because it has been his common Practice to deceive and circumvent every Body. I plainly see, that in surprizing *Venusium* you only put your selves in Possession of a Town that belongs to you, since it appertains to the *Apulians*, who are one of your Confederates: I confess too, that you might do it
with

with the better Colour of Justice, in Regard that *Adrastus*, who has put this City as a Pledge in the Hands of others, has corrupted the Commander and the Garrison, that he may enter it whenever he thinks fit. To conclude, I know as well as you, that if you take *Venusium*, you will the very next Day be Masters of the Castle where all *Adrastus's* Provisions are laid up, and so in two Days more you will put an End to this dreadful War. But is it not better to perish than to conquer by such Methods? Is Fraud to be repell'd by Fraud? Shall it be said, that so many Kings, who enter'd into a League to punish the impious *Adrastus* for his Deceitfulness, are become deceitful like him? If we may lawfully do as *Adrastus* has done, he is not guilty, and we are in the wrong to go about to punish him. What! has *Hesperia*, that *Hesperia* which is supported by so many Greek Colonies, and by so many Heroes return'd from the Siege of *Troy*: Has she, I say, no other Arms against *Adrastus's* Treachery and Perjury, than the Practice of the same Vices? You have sworn by the most sacred Things that you wou'd leave *Venusium* in Trust in the Hands of the *Lucanians*. The *Lucanian* Garrison, you say, is corrupted by *Adrastus's* Money. I believe it; but this Garrison is still in the *Lucanian* Pay, and has not refus'd to obey them; it has kept, at least in Appearance, a Neutrality, neither has *Adrastus*, nor any of his Men enter'd into *Venusium*; the Treaty still subsists, and the Gods have not forgot your Oath. Shall we not observe our Promises, but just so long as we are without a plausible Pretext to violate them? Shall we not be faithful and religious to our Oaths, but when there is nothing to be got by breaking them? If you have no Concern for Virtue, nor are mov'd by the Fear of the Gods, at least have a

Regard for your Reputation and Interest. If you set this pernicious Example of violating your Faith, that you may terminate a War; what Wars will you not kindle by so wicked a Conduct? Will not your Neighbours be forc'd to be jealous of you on all Occasions, and utterly detest you? Who for the future will trust you in the most pressing Exigencies? What Security wou'd you be able to give, shou'd you have a Mind to be sincere, and at a Time when it may be of the greatest Importance to you to persuade your Neighbours of your Sincerity? Shall it be a solemn Treaty? Such Things you have trampled under Foot. Shall it be an Oath? Alas! will it not be notorious that you make Slight of the Gods, when you hope to get some private Advantage from Perjury? At this Rate, Peace will afford no more Security with you than War? All that comes from you will be receiv'd as War, either dissembled or declar'd: You will be look'd on as the perpetual Enemy of all who shall be so unfortunate as to be your Neighbours: All Affairs that require Reputation, Probity, Confidence, will become impossible to you: You will have no Means left to make your Promises find Credit.

Besides this, added *Telemachus* there is a more pressing Interest that ought to affect you very much, if you have any remains of Sense or Foresight; and that is, that so deceitful a Conduct attacks the very Vitals of your whole Confederacy, and will soon ruin it: And thus your Perjury will furnish *Adrastus* with an Opportunity to triumph over you.

At these Words the whole Assembly, as it were in an Uproar, ask'd him how he cou'd take upon him to say, That an Action, which wou'd give the Confederates a certain Victory, cou'd ruin the Confederacy? *Telemachus* answer'd them; how
will

will you be able to trust one another, if you once break the only Band of Society and Confidence, namely, Sincerity? After you have once laid it down for a Maxim, that the Rules of Probity and Fidelity may be broken where there is a Prospect of a great Advantage; how can any one of you repose a Confidence in another, when that other shall find it convenient for his Interest to falsify his Word, and impose on him? What will become of you then? Which of you will not endeavour to prevent the Artifices of his Neighbour by Tricks of his own? And what will be the Fate of a Confederacy of so many People, when, after a full Debate, it is agreed among them, that it is lawful to circumvent a Neighbour, and to violate the most solemn Engagements? How great will be your mutual Distrust, your Animosities, your Warmth to destroy each other! *Adrastus* will then have no need to destroy you; you yourselves will do that for him; you will justify his Perfidiousness. O wise and magnanimous Princes! O you who command with so much Prudence such innumerable Multitudes of People, do not disdain to hearken to the Counsels of a young Man: If you shou'd fall into the most calamitous Circumstances, into which Men are sometimes precipitated by War, you ought to support yourselves by your Vigilance, and virtuous Efforts; for true Virtue never suffers it self to be cast down; but if ever you break the Barrier of Honour and Integrity, your Loss will then become irreparable; you will never be able either to re-establissh that Confidence which is necessary to the Success of all important Affairs, or to reclaim Men to the Principles of Virtue, after you have once taught them to despise them. Again, what is it you are afraid of? Have you not Bravery enough to overcome your Enemies

without Fraud? Is not your Virtue, in Conjunction with the Forces of so many Nations, sufficient to enable you to cope with them? Let us fight, nay dye, if it must be so, rather than conquer by such vile Methods: *Adrastus*, the impious *Adrastus*, is at our Mercy, provided we abhor to imitate his Baseness and Dishonesty.

When *Telemachus* had made an End of this Discourse, he found that soft Persuasion had flow'd from his Lips, and penetrated to their very Souls. He observ'd a deep Silence in the whole Assembly; Every one's Thoughts were engag'd in considering, not so much his Person, and the Graces of his Elocution, as the Force of Truth that shone throughout his whole Speech: Astonishment was legible in their Countenances; at last a hollow Murmuring was heard spreading it self by little and little among them. They all look'd on one another, every one being shy to be the first that spoke: It was expected that the prime Commanders of the Army wou'd declare themselves, and each of them found himself under great Difficulties to forbear. After a while, the grave *Nestor* pronounc'd these Words:

Worthy Son of *Ulysses*, the Gods have taught you to speak, and *Minerva*, who so often inspir'd your Father, did put into your Heart that wise and generous Advise you have given us. I look not on your Youth; I only consider *Minerva* in all that you have been saying: You have pleaded the Cause of Virtue; without her, the greatest Advantages are real Losses; without her, Men draw suddenly on themselves the Vengeance of their Enemies, the Diffidence of their Allies, the Detestation of all good Men, and the just Resentment of the Gods: Let us therefore leave *Venusium* in the
Hands

Hands of the *Lucanians*, and think of no other Way to conquer *Adrastus*, but by our Courage.

He spoke; and the whole Assembly applauded the Wisdom of his Words: But in giving this Applause, every one turn'd his Eyes with Amazement on the Son of *Ulysses*, and they all thought they saw sparkling in him the Wisdom of *Minerva*, who inspir'd him.

There soon arose in the Council of the Kings another Question, which gave him an Opportunity of acquiring no less Glory. *Adrastus*, still cruel and treacherous, had sent into the Camp a Defenter named *Acanthus*, who was to poyson the most celebrated Chiefs of the Army: He had particular Orders to leave nothing unessay'd to effect the Death of young *Telemachus*, who was already become the Terror of the *Daunians*. *Telemachus*, who had too much Courage and Candor to be enclin'd to Diffidence, gave the Wretch a free and easy Reception: He had seen *Ulysses* in *Sicily*, and recounted that Hero's Adventures to *Telemachus*, who subsisted him, and endeavour'd to comfort him under his Misfortunes; for *Acanthus* complain'd of great Abuses and Indignities, that he had receiv'd from *Adrastus*: But *Telemachus* was all the while cherishing and warming in his Bosom a venomous Viper, that was ready to give him a mortal Wound. Another Defenter was taken, named *Arion*, whom *Acanthus* was sending back to *Adrastus*, to acquaint him with the State of the Confederate Camp, and to assure him that the following Day he would poyson the principal Kings, together with *Telemachus*, at an Entertainment which this latter was to give. *Arion* being taken, confess'd his Treason: He was suspected to be in Intelligence with *Acanthus*, because they were intimate Friends; but *Acanthus*, who was a deep

Dissembler, and of an undaunted Nature, made his Defence with so much Art, that there was no convicting him, or discovering the Bottom of the Conspiracy.

Divers of the Kings were for sacrificing *Acanthus*, at a Venture, for the publick Safety: He ought, said they, to be put to Death; one Man's Life ought not to weigh against the Security of so many Kings: What if one Man perish, when the Point is to preserve those who represent the Gods among Men?

What inhumane Maxim, what barbarous Policy is this, reply'd *Telemachus*? Are you then so lavish of human Blood, you that are appointed over Mankind to be their Shepherds, and are only to rule over them for their Preservation, as a Shepherd preserves his Flock? But instead of that, you are become blood-thirsty Wolves; at least, you are Shepherds only to shear, and cut the throats of your Sheep, instead of leading them into good Pasture. According to you, the Moment a Man is accused, he becomes guilty, and if he is but suspected, he deserves to dye. Thus do the innocent lie at the Mercy of Envy and Calumny; and according as this tyrannical Distrust gathers Strength in your Breasts, we must have more such Victims sacrificed.

Telemachus spoke these Words with such Authority and Vehemence, as captivated the Hearts, and cover'd with Shame the Authors of so base an Advice. Afterwards, in a milder Tone he told them: For my Part, I am not so much in Love with Life as to purchase it at that Price; I had rather *Acanthus* shou'd be wicked than my self, and wou'd sooner chuse that he shou'd deprive me of Life by his Treachery, than I unjustly put him to Death on an Uncertainty. But have a little Patience,

ence, O you, who being establish'd Kings, that is, Judges of the People, shou'd discharge your Function with Justice, Prudence and Moderation; let me examine *Acanthus* in your Presence.

Immediately he interrogates him about his Correspondence with *Arion*; he plies him with an infinite Number of Circumstances; and sometimes made as if he wou'd remand him to *Adrastus*, as a Deserter that deserv'd to be punish'd, the better to make his Observation, whether he was afraid to be sent back or no; but the Countenance and Voice of *Acanthus* still remain'd calm and unmov'd. At Length, seeing that he cou'd not draw him to a Confession, he said to him, give me your Ring, for I will send it to *Adrastus*. Upon this *Acanthus* presently turn'd pale, and was in the utmost Confusion. *Telemachus*, whose Eyes were continually fix'd on him, perceiv'd it: He takes the Ring; this will I immediately send to *Adrastus*, said he, by the Hand of a *Lucanian* named *Polytropus*, your Acquaintance, who shall pretend he comes secretly from you: If, by this Means, we can discover your Intelligence with *Adrastus*, you shall, without Mercy, be put to Death by the most exquisite Torments: If, on the contrary, you now confess your Faults, you shall be pardon'd, and we will content our selves with only sending you into an Island, and you shall want fort nothing. Upon which *Acanthus* confess'd the whole, and *Telemachus* obtain'd of the Kings that his Life might be spar'd, because he had given him the Promise of it: And he was sent into one of the Islands call'd *Echinades*, where he liv'd in Peace.

Shortly after this, a *Daunian*, of obscure Birth, but of a violent and daring Spirit, named *Dioscorus*, came by Night into the Confederate Camp, and made an Offer to them to kill King *Adrastus* in his
Tent;

Tent: This he was capable of doing, because whoever despises his own Life, is at any Time the Master of another's. This Person breathed nothing but Revenge, because *Adrastus* had taken away his Wife, whom he loved most passionately, and whose Beauty was not inferior to that of *Venus's* self. He had secret Intelligence, whereby he had contrived a Way to enter into the King's Tent by Night, and was to be favour'd in his Enterprize by several *Daunian* Captains; but he thought it necessary for the Confederate Princes to attack *Adrastus's* Camp at the same Time, to the End that during the Hurry and Disorder he might the more easily escape and carry off his Wife; and if he cou'd not carry her off, after he had kill'd the King, he was content to dye. As soon as *Dioscorus* had open'd his Design to the Princes, they all turn'd their Eyes towards *Telemachus*, thereby signifying they desired him to determine what was proper to be done. The Gods, answer'd he, who have preserv'd us from Traytors, forbid us to make Use of them; and even tho' we had not Virtue enough to detest the Treason, our Interest alone were a sufficient Motive to make us reject it: When once we have authorized it by our own Example, we shall deserve to have it turn'd against us; and what Man among us will after that be safe? It is not impossible but *Adrastus* may escape the blow that threatens him, and may make it fall upon the Confederate Kings. War will then cease to be War; Wisdom and Virtue will be quite out of Doors, and nothing will be seen but Frauds, Treasons, and Assassinations. We shou'd our selves feel the sad Consequences, and not undeservedly, for we shou'd authorize the greatest Evil. I am therefore for sending back this Treator to *Adrastus*: I own that King does not
deserve

deserve it; but all *Hesperia*, and all *Greece*, who have their Eyes on us, merit such a Conduct from us as may deserve their Esteem; we owe to our selves, and, in short, we owe to the just Gods such an Instance of Abhorrence of Treachery.

Dioscorus was presently sent to *Adrastus*, who trembled to think of the Danger he had escap'd, and was fill'd with Wonder at the Generosity of his Enemies; for wicked Men have no Notion of pure Virtue. *Adrastus*, in Spite of himself, admired the Thing, but durst not commend it: This noble Action of the Confederates, did, to his Shame, remind him of all his Treacheries and Cruelties. He look'd about for Reasons to extenuate his Enemies Generosity; yet blush'd to be thought ungrateful, when he ow'd them his Life; but corrupt Men soon harden themselves against every Thing that might move them. *Adrastus*, perceiving that the Reputation of the Confederates encreas'd more and more every Day, thought himself under a Necessity to perform against them some great and signal Action. And since it was not in his Nature to do a virtuous one, he was willing, at least, to obtain some great Advantage over them by Arms, and therefore made all the Haste he cou'd to fight.

The Day of Battle being come, scarce had *Aurora* open'd to the Sun the Gates of the East in a Path strew'd with Roses, when the young *Telemachus*, outstripping the Vigilance of the oldest Captains, shook of the soft Embraces of balmy Sleep, and put all the Officers in Motion. His Helmet, cover'd with a Crest of waving hair, already glitter'd on his Head, and his Armour dazzled the Eyes of the whole Army; for *Vulcan's* Work had, besides its natural Beauty, the Lustre of the *Ægis* that lay conceal'd in it. In one Hand he held a
Spear,

Spear, and with the other pointed to several Posts which 'twas necessary to take Possession of. *Minerva* had fill'd his Eyes with a divine Fire, and his Countenance with a majestick Awfulness that already promis'd Victory. He march'd, and all the Kings; forgetting their Age and Dignity, found themselves hurry'd on by a superior Power, that made them follow his Steps. Impotent Jealousy cou'd enter their Breasts no more: Every thing gives Way to him whom *Minerva* leads insensibly by the Hand. His Action betray'd nothing that was impetuous or precipitate: He was mild, calm, patient, always ready to hear others, and improve by their Advice; but active, provident, extending his Views to the most remote Exigencies, disposing every Thing to the best Advantage, without hurrying and perplexing himself or others; excusing Faults, rectifying Mistakes, obviating Difficulties, never exacting too much of any one, and every where inspiring Freedom and Confidence: If he gave an Order, it was in the plainest and clearest Terms; he repeated it for the better instructing him that was to execute it; he observ'd by his Eyes whether he conceiv'd him right, and afterwards made him familiarly tell him how he understood his Words, and what was the main Drift of his Enterprize. When he had thus try'd the Judgment of the Person he employ'd, and entirely let him into his Design, he never dispatch'd him away, till he had given him some Mark of his Esteem and Confidence, for his Encouragement: So that all he sent from him were full of Ardor to please him, and to compass the Businesses they went about: But they were not restrain'd with Fear, lest he shou'd impute to them their ill Success; for he wou'd excuse all Faults that did not proceed from an evil Disposition of Mind.

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The Horizon look'd ruddy with the Sun's earliest Rays, and the Sea was brighten'd with the Flames of the rising Day. All the Coast was fill'd with Men, Arms, Horses and Chariots, which being in Motion made a confused Noise, like that of the angry Waves, when *Neptune*, from the Bottom of his deep Recesses, raises a black Storm. Thus *Mars* began, with the Clatter of Arms, and the dreadful Preparations of War, to kindle-Rage in every Heart. The Field was crouded with bristling Pikes, thick set like Ears of Corn that cover the fertile Balks at the Time of the Harvest: There soon arose a cloud of Dust which stole away both Heaven and Earth from the Eyes of Men; Darkness, Horror, Bloodshed and inexorable Death advanced apace.

Scarce were the first Arrows shot, when *Telemachus*, lifting his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, pronounced these Words:

O *Jupiter*! Father of Gods and Men, thou seest on our Side Justice and Peace, which we were not ashamed to pursue; 'tis with Regret we fight; we wou'd willingly prevent the Effusion of Blood, we bear no Hatred even to this Enemy, tho' he is cruel, perfidious, and sacrilegious. Behold thou, and determine between him and us: If we must dye, our Lives are in thy Hand; if *Hesperia* is to be rescued, and the Tyrant oppress'd, it will be thy Power, and the Wisdom of thy Daughter *Minerva*, that will give us the Victory; the Glory of it will be due to thee: It is thou that holdest the Balance, and regulatest the Fate of Battles; it is for thee we fight, and, since thou art the Judge, *Adrastus* is more thy Enemy than ours's: If we prove victorious before the End of the Day, the Blood of a whole Hecatomb shall flow upon thy Altars.

He

He spoke: And instantly drove his fiery foaming Coursers into the thickest Ranks of his Enemies. The first he met with was *Periander* the *Locrian*, cover'd with the Skin of a Lyon he had kill'd in *Cilicia*, when he travell'd thro' that Country. He was, like *Hercules*, arm'd with a huge Club; and in Strength and Stature he resembled the ancient Gyants. When he saw *Telemachus*, he despised his Youth, and the Delicacy of his Countenance. It becomes thee well, said he, effeminate Boy, to vye with us in point of martial Atchievements. Go, Child, get thee among the Shades below to look for thy Father. At the same Time he lifted up his heavy Club, which was full of Knots, and stuck thick with Iron Spikes: It look'd like a Shipmast, and every one near was afraid of being crush'd with the Fall of it. It threaten'd the Head of the Son of *Ulysses*, but he avoids the Blow, and flies upon *Periander* with the Rapidity of an Eagle cutting the Air: The Club, in falling, dash'd to Pieces the Wheel of a Chariot near that of *Telemachus*. Mean while, the young *Greek* struck a Dart into *Periander's* Throat: The bubbling Blood that stream'd from the wide Wound soon stifles his Voice; his fiery Horses, no longer feeling the Controul of their Master's Hand, ran wildly up and down with the Reins hanging Loose on their Necks he falls from his Chariot, his Eyes already closed to the Light, and ghastly Death fate on his disfigur'd Face. *Telemachus*, pitying his Fate, immediately gave his Body to his Domesticks, but kept the Lyon's Skin and his Club as a Token of his Victory.

After this, he seeks *Adrastus* in the thickest of the Fight, and in his Way sends headlong to Hell a Multitude of Combatans: *Hileus*, who had his Chariot drawn by two Coursers like those of the Sun,

Sun, and which were bred in the spacious Meadows which are water'd by the River *Ausidus*: *Demoleon*, who in *Sicily* had heretofore almost been a Match for *Eryx* in Combats of the *Cestus*: *Cranter* who had entertain'd in his House, and been a Friend to *Hercules*, when that Son of *Jupiter*, in passing thro' *Hesperia*, slew the infamous *Cacus*; *Menecrates* who was said to come near *Pollux* for wrestling: *Hippocoon* the *Salapian*, who imitated the graceful Skill and Address of *Castor* in the Management of a Horse: The famous Hunter *Eurymedes*, who was always smear'd with the Blood of Bears and wild Boars, which he used to kill on the snowy Ridges of the cold *Apennine*, and who is said to have been so well beloved by *Diana*, that she her self taught him how to shoot with the Bow: *Nicostratus*, who had conquer'd a Gyant that vomited Fire in the Rocks of Mount *Garganus*: *Eleanthus*, who was to marry the young *Pholoe*, Daughter of the River *Lyris*; her Father had promis'd her to the Man that shou'd deliver her from a winged Serpent, that was bred on the Banks of the River, and was to have devour'd her in a few Days, according to the Oracle's Prediction. This young Man, out of an Excess of Love made a Vow either to kill this Monster, or die in the Attempt: he was prosperous, but cou'd not taste the Fruit of his Victory; for while *Pholoe* was preparing herself for the Ceremonies of a happy Marriage, and impatiently expected *Eleanthus*, she was inform'd that he had follow'd *Adrastus* to the War, and that the Destinies had cruelly cut him off. She fill'd with her Lamentations the Woods and Mountains near the River; she drown'd her Eyes with Tears, tore of her lovely Hair, forgot the Garlands of Flowers which she used to gather, and accused the Heavens of Injustice. As she wept

incessantly Night and Day, the Gods mov'd with her Complaints, and the Request of the River, put an End to her Sorrow; for she pour'd forth such Abundance of Tears, that she was presently changed into a Fountain, which, gliding into the Middle of the River, seeks to join her Waters to those of the God her Father; but the Water of this Fountain is still bitter; the Grass on its Banks never brings forth Flowers; nor does it afford any shady Tree but the sad *Cypress*.

Mean while, *Adrastus*, understanding that *Telemachus* spread Terror all around him, sought him out with the greatest Eagerness, hoping to make an easy Conquest of so raw a Youth. He was surrounded with thirty *Daunians* of uncommon Strength, Dexterity, and Boldness, to whom he promis'd very large Rewards, if they cou'd destroy *Telemachus* by any Manner of Means; and had they met him in this nice Moment, doubtless these thirty Men, by surrounding *Telemachus's* Chariot, while *Adrastus* had fallen upon him in Front, wou'd have found no Difficulty to have dispatch'd him; but *Minerva* turn'd them another Way.

Adrastus thought he saw and heard *Telemachus* lower down in the Plain at the Foot of a Hill, where there was a Croud of Combatants in close Engagement; he runs, flies, he resolves to satiate himself with Blood; but instead of *Telemachus* he finds the aged *Nestor*, who with his trembling Hand was throwing at a venture some faint harmless Darts. *Adrastus*, in his Rage, wou'd have run him through, but a Band of *Pylians* flew about *Nestor*.

Hereupon a thick Cloud of Darts and Arrows darken'd the Air, and cover'd all the Combatants: Nothing cou'd be heard but the doleful Cries o
the

the Dying, and the Clattering of Arms of those who fell in the Fray; the Earth groan'd beneath large Heaps of dead Bodies; Streams of Blood ran on every Side; *Bellona* and *Mars*, together with the infernal Furies cloath'd in Robes reeking with Gore, glutted their merciless Eyes with this Spectacle, and incessantly renew'd the drooping Rage of the Combatants. These Deities, who are Enemies of Mankind, chased far away from both Parties generous Pity, moderate Valour, soft Humanity: There appear'd no longer among this confus'd Medley any thing but Slaughter, Revenge, Despair, and brutal Fury. The wise and invincible *Pallas* her self trembled at the Sight, and started back with Horror.

Mean while, *Philoctetes* with a slow Pace, and holding the Arrows of *Hercules*, in his Hand, endeavours to come up to the Relief of *Nestor*. *Adrastus*, not being able to reach the divine old Man, had lanced his Darts on several *Pylians*, and made them bite the Dust. He had already overthrown *Eustilas*, who was so swift-footed that he scarce lett the Print of his Feet on the Sand, and who in his own Country left the rapid Streams of *Eurotas* and *Alpheus* far behind: At his feet fell *Eutipbron* who was more beautiful than *Hylas*, and as keen a Hunter as *Hippolytus*: *Pterilas*, who had follow'd *Nestor* to the Siege of *Troy*, and who was belov'd by *Achilles* on account of his Courage and Strength: *Aristogytton*, who, by bathing in the Waters of the River *Achelous*, had secretly receiv'd from that God the Power of transforming himself into all Sorts of Shapes; and indeed so slippery and nimble was he in all his Motions, that he flipt away from the strongest Hands: But *Adrastus*, with one Thrust of his Spear, render'd him motionless, and his Soul immediately gush'd out with his Blood.

Nestor, seeing his bravest Captains fall thus beneath the Blows of the cruel *Adrastus*, just as the gilded Ears of Corn in Harvest-time fall under the sharp-edg'd Sickle of the unwearied Reaper, forgot what Danger he in vain expos'd himself to. He shook of his old Age, and thought of nothing but to follow with his Eye his Son *Pisistratus*, who, on his Side, was warmly engaged to keep off Danger from his Father; but the fatal Moment was come, wherein *Pisistratus* was to make *Nestor* feel, how unfortunate a thing it sometimes proves for a Man to live to a great Age.

Pisistratus struck his Spear with that violence against *Adrastus*, that the *Daunian* Prince must needs have fallen, had he not avoided the Stroke, and whilst *Pisistratus*, who was disadvantage'd by making a false Thrust, was recovering his Spear, *Adrastus* pierc'd him with a Javelin into the middle of his Belly. His Bowels began immediately to issue out with a Torrent of Blood; his Complexion faded like a Flower that the Hand of some Nymph has crop'd in the Meadows: His Eyes were now almost extinguish'd, and his Speech began to falter. *Alceus*, his Governor, who was near him, receiv'd him in his Arms just as he was falling, and had only Time to carry him to his Father. There he would fain have spoken, but as he open'd his Mouth, he expir'd.

While *Philoctetes* was dealing round him Slaughter and Destruction, and repelling the Efforts of *Adrastus*, *Nestor* grasp'd his Son's Body in his Arms; he fill'd the Air with his Cries, and began to hate the Light: Unfortunate Wretch that I am, said he, to have been a Father, and to live to see this: Alas, ye cruel Destinities, why did you not put a Period to my Life, when I was in Chase of the *Calydonian* Boar, or in the Voyage to *Colchus*,
or

or at the first Siege of *Troy*? Then I had dy'd with Glory, and without Bitterness and Sorrow; now I drag a miserable, despis'd, impotent old Age: I now live only to suffer Affliction, nor have I any other Sense left, but that of Sorrow. O my Son, my Son, my dear Son *Pisistratus*! when I lost thy Brother *Antilochus*, I still had thee to comfort me; but now thou art gone, nothing can comfort me; all is at an End with me. Hope, the sole Asswager of human Pains, is a Blessing which no longer concerns me. *Antilochus, Pisistratus*, O my dear Children, methinks I lose you both at once, in one and the same Day; the Death of the one makes the old Wound, which the other had caus'd, to bleed afresh within my Heart! I am never more to see either of you! Who will close my Eyes? Who will gather up my Ashes? O my dear *Pisistratus*, thou, as well as thy Brother, dyedst like a valiant Man; 'tis only I that cannot dye.

At this he was going to pierce himself with a Dart; but those about him staid his Hand, and afterwards forc'd him from his Son's Body; and this unfortunate old Man falling into a Swoon, they carry'd him into his Tent, where, after he had a little recover'd himself, he would needs return to the Battle, but they with-held him by Force.

And now *Adrastus* and *Philoctetes* were hunting out each other: Their Eyes flash'd Fire, like those of a Lyon and a Leopard going to tear each other to pieces in those Fields which *Caystrus* waters. Menaces, martial Rage, and cruel Revenge sparkle in their fierce Eyes. They carry certain Death whithersoever they fling their Darts. All the

Combatants look upon them with Terror and Affright: And now they come within Sight of each other. *Philoctetes* bears in his Hand one of those dreadful Arrows, which never miss'd their Aim, and whose Wounds were incurable: But *Mars*, favouring the cruel and intrepid *Adrastus*, wou'd not suffer him to perish so soon, but was willing to make use of him as an Instrument to lengthen out the Horrors of the War, and multiply Bloodshed and Slaughter. *Adrastus* was yet due to the Justice of the Gods for a Punishment of Mankind.

The very Moment *Philoctetes* design'd to attack him, he himself receives a Wound from the Spear of *Amphimachus*, a young *Lucanian*, who was handsomer than the fam'd *Nireus*, whose Beauty was inferior to none of all the *Greeks* that fought at the Siege of *Troy*, except *Achilles*. Scarce did *Philoctetes* feel the Wound, but he shot an Arrow at *Amphimachus*, and pierc'd him to the Heart. In an Instant his fine black Eyes lost their Lustre, and were clouded with the Shades of Death; his Lips, more ruddy than the Roses with which *Aurora* strews the Hemisphere at her rising, turn'd pale, and a frightful Wanness tarnish'd his Cheeks, his tender and delicate Face was, on a sudden, disfigur'd. *Philoctetes* himself was mov'd with Pity towards him; and the Soldiers fetch'd deep Sighs at seeing this young Man weltring in his own Blood, and his fine Head of Hair, as beauteous as that of *Apollo*, all disorder'd and trailing in the dust. *Philoctetes*, having overcome *Amphimachus*, was forc'd to retire from the Fight: He had lost a great Deal of Blood and Strength; and even his old Wound, in the Heat of Action, was going to

to open again, and renew his Pains; for the Sons of *Æsculapius*, with their divine Skill, cou'd not entirely heal it. And now he was just ready to fall among a Heap of bleeding Bodies that were round about him, when *Archidamas*, the boldest and most dextrous of all the *Oebalians*, whom he had brought with him to lay the Foundation of *Petilia*, carries him out of the Battel, in the very Moment that *Adrastus* might with the greatest Ease have laid him sprawling at his Feet. And now *Adrastus* meets with nothing that either dares oppose him, or retard his Victory. All either fall or fly before him; and he is like a Torrent, which having overflow'd its Banks, sweeps away with its outrageous Waves the Corn, the Cattel, the Shepherds and their whole Villages.

Telemachus hears at a Distance the Conqueror's Shouts, and sees the Disorder of his Men flying before *Adrastus*, as a Herd timorous Deer traversing the vast Plains, the Woods, the Mountains, and even the most rapid Rivers, when pursu'd by the Huntsmen. *Telemachus* groans; Indignation sparkles in his Eyes; he quits the Place where he had long been fighting with so much Danger and Glory; he runs to the Support of his shatter'd Troops; he advances, besmear'd all over with the Blood of a Multitude of his Enemies, whom he had extended on the Dust: He gives a Shout at a Distance, that was heard by both Armies.

Minerva had infus'd something dreadful in his Voice, with which the neighbouring Mountains resounded. *Mars* never makes his own harsh Voice sound louder in *Thrace*, when he calls together the infernal Furies, Death and War, to attend him.

This Shout of *Telemachus* fills his Soldiers Hearts with Courage and Boldness, and chills his Enemies Souls with Fear. Even *Adrastus* self is ashamed to find himself disorderd. A World of fatal Presages fill him with Terror, and that which animates him, is rather Despair than a sedate Valour: Thrice did his trembling Knees begin to slip from under him; thrice he started back, without knowing what he did. A fainting Paleness and a cold damp Sweat spread all over his Limbs, his hoarse and faltering Voice could not make an End of any Word; his Eyes sparkling with a gloomy Fire, look'd as if they were going to start out of his Head; he was like *Orestes* agitated by the Furies; all his Motions were convulsive. And now he begins to believe that there are Gods: He thought he saw them angry, and that he heard a hollow Voice from Hell calling him to dark *Tartarus*. Every thing made him sensible there was a celestial and invisible Hand hovering over his Head, which was going to sink him down by its intollerable Weight. All Hope was extinguish'd in his Heart; his Courage and Resolution vanish'd, and disappear'd like the Day light, when *Phæbus* sinking down to the Bottom of *Thetis*, leaves the Earth mantled in the Shades of Night.

The impious *Adrastus*, who was too long suffer'd to live, but that Mankind stood in need of so dreadful a Sourse; the impious *Adrastus* does at length draw near his last Hour: Like one distracted he runs to meet his inevitable Fate; Horror, gnawing Remorse, Consternation, Fury, Rage, Despair, accompany him in his March. No sooner does he set Eye on *Telemachus*, but he fancy'd he saw *Avernus* open its Jaws, and whirling Fla-

Flames issuing from the black *Pblegeton*, ready to swallow him up: He cries out, and his Mouth continues open, without being able to utter a Word: Like a Man asleep, who in a frightful Dream opens his Mouth, and strives to speak; but still Utterance fails him, and he attempts it in vain. With a trembling and impatient Hand *Adrastus* flings his Dart at *Telemachus*, while the latter undaunted and calm like one that is befriended by the Gods, defends himself with his Buckler. It seem'd as if Victory, covering him with her wings, did already hold a Crown over his Head; a gentle and undisturb'd Courage sparkled in his Eyes: One wou'd have taken him for *Minerva* her self, so composed and unconcern'd was he in the Midst of the greatest Dangers. *Adrastus's* Dart being repell'd by *Telemachus's* Buckler, he hastens to draw his Sword, to deprive the Son of *Ulysses* of the Advantage of throwing his Dart in his Turn. *Telemachus*, seeing *Adrastus's* Sword in his Hand, immediately draws his own, and relinquishes his Dart.

When they were seen thus fighting Hand to Hand, all the other Combatants, in Silence, laid down their Arms to gaze on them, and waited for the Issue of the War from their single Engagement. The two bright Swords, like the Flashes of Lightning that bring on Claps of Thunder, cross each other several Times, and deal fruitless Blows on the burnish'd Armour, which resounds with their heavy Strokes. The two Combatants stretch themselves out, contract themselves, bow themselves down, start up in an Instant, and after a while, grapple together. The Ivy that grows at the Foot of an Elm, does not more closely grasp
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the hard and knotty Trunk with its wreathing Branches, till it reaches the highest Boughs, than these two Combatants clasp and lock one another. *Adrastus* had not yet lost any thing of his native Strength; and *Telemachus* was not yet arriv'd to the full Increase of his. *Adrastus* made several Attempts to surprize his Enemy, and overset him; he endeavours to seize the Sword of the young *Greek*, but in vain; while he offers at this, *Telemachus* catches him up from the Ground, and throws him prostrate on the Sand. Then did that impious Wretch, who always contemn'd the Gods, betray a vile Fear of Death; he is asham'd to beg his Life, and yet cannot help manifesting that he desires it; he endeavours to move *Telemachus's* Compassion: O thou Son of *Ulysses*, said he to him, I now at last acknowledge that the Gods are just; they punish me as I have deserv'd; nothing but Distress can open the Eyes of Men to see the Truth; I see it, and stand condemn'd by it; but let an unfortunate King put you in Mind of your Father, who is remote from *Ithaca*, and let the Thoughts of this affect your Heart!

Telemachus, who held him fast under him, and had already lifted up his Sword to pierce his Throat, instantly made this answer; I had no other Aim but Victory, and the Peace of the Nation to whose succour I am come; I delight not in Bloodshed; live therefore, O *Adrastus*, but live to repair your Faults; restore all that you have usurp'd; re-establish Tranquility and Justice on the Coast of the great *Hesperia*, which you have sullied with so many Massacres and Treacheries; live, and become a new Man; let your Fall teach you that the Gods are just; that wicked Men
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are miserable; that they deceive themselves in seeking Happiness by Violence, Inhumanity and Guile; in short, that nothing is so happy or delightful, as a plain and steady Virtue. Give us for Hostages your Son *Metrodorus*, with twelve of your prime Nobility.

At these Words *Telemachus* suffers *Adrastus* to rise, and lends him his Hand, without in the least distrusting his Villainy; but *Adrastus* immediately threw at him a second short Dart which he had kept conceal'd. It was so sharp-pointed, and flung with so great Dexterity, that had not *Telemachus's* Armour been of a supernatural Make, it had certainly pierc'd it. At the same Time *Adrastus* runs behind a Tree to avoid the Pursuit of *Telemachus*, who cry'd out: You see, O ye *Daunians*, the Victory is our's; this wicked Man saves himself only by his Treachery. He who fears not the Gods, is afraid of Death: On the contrary, he who fears the Gods, has nothing else to fear. Speaking these Words, he moves towards the *Daunians*, and gives a Sign to his Men, who were on the other Side of the Tree, to cut off the Retreat of the perfidious *Adrastus*. *Adrastus* fearing he should be taken, makes as if he would return the same Way he came, and resolves to break through the *Cretans*, who stood to oppose his Passage; but on a sudden, *Telemachus*, swift as the Thunder which is hurl'd by the Father of the Gods upon guilty mortals, flies upon his Enemy; he seizes him with his victorious Hand, lays him prostrate on the Ground, as the bleak Northwind beats down the tender Ears of Corn, and will now hear no more, though
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the impious Wretch attempts again to abuse his generous Temper: He buries his Sword in his Heart, and precipitates him to the Flames of dark *Tartarus*; a just punishment of his Demerits.



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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK XXI.

The ARGUMENT.

Adrastus being kill'd, the Daunians lift up their Hands to the Allies, in Token of Peace, and demand of them a King of their own Nation. Nestor being inconsolable for the Death of his Son, keeps from the Assembly of the Chiefs, some of whom give their Opinions for dividing the Country of the vanquish'd, and giving to Telemachus the Territory of Arpi. Far from accepting this Offer, Telemachus shews, that 'tis the common Interest of the Confederates to chuse Polydamas King of the Daunians, and to leave them their Lands. He afterwards persuades that People to bestow the Country of Arpi on Diomedes, who happen'd to come there. The Trouble being thus at an End, they separate in Order to return to their respective Countries.

NO sooner was *Adrastus* dead, than all the *Daunians*, instead of deploring their Defeat, and the Loss of their King, rejoiced for their Deliverance, and stretch'd out their Hands to the Allies, in Token of Peace and Reconciliation. *Metrodorus*, the Son of *Adrastus*, whom his Father had brought up in Maxims of Dissimulation, Injustice, and Inhumanity, betook himself to flight like a Coward; but a Slave, that was an Accomplice in all his Cruelties and infamous Actions, whom he had made free, and loaded with Favours, and to whose Fidelity alone he committed his Flight, cast about how he might betray him, for his own Advantage: He kill'd him as he fled, by giving him a Wound in his Back, then, cutting off his Head, brought it to the Camp of the Confederates, in Expectation of some mighty Reward for a Crime that put an End to the War. But the Confederates abhorr'd the Villain, and caus'd him to be put to Death. *Telemachus*, seeing the Head of *Metrodorus*, who was a Youth of marvellous Beauty, of an excellent Disposition, which had been spoil'd by Pleasures and bad Examples, cou'd not restrain his Tears. Alas! said he, here are the Effects of the Bane of Prosperity in a young Prince! The higher his Condition is, and the more sprightly his Temper, the more he wanders out of the true Way, and departs from the Sentiments of Virtue; I my self might perhaps have done the same, had not the Misfortunes in which I was train'd up (thanks to the Gods and *Mentor's* Instructions) taught me Moderation.

The *Daunians* being assembled, demanded, as the only Condition of Peace, that they might be permitted to set up a King of their own Nation, who might, by his Virtues, wipe out the Reproach which the impious *Adrastus* had brought upon the
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the Crown. They thank'd the Gods for having destroy'd the Tyrant, and crouded to kiss the Hand of *Telemachus*, who was the Instrument in cutting of that Monster; so that their Defeat was to them in the Nature of a Triumph. Thus in a Moment fell, beyond Retrieve, that Power which threaten'd all others in *Hesperia*, and which made so many Nations tremble; like those huge Banks of Earth that seem firm and immoveable, but which are by little and little sapp'd and undermin'd. For a great while the feeble Toil, us'd in attacking the Foundations of them, is derided; they seem not in the least weaken'd, all is smooth and plain, nothing so much as shakes; meanwhile, all the subterranean Props are gradually destroy'd down to the Foundation, and then at once the Mound sinks, and opens a prodigious Gap. Thus an unjust and tricking Power, whatever Prosperity it may seem to acquire through its Violences, is all the while digging a Precipice under its own Feet. Guile and Inhumanity do, by Degrees, sap the most solid Foundations of legal Authority; Men admire it, fear it, tremble before it till the Moment it vanishes; it sinks under its own weight, and nothing can raise it again, because it has with its own Hands destroy'd the true Supports of Sincerity and Justice, which alone beget Love and Confidence.

The Commanders of the Army met the next Day, to grant the *Daunians* a King. It was a delightful thing to see the two Camps confounded together by so unlook'd for a Friendship, so that the two Armies now made but one. The wise *Nestor* cou'd not be present in Council, because Grief of Mind, added to his great Age, had wither'd his Heart just as a shower of Rain beats down a Flower, and makes it droop in the Evening

ning, which in the Morning, while *Aurora* was rising, was the Glory and Ornament of the verdant Fields. His Eyes were become two Fountains of Tears that cou'd not be dry'd up: kindly Sleep, that charms the acutest Pains, fled far away from him: Hope, the Life of a Man's Heart, was extinct in him: all Food was bitter to this unfortunate old Man; even the Light was odious to him; his Soul wish'd for nothing but to part from his Body, and to sink into the everlasting Night of *Pluto's* Empire: In vain did his Friends talk to him; his distemper'd Mind nauseated all Friendship, as a sick Man disrelishes the most wholesome Meats. To all that they could say to move him, he return'd nothing but Sighs and Groans. From time to time he was heard to say, *O Pisistratus, Pisistratus, Pisistratus*, my Son, thou call'st me hence, I will follow thee, thou wilt render Death sweet to me! O my dear Son, all the Happiness I now desire, is to see thee again on the Banks of *Styx*. Then wou'd he continue whole Hours without speaking the least Word; but wou'd lament, and lift up his Hands, and his Eyes drown'd in Tears, to Heaven. In the mean Time, the Princes being assembled, were expecting *Telemachus*, who remain'd by *Pisistratus's* Body, on which he strew'd Handfuls of Flowers, with exquisite Perfumes, and shed a Flood of bitter Tears. O my dear Companion, said he, I shall never forget how I saw thee at *Pylus*, follow'd thee to *Sparta*, and found thee again on the Coast of the great *Hesperia*: I owe thee a Thousand kind Offices; I loved thee, and was beloved by thee: I was acquainted with thy Valour; which wou'd have surpass'd that of many renown'd *Greeks*. Alas! It has made thee die honourably; but it has robb'd the World of a blooming Virtue which wou'd have equall'd that
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of thy Father! Yes; thy Wisdom and thy Eloquence, in a riper Age, wou'd have come up to the Perfections of that Hero who was admir'd by all *Greece*! Thou wast already Master of that sweet Insinuation which was irresistible when thou spakest. Those natural and ingenous Ways of recounting a Story, that sage Moderation which is a prevailing Charm to pacify angry Spirits; that Authority which flows from Prudence and the Energy of good Counsels: When thou spakest, every Ear was attentive; all were prepossess'd in thy Favour, all were desirous to find you in the Right. Thy Speech, that was plain and without Flourishes, gently stole into Men's Hearts, like Dew upon the springing Grass. But alas! all those Blessings, which we enjoy'd but a few Hours ago, are now snatch'd from us for ever! *Pisistratus*, whom I hugg'd in my Arms this morning, is now no more; we have nothing left but a sad Remembrance of him: Ah! if thou hadst clos'd the Eyes of *Nestor*, and not we thine, then had he not seen what he now is forc'd to see, nor wou'd he have been the most unhappy Father in the World.

After this, *Telemachus* caused the bloody Wound in *Pisistratus*'s Side, to be wash'd; he order'd him to be laid out upon a Bed of Purple, where, with his Head leaning upon his Shoulder, o'er-spread with the Paleness of Death, he resembled a young Tree, which having cover'd the Earth with its Shade, and shot its flourishing Boughs to Heaven, is wounded by the sharp Edge of a Woodman's Axe; it no longer holds by its own Proot, nor by the Earth, that fruitful Mother who nourishes her Plants in her Bosom; it sickens, it droops, it loses its Verdure, it can no longer support it self, and down it falls; its Branches, that us'd to hide the Sky from Men's Eyes, are dragg'd in the

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Dust, all wither'd and dry; it is now a bare Trunk, despoil'd of all its Ornament. Thus *Pisistratus*, now a Prey to Death, was carry'd away by those who were to lay him on the fatal Pile. Already the Flame mounts up to Heaven. A Band of *Pylians* attended him with dejected watry Eyes, Arms reversed and trailing, and with a slow Pace. The Body is soon consumed; the Ashes are put into a golden Urn: And *Telemachus*, who took upon him the Care of the whole Ceremony, commits this Urn, as a most valuable Treasure to *Callimachus*, who had been *Pisistratus*'s Governor: Take, said he, these Ashes, the sad but precious Remains of him whom you so much lov'd; keep them for his Father, but wait till he has recover'd Strength enough to ask for them, and then, and not till then, deliver them; That which excites Sorrow at one Time, allays it at another.

After this, *Telemachus* repairs to the Assembly of the confederate Kings. As soon as they espy'd him, they were all hush'd, in Expectation to hear him discourse: This made him blush, and he cou'd not be prevail'd upon to speak. The Praises that were given him by publick Acclamations, on account of his late Action, added to his Bashfulness; so that he would gladly have hid himself: This was the first time he appeared confused and irresolute. At length, he desired, as a Favour, that they wou'd desist from commending him: Not but that I am a lover of Praise, said he, especially when it comes from such good Judges of Virtue; but I am afraid of loving it too much. Praises are apt to corrupt Men; they fill them full of themselves, and render them vain and presumptuous: We ought equally to merit and decline them: There is no great Unlikeness

keness between the justest and the falsest Praises. The wickedest of all Men, namely Tyrants, are those who have procured themselves to be most praised by their Flatterers: What Pleasure is there in being commended like them? Just Praises are such as you will give me in my Absence, if I am so happy as to deserve them. If you believe me to be really good, you ought also to believe that I am willing to be modest, and would fear Vanity: Spare me therefore, if you have any Esteem for me, and do not praise me as if I were a Man fond of such Things.

After *Telemachus* had thus express'd himself, he return'd not a Word more to those who continued extolling him to the Sky: And by an Air of Indifference, he cut short the Encomiums that were made upon him. They began to be afraid they shou'd displease him in good Earnest by praising him; but their Admiration still encreased; every one knowing the Tenderneſs he had shewn to *Pisistratus*, and the Care he took to pay him the last Offices. The whole Army was more affected with these Marks of his good Nature, than with all those Prodigies of Wisdom and Valour which lately shone in him. He is wise, he is valiant, whisper'd they one to another; he is the Favourite of the Gods, and the true Hero of our Age. He is more than human: But all this is only Matter of Wonder, it does nothing more than fill us with Amazement. He has Humanity and Goodness; he is a faithful, tender-hearted Friend; he is compassionate and sympathizing, generous, beneficent, and wholly at the Service of them whom he ought to love; he is the Delight of them who live with him; he has laid aside all his former Haughtiness, Indifference, and Fierceness. This is what makes him useful in Life; this is what co-

mes home to each Man's Heart; this is what endears him to us and makes us sensible of all his Virtues: This is what makes us all ready to sacrifice our Lives for him.

These Discourses were scarce finish'd, when they proceeded to the point in Hand, namely, the Business of giving a King to the *Daunians*. Most of the Princes were of Opinion, that it was best to divide that Country among the Confederates, as a conquer'd Land; and offered to *Telemachus*, for his Share, the fertile Country of *Arpi*, which, twice a Year, bears the rich Gifts of *Ceres*, the bounteous Blessings of *Bacchus*, and the ever-green Fruits of the Olive Tree, sacred to *Minerva*. This Land, said they to him, ought to make you forget the poor Cottages of *Ithaca*, the frightful Rocks of *Dulichium*, and the wild Forests of *Zacynthus*. Give over the Search of your Father, who must have perish'd in the Waves, near the Promontory of *Caphareus*, thro' the Revenge of *Nauplius*, and the Wrath of *Nep-tune*. Think no more of your Mother, who is long since in the Possession of her Lovers; nor of your Country; whose Soyl is not favour'd by Heaven, like this we now offer you. He patiently heard all this; but the Rocks of *Thrace* and *Thessaly* are not more deaf and insensible of the Complaints of despairing Lovers, than *Telemachus* of these Proposals.

For my part, says he, I am not fond either of Riches or Pleasures: What signifies the possessing a greater Compass of Land, and commanding a great Number of Men? It occasions but the more Perplexity, and the less Liberty to the Master. Life is full enough of Miseries, even to the wisest and most moderate Sort of Men, without the additional Trouble of governing others, who are
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untractable, restless, unjust, deceitful, and ungrateful. If a Man aims at the Mastery over others for his own Sake alone, with an Eye to nothing but his own Authority, Pleasure, and Glory; he is impious, he is a Tyrant, he is the Scourge of Mankind: If, on the contrary, his Design, in aiming at the Dominion over them, be to conduct them aright, for their own good, he is not so much their Master as their Guardian; he has nothing but the Trouble of it, which is endless, and he is far from having any Thoughts or Desires to enlarge the Bounds of his Authority. The Shepherd, who devours not his Flock, but, with the Hazard of his own Life, guards it against the Wolves, and watches over it Night and Day, and takes Care to lead it into fat Pastures, has no Mind to encrease the Number of his Sheep by seizing upon those of his Neighbours, because it wou'd but encrease his Trouble. Altho' I never sway'd a Scepter, added *Telemachus*; yet do I understand, from the Laws, and from those wise Men who made them, how painful and laborious a thing it is to steer the Government of Cities and Kingdoms: I am therefore content with my poor *Ithaca*. As little, and as poor as it is, I shall have Glory enough, provided I reign there with Justice, Pity, and Courage: And indeed, I shall reign there but too soon. Heaven grant that my Father, safe from the Fury of the Waves, may govern there to an extream old Age, and that I may long learn under him how to overcome my own Passions, and thereby to regulate those of a whole Nation.

Afterwards he thus proceeded: Hear, O ye Princes, who are here assembled, what I think my self obliged to say to you for your own Interest. If you give the *Daunians* a just King, he

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will rule them with Justice, he will shew them how much it is for their Advantage to adhere to good Faith and Sincerity, and never to encroach upon their Neighbours: And this is what they cou'd never understand while they were govern'd by the impious *Adrastus*. As long as they shall be under the Sway of a wise and moderate Prince; you will have nothing to fear from them; they will be beholden to you for this good King, whom you shall have bestow'd on them; they will be indebted to you for the Peace and Prosperity they shall enjoy under him. They will be so far from attacking you, that they will incessantly bless you, and both King and People will be, as it were, the Work of your own Hands. If, on the contrary, you proceed to divide their Country among you, pray observe the Mischiefs which I foretel you; These People, driven by Despair, will begin a new Wars they will have Justice on their Side in contending for their Liberty; the Gods, who are Enemies of Tyranny, will fight for them: And if the Gods take their Part, you will certainly, sooner or later, be confounded, and all your Prosperity vanish like Smoke. Wisdom and Counsel will be taken away from your Commanders, Courage from your Soldiers, and Fertility from your Lands: You will flatter your selves with vain Expectations, you will be rash and unadvised in your Undertakings, you will silence honest Men that shall offer to tell you the Truth, your Fall will be sudden, and it will be said of you: Are these the flourishing Nations that were to give Laws to all the World? See how they fly before their Enemies, and are the Sport of others who trample them under their Feet? This is the Work of the Gods, this is what such unjust, proud, inhuman
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People deserve! Again consider, that if you offer to divide this Conquest among you, you unite all the neighbouring Nations against you: Your League, form'd to defend the common Liberty of *Hesperia* against the Usurper *Adrastus*, will become hateful; and 'tis you that all the World will, with good Reason, accuse of aiming at a universal Tyranny. But admitting you prove victorious both over the *Daunians*, and all others: even that will be your Destruction; I'll tell you how.

Consider that this Attempt will disunite you all, because, not being founded upon Justice, you will have no Rule among you to square out each other's Pretensions by; every one will urge that his Share of the Conquest should be proportionate to his Power; none of you will have Authority enough over the Nations to make the Partition peaceably, and this will be the Source of a War, which your Great-Grand-Children will never see an End of. Is it not much better to be just and moderate, than to follow one's Ambition with so much Danger and through so many inevitable Mischiefs? Are not profound Peace, the Calm and innocent Pleasures that accompany it, the Blessings of Plenty, the Friendship of one's Neighbours, the Glory that is inseparable from Justice, the Authority that is acquir'd in rendering one's self, by one's Sincerity, the Arbiter of all foreign Nations; are not these, I say, much more desirable things than the foolish Vanity of an unwarrantable Conquest? O Princes, O Kings, you see I speak to you without any Byass or Self-interest; hearken therefore to one who loves you so well as to contradict you, nay even to displease you by setting the Truth before your Eyes.

While *Telemachus* deliver'd himself thus, with

an Air of Authority which they had never seen in any other, and while all the Princes with Astonishment and Rapture attended to the Wisdom of his Counsels, there was heard a confus'd Noise which spread throughout the Camp, and reach'd to the very place where the Assembly was held. A Stranger, said they, is landed on these Coasts, with a Company of arm'd Men. This unknown Person is of a lofty Mien; every thing in him appears Heroick; it is easy to discern that he has been long under the Frowns of Fortune, and that his high Courage has made him superior to all his Calamities. At first, the People of the Country, who guard the Coast, wou'd have repulsed him as an Enemy that was coming to make an Invasion; but after having drawn his Sword, with an Air of Intrepidity, he told them that he knew how to defend himself, if he were attack'd, but that all he desir'd of them was Peace and Hospitality. He immediately held forth an Olive branch as a Suppliant: Upon this he is heard; he desires to be brought to those who govern in this Part of *Hesperia*, and so he is conducted hithers to speak to the assembled Kings.

Scarce was this Discourse finish'd, when this Stranger was seen entering with a Majesty that surpriz'd the whole Assembly: One might easily have taken him for *Mars*, when he assembles, in the Mountains of *Thrace*, his blood thirsty Troops. He bespeaks the Assembly in these Terms.

O ye Shepherds of the People, who are doubtless met together here to defend your Country against its Enemies, or to enact the most righteous Laws; hearken to a Man that has been persecuted by Fortune: Heaven grant you never feel the like Calamities! I am *Diomedes*, King of *Aetolia*,

Ætolia, who wounded *Venus* at the Siege of *Troy*: The Revenge of that Goddess pursues me throughout the Universe. *Neptune*, who can refuse nothing to the divine Daughter of the Sea, has deliver'd me up to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, which have several times dash'd my Ships in pieces against Rocks. The inexorable *Venus* has taken from me all Hope of ever seeing again my Kingdom, my Family, and the delicious Light of that Country where I first saw the Day at my Birth: No, I shall never more see what I hold most dear in the World. I now am come, after numerous Shipwrecks, to seek on this unknown Shore a little Repose, and a secure Retreat. If you fear the Gods, especially *Jupiter*, who has the Care of Strangers; if you have any Sense of Pity, do not refuse me, in these vast Regions, some Corner, though it be of barren Ground, some dismal Desert, or some sharp craggy Rock, that I, with my Companions, may found a City there, which may be at least a melancholy Image of our lost Country. We ask but a small Tract in some waste Place: We will live peaceably with you in a strict Alliance: Your Enemies shall be our's; we will espouse all your Interests; we only desire the Liberty of living according to our own Laws.

All the while *Diomedes* was speaking this, *Telemachus*, with his Eyes fix'd on him, shew'd in his own Countenance all the different Passions which the human Soul is capable of. When *Diomedes* first spoke of his tedious Misfortunes, he was in Hopes it might be his Father. As soon as he had declared himself to be *Diomedes*, *Telemachus's* Countenance languish'd like a beautiful Flower which the cruel North-wind had just blasted with its pernicious Breath. Afterwards, *Dio-*

medes, complaining of the implacable Anger of a Deity, begot in him a compassionate and tender Remembrance of the like Misfortunes suffer'd by his Father and himself: His Cheeks ran down with tears mix'd with Grief and Joy, and he instantly flew to *Diomedes* to embrace him.

I am, said he, the Son of *Ulysses*, whom you once knew, and who was not unuseful to you, when you took the famous Horses of *Rhesus*: The Gods have treated him, as well as you, unmercifully: If there be any Truth in the Oracles of *Eurebus*, he is still alive: But alas! he is not alive to me: I left *Ithaca* to seek him, and now I can neither see him nor *Ithaca* again: Judge by my Misfortunes what Compassion I have for others. The Advantage that Misfortunes bring along with them, is to teach us to sympathize with others in their Troubles: Though I am but a Stranger here, yet am I able, O great *Diomedes*, (for notwithstanding the Misery that overwhelm'd my Country when I was a Child, I have not been so ill educated, as to be ignorant of your glorious Feats in War) I am able, O most invincible of all the *Greeks* next *Achilles*, to procure you some Relief. These Princes, whom you here see, are Persons of Humanity; without which they very well know there is neither Virtue, nor true Courage, nor solid Glory. Misfortunes add a new Lustre to the Glory of great Men. There is something wanting in them, before they have been in Adversity. There must be in their Lives Examples of Patience and Firmness of Mind; distress'd Virtue melts all Hearts that have any Relish for Virtue; leave to us, therefore, the Care of comforting you; since the Gods have sent you to us, we look upon you as a Present they intended us,

us, and ought to esteem our selves happy that we are able to mitigate your Sorrows.

While he was thus speaking, *Diomedes* look'd on him with Wonder and Amazement, and felt his Heart leap within him. They hugg'd one another as if they had long been united in the closest Bands of Friendship. O worthy Son of the wise *Ulysses*, said *Diomedes*, I find in you the Sweetness of his Countenance, the Gracefulness of his Discourse, his commanding Eloquence, his noble Sentiments, and his wise Thoughts.

Mean while, *Philoctetes* likewise embrac'd the Son of *Tydeus*: They related to each other their melancholy Adventures: Then said *Philoctetes* to him, I doubt not but you will be glad to see the wise *Nestor*; he has just lost *Pisistratus*, the last of his Children, and now there remains nothing for him but a Way moisten'd with Tears, that loads him to his Tomb. Come then and try to comfort him; a Friend under Affliction is fitter than another to ease his troubled Heart. They immediately repair'd to the Tent of *Nestor*, who scarce knew *Diomedes* again; Grief had so depress'd his Spirit, and disorder'd his Senses. At first they wept with him, and this Interview encreased the old Man's Sorrow; but after a while, the Presence of this Friend asswag'd his Heart; and one might easily discern, that his Affliction was, in some Measure, suspended by the secret Pleasure of relating what he himself had suffer'd, and of hearing, on the other Side, what had befallen *Diomedes*.

Whilst they were thus conversing, the Kings, together with *Telemachus*, were debating what Course to take? *Telemachus* advised them to give *Diomedes* the Country of *Arpi*, and to chuse *Polydamas* for King of the *Daunians*, he being of
their

their own Nation. This Man was a famous Captain, whom *Adrastus*, through Jealousy, wou'd never employ, lest the World should ascribe to that able Commander the Success, of which he hoped to reap himself all the Glory. *Polydamas* had often, in private, represented to him, that he too much exposed his own Life and the Welfare of his Country in this War, against so many Confederate Nations: He wou'd often have advis'd him to have observ'd a more upright and moderate Conduct towards his Neighbours; but those who hate Truth, do also hate such as are so bold as to declare it to them: They make no Manner of Account either of their Sincerity, or their Zeal, or their Disinterestedness: A bewitching Prosperity harden'd *Adrastus's* Heart against the most wholesome Advice, and yet, notwithstanding all this, he still obtain'd the Victory over his Enemies. Haughtiness, Fraud, and Violence, were still the Instruments of Triumph to him. None of the Misfortunes which *Polydamas* so often threaten'd him with, befel him: *Adrastus* laugh'd at that timorous Prudence which is always foreseeing Inconveniencies. He cou'd no longer endure the Sight of *Polydamas*; he remov'd him from all Employments of Honour and Trust, and left him to languish in Solitude and Indigence.

Polydamas was at first deeply affected with this Disgrace, but it soon procur'd him what he wanted, in opening his Eyes to see the Vanity of high Fortunes; he became wise at his own Cost; he began to rejoyce that he had been unfortunate; he by degrees learnt how to suffer; to be satisfy'd with a little; calmly to feed his Soul with Truth; to cherish and entertain within him secret Virtues, which are far more valuable than the noisy and glittering ones: In fine, to know how to live
without

without the Society of Men. He dwelt at the Foot of Mount *Garganus* in a Defart, where a half-arch'd Rock serv'd him for a House; a Brook that ran from a Mountain allay'd his Thirst, and some adjoyning Trees afforded him their Fruits for Food. He had two Slaves that cultivated a little Spot of Ground for him, in which he wrought likewise with his own Hands; the Ground repay'd his Toil with great Increase, not suffering him to want any Thing: He had not only Fruit and Pulse in Abundance, but all Sorts of fragrant Flowers besides. There he bewail'd the Unhappiness of those People who are hurried on to their Destruction by the senseless Ambition of a Tyrannical Prince; there he every Day expected that the just Gods, though patient for a while, wou'd at length crush *Adrastus*. The more his Prosperity gain'd Ground, the more irrecoverable he thought his Fall wou'd prove; for Imprudence, when it is successfull in its Errors; and Power, when screw'd up to the highest Pitch of absolute Authority, are the Fore-runners of the Downfal of Kings and Kingdoms. When he was inform'd of the Overthrow and Death of *Adrastus*, he shew'd no Signs of Joy, either for having foreseen it, or for being rescu'd from his Tyranny: He only sigh'd for Fear of seeing the *Daunians* in a State of Slavery.

This is the Man *Telemachus* propos'd for their King: He had for some time known his Courage and Valour; for *Telemachus*, according to *Mentor's* Advice, was incessantly making Enquiry of thee good and bad Qualities of all who were in any considerable Employment, not only among the Confederate Nations who serv'd in this War, but even among the Enemy. He made it his principal Care every where to find out and examine

mine, what Man had any particular Talent or Virtue.

The Confederate Princes made, at first, some Difficulty of placing *Polydamas* on the Throne. We have experienc'd, said they, how much a King of the *Daunians* is to be dreaded by his Neighbours, when he is a Lover of War, and knows how to manage it. *Polydamas* is a great Captain, and may be very dangerous to us. But *Telemachus* reply'd; 'Tis true, *Polydamas* understands War, but then he loves Peace; and these are the two Things that are most to be desired in a Prince: A Man who is acquainted with the Calamities, the Hazards and Difficulties of War, is much more capable of avoiding it, than another, who has no Experience of them: *Polydamas* has learn'd to relish the Pleasure of a quiet Life; he condemn'd the Enterprizes of *Adrastus*, he foresaw their dismal Consequences. A weak and ignorant Prince ought more to be dreaded by you, than a Man who will look into Affairs, and determine every thing himself; a weak and ignorant Prince will see nothing but by the Eyes of a giddy Favourite, or of a flattering, turbulent and ambitious Minister; so that a Prince thus blinded, will engage himself in a War, even though he has no Mind to it; and you can never be sure of him, because he cannot be sure of himself; he will falsify his Word to you; he will soon reduce you to such Extremities, that you must either ruin him, or he you. Is it not more advantageous, more safe, and at the same time, more just and generous, to make a faithful Return to the Confidence the *Daunians* place in you, and to give them a King worthy to command them?

This Speech convinc'd the whole Assembly; thereupon a Message was sent to propose *Polydamas*

mas to the *Daunians*, who were impatiently waiting for an Answer. When they heard the Name of *Polydamas*, they reply'd, we are now satisfied that the Confederate Princes will act sincerely by us, and perpetuate the Peace with us, since they are willing to grant us a Man so virtuous, and so capable of governing us, to be our King. If they had propos'd to us a cowardly, effeminate, and ignorant Person, we should have thought they aim'd only at depressing us, and corrupting the Form of our Government: We should have secretly harbour'd in our Breasts a deep Resentment of so illnatur'd and fraudulent a Piece of Conduct; but their Choice of *Polydamas* is a sure Indication of real Candour. The Confederates, without doubt, expect nothing from us but what is just and honourable, since they grant us a King, who is incapable of doing any thing against the Liberty and Glory of our Nation; and we in like manner, do protest, in Presence of the just Gods, that Rivers shall sooner run back to their Fountain-heads, than we will cease to love so beneficent a People. May our latest Posterity remember the Benefit we this Day receive, and may they never forget to renew, from Generation to Generation, the Peace of the Golden Age in all the Borders of *Hesperia*.

Telemachus, after this, propos'd to them to bestow on *Diomedes* the Fields of *Arpi*, to plant a Colony there. This new People, said he to them, will be oblig'd to you for their Settlement in a Country which you don't cultivate: Remember that all Men owe each other reciprocal love; that the Earth is too large for them; that they can't be without Neighbours; and that 'tis best to have such as are indebted to us for their Establishment: Compassionate the Misfortunes of a King who cannot

not return into his own Country. *Polydamas* and he, being united together by the Bands of Justice and Virtue, which are the only durable ones, will preserve you in profound Peace, and render you formidable to all the neighbouring Nations that might entertain Thoughts of aggrandizing themselves. You see, O ye *Daunians*, that we have bestow'd on you a King capable of raising your Glory to the Skies; do you, therefore, on your Part, give up a piece of Ground that is useless to you, since we ask it of you for a King who deserves all manner of Relief.

The *Daunians* reply'd, that they cou'd deny *Telemachus* nothing, since it was he that procur'd them *Polydamas* for their King. They immediately went to fetch him from his Solitude, and to place him upon the Throne. But before they parted, they granted the fertile Plains of *Arpi* to *Diomedes*, to found a new Kingdom there. The Confederates were over-joy'd at this Concession, because *Diomedes's* Colony of *Greeks* wou'd add a considerable Weight to the Confederate Forces, if ever the *Daunians* shou'd renew the Usurpations of which *Adrastus* had set so ill an Example.

All the Princes had no other Thoughts than to separate. *Telemachus*, with Tears in his Eyes, departs with his Men, after having tenderly embrac'd the valiant *Diomedes*, the wise and inconsolable *Nestor*, and the fam'd *Philoctetes*, the worthy Heir of *Hercules's* Arrows.





THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK XXII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus arriving at Salentum is surpriz'd to see the Country round it so well cultivated; and to find so little Magnificence in the City. Mentor acquaints him with the Reasons of that Change; makes him sensible of the Faults which usually hinder a State from flourishing; and proposes to him the Conduct and Government of Idomeneus, as a Pattern for his Imitation. After this Telemachus opens his Breast to Mentor, and lets him see his Inclination to marry Antiope, that King's Daughter. Mentor joins with him, in commending her good Qualities; assures him that the Gods design her for him; but that, for the present, he ought to think on nothing but to depart for Ithaca, in Order to deliver Penelope from the pursuits of her Lovers.

THE young Son of *Ulysses* burn'd with Impatience to see *Mentor* again at *Salentum*, and to take shipping with him for *Ithaca*, where he hop'd his Father might 'ere this be arriv'd. As he drew near to *Salentum*, he was fill'd with Amazement to see all the neighbouring Country, which he had left little better than a Desert, cultivated and improved like a fine Garden, and full of diligent Labourers. He concluded this must be the Work of *Mentor*: Afterwards, entering the City, he observ'd that there were fewer Artificers for Luxury and the Pleasures of Life, and a much less Appearance of Pomp and Magnificence. *Telemachus* was shock'd at this, for he was naturally fond of every Thing that look'd gay and fine; but his Mind was soon possess'd with other Thoughts. He at a Distance sees *Idomeneus* making towards him with *Mentor*: This instantly fill'd his Heart with Joy and Tenderness; yet, notwithstanding he had been successfull in the War against *Adrastus*, he was afraid lest *Mentor* shou'd not be well-pleas'd with him; and as he came forward, he consulted *Mentor's* Eyes, to see if they intimated any Thing that might give him Occasion to upbraid himself.

First *Idomeneus* embraced *Telemachus* as his own Son; afterwards *Telemachus* threw himself about *Mentor's* Neck, and bedew'd him with his Tears. I am well pleas'd with you, says *Mentor* to him; you have been guilty of great Oversights; but they have serv'd to make you know your self, and to be hereafter diffident of your own Abilities. Men often reap more Fruit from their Errors than from their noblest Atchievements. Great Actions are apt to puff up the Heart, and to inspire a dangerous Presumption; whereas a Man's Miscarriages and Defects make him recollect himself, and resto-
re

re him the Prudence which he lost during the Run of his good Fortune. What remains for you to do, is to praise the Gods, and not do court the Praises of Men: Your Performances have been great; but pray speak the Truth, you had but little Share in the doing of them. Did they not happen like something adventitious and foreign, that was infused into you? And were you not like to have spoil'd them by your Eagerness and Imprudence? Did it not seem to you as if *Minerva* had chang'd you into another Man beyond your self, in Order to make you the Instrument of her Atchievements? She held all your Infirmities in Suspence, as *Nep- tune* when he quells Storms, and suspends the angry Waves.

Whilst *Idomeneus* was asking Questions of the *Cretans*, who return'd from the War, *Telemachus* gave attentive Ears to the sage Counsels of *Mentor*: After which he cast his Eyes on every Side with Wonder; and said, What a Change do I see? It passes my Understanding: Has any Calamity befallen this Place whilst I was absent? What is become of that Magnificence which reign'd in every Part of it at my Departure? I see neither Gold nor Silver, nor precious Stones: The People are meanly habited; the buildings that are carrying on, are much inferior to the rest, both for Dimensions and Ornament; the Arts droop, and the City is become a Desert.

To this *Mentor* reply'd smiling: Did you take Notice of the Condition of the Country round the City? Yes, answer'd *Telemachus*, I saw Husbandry thriving every where, and the Fields cultivated and manur'd. Which is best, added *Mentor*, a City pompous with Marble, Gold or Silver, with a Country neglected and barren, or a manured fertile Country, with a City ordinary in

Shew, and moderate in its Manners? A great City overstock'd with Artificers employ'd in emasculating Men's minds with the Luxuries of Life, when it is surrounded with a Kingdom poor and ill cultivated, is like a Monster who has a Head of exorbitant Bigness, but whose Body is extremely thin and depriv'd of Nourishment, so as to bear no Proportion to the Head. 'Tis the Number of People, and the Plenty of Provisions, which makes the true Strength and true Riches of a Kingdom. *Idomeneus* has now a People innumerable, and indefatigable in Labour, who fill every Corner of his Country; so that his whole Country is as it were but one entire City, and *Salentum* but the Center of it. We have sent into the Country the Men that were wanting there, and needless in the City: and have besides invited great Numbers of Strangers into this Country. The more these People increase and multiply, the more do the Fruits of the Earth increase and multiply by their Labour. And this so sweet and peaceable a Multiplication enlarges his Kingdom more than a conquest wou'd do. We have rejected such superfluous Arts only, as divert the poor from applying themselves to Things that are really wanting, and which corrupt the Rich, by occasioning Pride and Effeminacy: But we have not, in the least, wrong'd either the liberal Arts, or such Men as have a true Genius to cultivate them. Thus *Idomeneus* is much more powerful than he was when you admir'd his Magnificence: That dazzling Splendor hid under it a Weakness and a Misery, which wou'd soon have undermin'd his Empire: Now he has a greater Number of Men, and subsists them more easily: These Men, who are accusom'd to Toil, Pain, and a Contempt of Life, through the Love they bear to
good

good Laws, are always in a Readiness to fight in the Defence of those Lands, which they with their own Hands have improv'd. This State, which you think decay'd, will soon become the Wonder of *Hesperia*.

Remember, O *Telemachus*, that there are in the Government of a Nation, two pernicious Things, which are scarce ever remedy'd; the first is an unjust and too violent Authority in Kings; the second is Luxury, which viciates the Manners of the People. When Kings have accustom'd themselves to know no Laws but their own absolute Will, and to give no Check to their Passions, they may do any Thing; but by this very Power of doing any Thing, they sap the Foundation of their Authority; they go by no certain Rules, nor have they any fix'd Maxims of Government; All try who shall flatter them most; they lose their People, and have nothing left them but Slaves. Who shall tell them the Truth? Who shall set Bounds to this Torrent? Every thing falls before it; the Wisest fly away, hide themselves, and groan in secret: Nothing, but a sudden and violent Revolution can bring back this exorbitant Power into its natural Channel; nay, oftentimes the Means made Use of to regulate it, irrecoverably destroy it. Nothing so much threatens a great Fall, as an Authority that is carry'd too high; it is like a Bow too much bent, which at last breaks on a sudden, if the String be not slacken'd; but who is he that will dare to slacken it? *Idomeneus* was corrupted to the very Bottom of his Heart; it was this bewitching Authority that tumbled him from his Throne; but even after that, his Eyes continu'd hoodwink'd. There was a Necessity for the Gods to send us hither to undeceive him, and to open his Eyes that he might see, that overstrain'd extra-

vagant Power, which does not besit the State of Man; nay, they were forc'd to use supernatural Means, and work Miracles to recover him from his Delusion. The other almost incurable Mischief is Luxury. As too great an Authority intoxicates and poysons Kings; so Luxury poysons a whole Nation: 'Tis commonly urg'd, that Luxury serves to feed the Poor at the Expence of the Rich; as if the poor could not more profitably provide for themselves, by increasing the Fruits of the Earth, than by unmanning the Rich by the Refinements of Voluptuousness. Thus a whole Nation habituates it self to look upon the most superfluous Things, as the necessaries of Life; and thus every Day brings forth some new Necessity of the same Kind, and Men can no longer live without things which but thirty Years ago were utterly unknown to them. This Luxury is call'd, forsooth, the *Bon Gout*, the Perfection of Arts, and the Politiness of a Nation. This Vice, which carries in its Womb a thousand more, is commended for its Virtue; it spreads its Contagion down to the very Dregs of the People; those of the Royal Blood are willing to imitate the King's Magnificence; the Men of Quality mimick the King's Relations; and the middle Sort strive to equal those of Quality; for who is it that thinks amiss of himself? The lowest Rank of Men would pass for a middle Sort, and every one lives above his Condition, some for Ostentation and to make a Shew of their Wealth, others thro' a mistaken Shame, and to cloak their Poverty. Even those who are so wise as to condemn so great a Disorder, are not so wise as to dare to be the first to stem the Tide, or set contrary Examples. Thus a whole Nation falls to Ruin; all Conditions and Ranks of Men are confounded; an eager Desire of acquiring Wealth to
sup-

support an idle Expence, corrupts the purest Minds, and when Poverty is accounted infamous, nothing is minded but how to grow rich. Let a Man be a good Scholar, skilful, and virtuous; let him instruct Mankind, win Battles, and save his Country; let him sacrifice all his private Interest, and yet he will be despised, unless his Talents be heigten'd by Pomp and Luxury. Even those who have no Fortune will appear, and spend as if they had: And so they fall to borrowing, cheating, and using a thousand mean Arts to get Money: But who shall remedy those Evils? The Relish and Habits of a whole Nation must be changed, new Laws must be given them; and who shall attempt this, unless the King should prove to be so much of a Philosopher, as to set an Example of Moderation himself, and so put out of Countenance those who love a pompous Expence, and, at the same Time, to encourage the wise, who will be glad to authoriz'd in a decent Frugality.

Telemachus, hearing this Discourse, was just like a Man who comes out of a profound Sleep: He felt the Truth of these Words, and they were deeply engraven in his Heart, just as a skilful Statuary imprints what Lineaments he pleases on a Piece of Marble, and gives it Tendernefs, Life, and Motion. *Telemachus* made no Answer, but revolving in his Mind all that he had been hearing, he attentively survey'd the several Changes and Alterations that had been made in the City, and after a while he thus express'd himself to *Mentor*:

You have made *Idomeneus* the wisest of all Kings; both he and his People are become new Creatures; and it must be granted, that what you have done here is infinitely greater than all the

Victories we have won: For Chance and Strength have a great Share in the Successes of War. We must share with our Soldiers the Glory of a Victory; but all your Work is the Result of a single Head; and you alone had to deal against a King and all his People, in Order to correct them. The Successes in War are always fatal and odious: Whereas all see here, is the Work of a celestial Wisdom; all is sweet, all is pure, all is amiable, all bespeaks an Authority that is more than human. When Men are fondly ambitious of Glory, why do they not look for it in thus applying themselves to do good? How ignorant are they of the true Nature of Glory, who hope to acquire it in ravaging the Earth, and spilling human Blood! *Mentor* display'd a sensible Joy in his Face, to see *Telemachus* have such right Notions about Victories and Conquests, at an Age when it was so natural for him to be intoxicated with the Glory he had gain'd.

After this, *Mentor* added: 'Tis true, all you see here is good and laudable; but know, that it is possible to do yet better Things than these. *Idomeneus* checks his Passions, and applies himself to the governing of his People; yet for all this, he commits a great many Faults, which are the unhappy Consequences of his former Errors: When Men set about shaking of an Evil, this Evil seems still to hang about them for a long Time; there still remains within them some of their old Leaven, a weaken'd Disposition, inveterate Errors, and almost incurable Prejudices. Happy are they who never wander'd out of the right Path! For they may be able to do good, in a much greater Perfection. The Gods, O *Telemachus*, will expect more from you than from *Idomeneus*; because you have been acquainted with the Truth from your
In-

Infancy, and have never been abandon'd to the Inchantments of too great Prosperity.

Idomeneus, continu'd *Mentor*, is wise and knows a great deal; but he applies himself too much to little minute things, and does not enough meditate on the Bulk of his Affairs, to form Schemes. The Excellency of a King who is set over other Men, does not consist in doing all himself: It is a gross Piece of Vanity to think to do any such thing, or to go about to persuade the World that one can do it. A King ought to govern by chusing and conducting those who govern under him: He is not to meddle with *Details* or particulars; for that is doing the Business of those who are under him: He ought only to call them to an Account, and to know enough to be able to enter into, and discern the material Circumstances of such an Account. Supream and perfect Government consists in chusing, and governing those that govern, and in applying them according to their several Talents. You must observe them, try them, check them, encourage them, raise them, depress them, remove them from one place to another, and keep them always in Ure. For a Prince to examine every thing himself argues Diffidence, Narrowness of Mind; and a Jealousy about mean Matters, which consumes that Time and Freedom of Spirit which is necessary for great Things. To form grand Designs requires a free and sedate Mind, that can think at its Ease, in an entire Disengagement from all Dispatches of perplexing Affairs. A Mind exhausted by *Details* and Particulars, is like the Lees of Wine, which have neither Strength nor Flavour: They who govern by Details are always determined by what is before them, without extending their Views to a remote Futurity; they are always sway'd by

the Affair of the present Day, and that Affair being the only one that takes up their Thoughts, they are too much affected by it; it contracts their Minds; for no Man can pass a sound Judgment on Things, without comparing them all together, and marshalling them in a certain Order, that thereby they may be reduc'd to a proper Connection and Proportion. To fail in this Rule of Government, is to be like a Musician, who, thinking it enough that he has hit upon harmonious Sounds, never troubles himself to unite and accord them together, in Order to compose a sweet and ravishing Piece of Musick; or, like an Architect, that thinks his Business done, provided he heap together mighty Columns, and Abundance of well-cut Stones, without thinking of the Order and Proportion of the several Ornaments of his Building. When the Parlour is building, he thinks not of making a suitable Stair-case; when the Body of the Building is in Hand, he dreams not either of the Court-yard or the Gate; his Work is nothing but a confus'd Medley of pompous Parts, which are not made to fit one another. This Work, instead of doing him Credit, will rather be an eternal Monument of his Shame; for it shews, that it was done by a Workman who had not a sufficient Compass of Thought, to take in at once the general Design of his whole Work, which is the Character of a limited and a subaltern Mind: When a Man is born with a Genius confin'd to Particulars, he is only fit to act under another. Depend upon it, O my dear *Telemachus*, the Government of a Kingdom requires a certain Harmony like Musick, and just Proportions like Architecture.

If you will give me Leave to use once more the Comparison of these Arts, I'll make you conceive
what

what ordinary Understandings those Men have who govern by the Detail. He, who in a Consort of Musick sings only some certain Parts, tho' he sings them perfectly well, is no more than a Singer; he alone is the Master of Musick who governs the whole Consort, and at once regulates all the Parts of it. In like Manner, he that cuts the Columns, or raises one Side of a Building, is but a Mason; but he who contrives the whole Edifice, and has all the Proportions in his Head, is the only Architect. So those who take most Pains, and expedite most Business, are such as have the least Share in the Governing Part; they are no more than Underworkmen. The true Genius that conducts a State, is he, who doing nothing himself, causes every Thing to be done; he contrives, he invents, he foresees the Future, he reflects on what is past, he distributes and proportions Things, he makes early Preparations, he incessantly arms himself to struggle against Fortune, as a Swimmer against a rapid Stream of Water; he is attentive Night and Day, that he may leave nothing to Chance.

Do you think, O *Telemachus*, that a great Painter labours from Morning till Night that he may dispatch his Work the sooner? No; such a Constraint and Drudgery would damp the Brightness of his Fancy; he would no longer Work with Spirit; all must be done irregularly and by Sallies, according as his Gusto moves him, and his Genius stimulates him. Think you that he spends his Time in mixing of Colours, and preparing of Pencils? No, that's the Business of his Apprentices. His Province is Thought and Contrivance; he studies nothing but to make bold Strokes, that may give a noble Air, Life and Passion to his Figures; his Head runs upon the Sentiments and Thoughts

Thoughts of those Heroes he is about to represent; he transports himself into the Ages wherein they lived, and enters into all the Circumstances that ever attended them: To this kind of Enthusiasm he must joyn a Judgment that must restrain his luxuriant Fancy, that the Whole may be true, correct, and proportionable in all its Parts. Do you think, *Telemachus*, that less Elevation of Mind, and Effort of Thought is required to make a great King, than a good Painter? Conclude then, that the Business of a King is to *think*, to form great Projects, and to make Choice of Men to execute them under him.

Telemachus reply'd; methinks I apprehend every thing you have been saying; but at this Rate, a King would be often imposed upon; for not entering himself into Particulars. No, 'tis you that impose upon your self; reply'd *Mentor*: That which hinders a Prince from being imposed upon, is a general Knowledge of Government: Those who have no Principles to go by in Business, and have no true Knowledge and Discernment of Men, are always, as it were, groping in the Dark, and 'tis mere Chance if they don't mistake their Way. They don't so much as know what it is they are looking for, nor which Way they ought to steer their Course; they only know how to be distrustful, and they sooner distrust honest Men that contradict them, than Knaves that flatter them. On the contrary, they that have true Maxims of Government, and who are well skill'd in Men, know what they ought to look for in them, and the Means to find it. They perceive, at least in gross, whether the Persons they make Use of are Instruments proper for their Purpose, and whether they enter so far into their Views, as to be able to hit the Mark they aim at. Besides,
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as they don't concern themselves with tedious Particulars, they have their Minds more at Liberty to survey at once the Body of the Work, and to observe whether it advances towards its principal End: If they are imposed upon, it scarce ever happens to be in essential Matters. Besides, they are above those little Jealousies, that argue a narrow Spirit and a groveling Soul: They very well know that there's no avoiding being deceiv'd sometimes in great Affairs, because they must make Use of Men for their Instruments, and that Men are often deceitful. More may be lost by the Irresoluteness attending Diffidence, than would be lost by suffering one's self to be in some Measure imposed upon. He is very happy who is deceiv'd only in inconsiderable Things; great ones will not fail to take their own Course: And this is the only Thing that a great Man should be concern'd for. A Prince ought severely to punish Deceit when it is discover'd; but a Man that will not be really deceiv'd, must reckon upon meeting with some Deceit. An Artificer in his Shop sees all with his own Eyes, and does every Thing with his own Hands: But a King in a great State, can neither do, nor see every Thing. He ought to do those Things only which no Body else can do under him; and ought to see nothing but what makes for the Decision of important Matters.

In fine, says *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, you are beloved by the Gods, who are preparing for you a Reign that shall be replenish'd with Wisdom; all that you see here is intended, not so much for *Idomeneus's* Glory, as for your Instruction. All these prudent Establishments, which you admire in *Salentum*, are but the Shadow of what you shall do, one Day, in *Ithaca*, if by your Virtues you answer the Purposes of your high Destiny,
'Tis

'Tis time we should think of going hence; *Idomeneus* keeps Ship ready for our Return.

Hereupon *Telemachus*, though not without some Reluctance and Uneasiness, unbosom'd himself to his Friend, and acquainted him with an Inclination which made him loth to depart from *Salentum*. You will blame me, perhaps, said he, for too easily entering into Engagements in the Places thro' which I pass: But my Heart would continually upbraid me, if I should conceal from you that I love *Antiope*, the Daughter of *Idomeneus*. It is not, O my dear *Mentor*, such a blind Passion as you cur'd me of in the Island of *Calyпсо*: I well know the Depth of the Wound Love made in my Soul when I was with *Eucharis*: I cannot yet pronounce her Name without Concern. Time and Absence have not yet been able to efface it from my Heart; This sad Experience teaches me to be distrustful of my self: But as for *Antiope*, what I feel on her Account is nothing like the other: It is not an extravagant Passion; it is Judgment, it is Esteem, it is Perswasion: O how happy should I be in passing my Life with her! If ever the Gods restore my Father to me, and permit me to chuse a Wife, *Antiope* shall be the Person. What charms me in her is her Silence, her Modesty, her Reservedness, her assiduous Industry in Tapestry-work and Broidery, her Application in managing her Father's House since her Mother's Death, her Contempt of gawdy Apparel, her Over-looking and even Ignorance of her own Beauty. When *Idomeneus* commands her to lead up the Dances of the young *Cretan* Maidens to the warbling Flutes, one would take her for smiling *Venus*, she is attended with so many Graces: When he carries her to hunting with him in the Forest, she looks as majestick, and is as dextrous
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at handling the Bow, as *Diana* amidst her Nymphs; herself alone does not know it, while all the World admire it. When she enters into the Temple of the Gods, and bears the sacred Offerings on her Head in Baskets, one would think she were the very Deity that Inhabits the Temple. With what Awe, with what Devotion have we seen her offer Sacrifices and avert the Anger of the Gods, when some Crime was to be expiated, or some dreadful Omen to be deprecated? In fine, when one sees her with a Company of her Maids holding in her Hand a golden Needle, one would think *Minerva's* self were descended to Earth in a human Form to teach Men the liberal Arts: She cheers up others to work; she renders Labour pleasant to them by the Sweetness of her Voice, when she sings the miraculous Stories of the Gods; she surpasses the most exquisite Painting by her delicate Embroideries. Happy the Man whom kindly *Hymen* shall unite to her! He will have nothing to fear but to lose and survive her.

My dear *Mentor*, I call the Gods to Witness, that I am ready to be gone: I shall love *Antiope* as long as I live; but she shall not retard my Return to *Ithaca* one Moment. If another was to enjoy her, I should pass the Rest of my Days in Sorrow and Bitterness: But in short, I am resolved to leave her, tho' I know my Absence may endanger me to lose her. I am unwilling to discover my Passion either to her, or to her Father; for I think I ought not to make a Declaration of it to any but you, 'till *Ulysses*, reinstated on his Throne, gives me his Consent. You may know by all this my dear *Mentor*, how vastly different this present Inclination of mine is from that blind Passion I had for *Eucharis*.

Mentor reply'd; O *Telemachus*, I allow there
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is a Difference; *Antiope* is gentle, plain and wise; her Hands despise not Labour; she foresees Things at a great Distance; she provides against all Contingencies; she knows how to be silent; she acts regularly without a Hurry; she is always employ'd, but never embarrass'd, because she does every Thing in its due Season; the good Order of her Father's House is her Glory; it adds a greater Lustre to her than her very Beauty. Though the Care of all lies upon her, and she is charg'd with the Burthen of reproofing, refusing, sparing (Things that make all other Women hated) she has acquir'd the Love of all the Household; and this, because they find not in her either Passion, or Conceitedness, or Levity, or Humour, as in other Women. With a single Glance of her Eye they know her Meaning, and are afraid to displease her: The Orders she gives are plain; she commands nothing but what may be perform'd; she reproves with Kindness, and her Reproofs are Incentives to do better: Her Father's Heart reposes it self upon her, as a Traveller, fainting under the Sun's sultry Rays, reposes himself upon the tender Grass under a shady Tree. You are in the Right, O *Telemachus*; *Antiope* is a Treasure worthy to be sought for, even in the most remote Regions; her Mind, any more than her Person, is never trim'd with vain gawdy Ornaments; her Fancy, tho' sprightly, is yet discreet; she never speaks but when there is an absolute Occasion, and, when she opens her Mouth, soft Perswasion and genuine Graces flow from her Lips. The Moment she begins to speak, every Body else is silent, which throws a bashful Confusion into her Face; she could find in her Heart to suppress what she was about to say, when she perceives she is so attentively listen'd to; for my Part I have scarce ever heard her speak.

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Do you remember, O *Telemachus*, when her Father, one Day, sent for her? She appear'd with her Eyes cast down, cover'd with a large Veil, and spoke no more than just enough to moderate the Anger of *Idomeneus*, who was going to inflict a rigorous Punishment upon one of his Slaves. At first, she took Part with him in his Trouble, then she calm'd him, at last she urg'd to him what might be alledg'd in Excuse of the poor Wretch, and without letting the King know that he was transported beyond due Bounds, she inspir'd into him Sentiments of Justice and Compassion. *Thetis*, when she sooths old *Nereus*, does not appease with more Sweetness the raging Billows. Thus *Antiope*, without assuming any Authority, and without taking Advantage of her Charms, will one Day manage the Heart of a Husband, as she now touches her Lyre, when she would draw from it the most melting Sounds. Once again I tell you, *Telemachus*, your Love for her is well-grounded; the Gods design her for you; you love her with a rational Affection, but you must wait till *Ulysses* grant her to you. I commend you for not having discover'd your Sentiments to her; but know, that if you had taken any indirect Methods to let her know your Designs, she would have rejected them, and ceased to have a Value for you; she will never promise herself to any one, but will leave herself to be dispos'd of by her Father; she will never take for her Consort a Man that does not fear the Gods, and who does not acquit himself of all the Duties that are incumbent upon him. Have you not observ'd, as well as I, that she appears less in Sight than she us'd to do, and casts her Eyes more to the Ground since your Return? She knows all the Successes that have attended you in the

P. II. (Q) War;

War; ſhe is not ignorant either of your Birth, or of your Adventures, or of any Thing that the Gods have beſtow'd upon you; and 'tis this that renders her ſo ſhy and ſo reſerv'd. Come, let us go, *Telemachus*, let us go to *Ithaca*; there remains now nothing more for me to do, but to bring you to your Father, and to put you in a Condition to obtain a Bride worthy of the Golden Age. Were ſhe a Shepherdess on the froſty Mount *Algidus*, as ſhe is a Daughter of the King of *Salentum*, you would be the happieſt of Men in the Enjoyment of her.





THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK XXIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus fearing the Departure of his two Guests, proposes to Mentor several intricate and puzzling Affairs; assuring him that he could not settle them without his Assistance. Mentor tells him how he ought to behave himself, and persists in his Resolution to conduct home Telemachus. Idomeneus endeavours still to detain them, by inflaming the latter's Passion for Antiope, and engages them in a Hunting match, in which he orders his Daughter to be. She is in Danger of being torn in pieces by a Wild. Boar, but Telemachus rescues her. He afterwards shews a great Reluctance to leave her, and to take his leave of the King her Father: But being encourag'd by Mentor; he conquers his Passion, and embarks to return home.

IDOMENEUS, who fear'd the Departure of *Telemachus* and *Mentor*, had no other Thoughts than how to put it off. In the first Place he represented to *Mentor* that he could not, without him, adjust a Difference that had arisen between *Diophanes*, Priest of *Jupiter Conservator*, and *Heliodorus*, Priest of *Apollo*, about the Presages and Omens drawn from the flight of Birds, and the Entrails of Victims. Why, said *Mentor* to him, will you meddle with holy Things? Leave them to the Decision of the *Etrurians*, who have the Tradition of the most ancient Oracles, and are divinely inspir'd to be the Interpreters of the Gods. Do but interpose your Authority to stifle these Disputes in their Birth: Shew neither partiality, nor Prepossession; and content your self with supporting the Determination when made. Remember, that a King ought to be subject to Religion, and never to take upon him to settle it: Religion comes from the Gods, and is above Kings. If Kings meddle with Religion, instead of defending it, they bring it under Slavery. Kings are so powerful, and other Men are so weak, that every thing will be in Danger of being alter'd according to the Fancy of Princes, if they be allow'd to concern themselves with Questions relating to holy Matters. Therefore let the Friends of the Gods decide those Things in full Liberty, and confine your self to the repressing of those who shall be refractory to their Judgment, when pronounc'd.

In the next Place *Idomeneus* complain'd how much he was puzzled about a great many Law-suits, between divers private Persons, which he was solicited to determine. Determine, answer'd *Mentor*, all new Questions that tend to establish general Maxims of Right and Justice, and to make
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Precedents for expounding the Laws; but do not take upon you to judge private Causes; which would all come crouding upon you; you would be the only Judge of your People, and all the other Judges, who are under you, would become useless. You would be overwhelm'd and tired out, and minute Business would take you off from great Affairs, without allowing you Time to settle the Detail of the smal. Beware therefore of throwing your self into such a Perplexity. Refer private Causes to the ordinary Judges; do nothing but what no other can do to ease you; and so you'll discharge the true Functions of a King.

I am solicited likewise, said *Idomeneus*, to make certain Matches. The Persons of a distinguish'd Birth, who have follow'd me in all the Wars, and who have lost very great Estates on that Account, would be glad to be, in some Measure, recompens'd for it, by marrying some great Fortunes; and I need but say one Word to procure them their Wishes. True, answer'd *Mentor*, that may cost you but one Word; but even that one Word would cost you too much, would you rob Parents of the Liberty and Comfort of chusing their Son's law, and consequently their Heirs? This were reducing all Families to the severest Servitude; and you would render your self accountable for all the domestick Misfortunes of your People. Marriages are in themselves full enough of Thorns, without this additional Bitterness. If you have faithful Servants to reward, give them Lands that are uncultivated; add to them Titles and Honours proportionable to their Condition and Services; and, if need be, small Sums of Money, out of what you may have spared from the Funds destin'd for your ordinary Expences: but

never pay your own Debts by sacrificing rich Maidens, in spite of their Parents and Relations.

Idomeneus soon passed on to another Question. The *Sibarites*, said he, complain of our encroaching upon some Lands that belong to them, and giving them as Wastes to be grubbed up, to the Foreigners, whom we have lately invited over. Shall I yield to these People? If I do, every body will think they may lay Claim to what we have. It is not reasonable, reply'd *Mentor*, to let the *Sibarites* be Judges in their own Cause, nor is it just you should be Judge in your's. Who shall then be Judge, return'd *Idomeneus*? Neither of the two Parties, continu'd *Mentor*: But you must chuse for an Umpire a neighbouring People, obnoxious to neither Side, such as are the *Sipentines*, who have no Interest opposite to your's. But answer'd *Idomeneus*, am I oblig'd to stand to the Umpirage of any body? Am I not a King? Must a Sovereign submit to Strangers about the Extent of his Dominions? *Mentor* reply'd in this Manner: Since you resolve to stand it out, you must needs judge that you have Right on your Side! on the other Hand, the *Sibarites* will not abate of their Pretensions, but maintain that their Claim is indisputable. In this Contrariety of Opinions, either an Umpire, chosen by both Parties, must make up the Controversy, or the Cause must be decided by the Sword: There's no other Medium. If you should come into a Republick, where there were neither Magistrates nor Judges, and where every Family should claim a Right to do it's self Justice by Violence in all it's Demands upon its Neighbours, you would, undoubtedly, deplore the miserable State of such a Nation, and be seiz'd with Horror at the Sight of so dismal a Disorder, wherein all Families should be together by the Ears,
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and worrying one another. Now do you think that the Gods should look with less Horror, upon the whole World, which is the universal Commonwealth, if every Nation, who is no more in it than as it were a large Family, should think they have a full Right to do themselves Justice by force of Arms, in all they Claim from the other neighbouring Nations? A private Man who possesses a Field, as an Inheritance from his Ancestors, cannot yet maintain himself in the Possession of it, but by the Authority of the Laws, and he would be severely punish'd as a seditious Person, if he should go about to preserve by open Force, what he has a Right to. Do you think that Kings may employ violent Means to maintain their Pretensions, without having first try'd all possible Methods of Gentleness and Humanity? Ought not Justice to be far more sacred and inviolable to Kings, with Regard to whole Countries, than to private Families, with Respect to some plough'd Lands? Shall a Man be accounted Unjust, and a Plunderer, for seizing a few Acres of Ground, and another Man esteem'd Just, and pass for a Heroe, for usurping whole Provinces? If Men are apt to be prepossess'd, over-weening, and blind in small Concerns of private Persons, ought they not to be more afraid of flattering themselves, and being blindly partial in great Interests of State? Shall a Man depend upon his own Judgment in a Matter wherein he has so much Reason to distrust himself; and shall he not be cautious of being deceiv'd in a Case, wherein one single Error may be attended with dreadful Consequences? The Error of a King who flatters himself in his Pretensions, oftentimes occasions Ravages, Famines, Massacres, Depredations, and Depravations of Manners, whose fatal Effects reach to the remotest Posterity. Shall a

King, who gathers so many Flatterers about him, not be afraid of being flatter'd on such Occasions? If he agrees upon an Umpire for determining the Difference, he shews his Equity, upright Dealing, and Moderation; he acquaints the Publick with the Reasons on which his Cause is grounded; the Umpire who is chosen, is only an amicable Mediator, and not a severe Judge; his Decisions are not blindly submitted to, but a great Deference is paid to him. He does not pronounce Sentence as supream Judge; but makes Proposals to both Parties, who through his Counsels, sacrifice something for the Sake of Peace. If a War happens, notwithstanding all the Care a Prince takes for the Preservation of Peace, he has then, at least, for him, the Testimony of a good Conscience, the Esteem of his Neighbours, and the just Protection of the Gods. *Idomeneus*, moved with this Discourse, consented that the *Sipentines* should be Mediators between him and the *Sibarites*.

The King, finding that all the Means he had used to detain the two Strangers had proved ineffectual, endeavour'd to stay them by a stronger Tie. He had taken Notice, that *Telemachus* was in Love with *Antiope*, and so he hoped to hold him by his Passion. In Order to that, he caused her several times to sing at Feasts and Entertainments, which she did in Compliance with her Father's Commands; but with such a modest and melancholy Air, that it was easy to perceive what Pain and Reluctance she suffer'd in obeying. *Idomeneus* went so far as to desire, that she should sing the Victory gain'd over the *Daunians* and *Adrastus*; but she could not be prevail'd with to sing the Praises of *Telemachus*: She modestly and respectfully excused her self, and her Father did not think fit to lay a Constraint upon her. Her soft
and

and moving Voice penetrated the Heart of the young Son of *Ulysses*, so that he was all in a Rapture. *Idomeneus*, who kept his Eyes fix'd upon him, had the Pleasure to observe the Disorder he was in; but *Telemachus* made as if he did not perceive the King's Design. He could not, on such Occasions, forbear being extreamly moved; but Reason in him was superior to Sense, and he was now no longer the same *Telemachus*, who had formerly been captivated by a tyrannical Passion in the Island of *Calypso*. Whilst *Antiope* was singing, he kept a deep Silence; as soon as she had done singing, he instantly turn'd the Discourse to other Matters.

The King, not being able to compass his Design that way, resolv'd, at last, to have a great Hunting-match, and to make his Daughter share the Diversion of it. *Antiope*, being unwilling to go, fell a weeping; but her Father's Commands must be obey'd. Hereupon, she mounts a towering, fiery Horse, like one of those which *Castor* tam'd for Battle; she manages him with Ease: A shining Troop of young Virgins cheerfully attend her; and she appears among them like *Diana* with her Nymphs in the Forest. The King saw her, and his Eyes could never be satiated with the Sight of her, which made him forget all his past Misfortunes. *Telemachus* saw her likewise, and was more affected with *Antiope's* Modesty, than with her Address, and all her Graces. And now the Dogs are upon the Chace of a Wild-Boar of a vast Bigness, and fierce like that of *Calydon*; his long Hair was hard and bristling, like pointed Darts; his Eyes sparkled with Blood and Fire; his blowing was heard afar of, like the hollow Sound of rebellious Winds, when, in Order to lay the Storm, *Æolus* calls them back into his deep Cavern; and

his long Tusshes, crooked like the Reaper's keen Sickle, were able to cut off the Trunk of a Tree. All the Dogs that durst come near him were worry'd. The boldest Huntsmen, who pursu'd him, were yet shy of coming up with him: But *Antiope*, who rode as swiftly as the Winds, was not afraid to attack him near. She flings at him a Dart that pierces him above the Shoulder; the Blood of the fierce Beast streams out and renders him more furious; and so he turns towards her who gave the Wound. At this *Antiope's* Steed, in spite of his Courage and Mettle, shudders and starts back; the monstrous Wild-Boar rushes towards him, like those heavy Machines that shake the Walls of the strongest Towns. The Courser staggers, and is horn down, and *Antiope* finds herself on the Ground, unable to avoid the fatal Rush of the Beast animated against her. But *Telemachus*, attentive to the Danger *Antiope* was in, had already dismounted, swifter than Lightning; he runs between the Horse and the Wild-Boar, who turns back to Revenge his Blood; he brandishes his Spear, and plunges it deep into the Flank of the tremendous Animal, which tumbles enrag'd to the ground.

Telemachus instantly severs his Head, which yet looks frightful at close view, and astonishes all the Huntsmen. He presents it to *Antiope*; she blushes upon it, and, with her Eyes consults her Father, who having recover'd his Fright, is now transported with Joy to see her out of Danger, and beckons to her to accept the Present. As she receiv'd it, she said to *Telemachus*, I thankfully receive from you a greater Gift, since I owe you my Life. She had scarce utter'd these Words, but she was afraid of having said too much; she cast her Eyes down; and *Telemachus*, who took
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Notice of her Disorder, durst not tell her more than this: Happy the Son of *Ulysses* in having preserv'd so precious a Life; but more happy still, if he could pass with you the Remainder of his; *Antiope*, without answering him, ran to her young Companions, where she mounted again.

Idomeneus would that very Moment have promised his Daughter to *Telemachus*: But he hop'd to inflame his passion yet the more, by leaving him in Suspence; and even thought to detain him still at *Salentum* by the Desire of securing his Marriage. Thus *Idomeneus* reason'd with himself; but the Gods mock the Wisdom of Men: For what he thought would stay *Telemachus*, prov'd the very Motive that press'd him to depart. What he began to feel, gave him a just Distrust of himself: *Mentor*, on the other Hand, doubled his Care to inspire him with an impatient Desire of returning to *Ithaca*, and the Ship being ready, he press'd *Idomeneus* to let him go. Thus *Mentor*, who over-rul'd all the Steps of *Telemachus*, and regulated every Moment of his Life, in Order to raise him to the highest Pitch of Glory, staid him no where but just so long as was necessary to exercise his Virtue, and make him acquire Experience. *Mentor* had taken Care to provide the Vessel, immediately after *Telemachus's* Arrival; but *Idomeneus*, who could not without great Reluctancy see them prepare for their Voyage, fell into a mortal Sorrow, and a most deplorable Melancholy, when he saw his two Guests, who had been so helpful to him, ready to forsake him. He shut himself up in the most retir'd Apartments of his House; there he eas'd his Heart in sighing, and pouring out Floods of Tears: He forgot to eat; Sleep no longer charm'd his piercing Sorrows; he pin'd away, he wither'd in this uneasy Condition, like
a well

a well grown Tree which covers the Ground with the Shade of its thick Boughs, when a Worm begins to gnaw flock of it in those refin'd Channells, through which the Sap is convey'd to nourish it: This Tree, which the Winds were never able to loosen; which the fruitful Earth took Delight to nourish in her Bosom; and which the Woodman's Axe never durst to wound, yet now languishes and droops, and all the while the Cause of its Decay lies undiscover'd; it fades and sheds its leaves that where its Glory and Ornament; it has nothing to shew but its Trunk, cover'd with a Bark that gapes with frequent Flaws, together with dry and sapless Branches. Thus fared it with *Idomeneus* in his Grief.

Telemachus was melted, but durst not speak to him; he dreaded the Day of Departure: he sought Pretexts to retard it, and had continu'd a long Time in this Uncertainty, if *Mentor* had not thus spoke to him: I am glad to see this Change in you; you were naturally rugged and haughty, not suffering your self to be moved by any Thing but your own Conveniencies and Advantage; but you are at Length become a Man, and by the Experience of your own Misfortunes, you begin to compassionate those of others. Without this fellow-feeling, a Man has neither Goodness, nor Virtue, nor Capacity to govern others? but you must not carry it too far, nor fall into a weak unmanly Affection. I would willingly speak to *Idomeneus*, to get his Consent for your Departure, and would save you the Trouble of so Melancholy a Conservation; but I would not have either an unbecoming Shame or Timidity over rule your Heart. You must accustom your self to blend Courage and Firmness of Mind with a tender and sensible Friendship: You should fear to afflict Men with-
out

out an unavoidable Necessity; you should take Part in their Troubles when you cannot avoid making them uneasy, and soften as much as you can the Severity of the Blow, which it is impossible for you entirely to with-hold. It is for that very Reason, answers *Telemachus*, that I would rather *Idomeneus* knew the Time of our Departure from your Mouth than mine.

To this *Mentor* immediately reply'd; You are deceiv'd, my dear *Telemachus*, you are like the Children of Kings, who are tenderly brought up in Purple; they expect every thing to be done their own Way, and would have the whole System of Nature pay Obedience to their Humours; and yet have not Resolution enough to oppose any one to his Face. Not that they Care so much for Mankind, or that they are tender of grieving them, out of a Principle of Goodness; but they do it with an Eye to their own Conveniency; they are not willing to see any sorrowful dissatisfy'd Faces about them; they are under no Concern for the Troubles and Miseries of Men, provided they are not before their Eyes, or sounding in their Ears; Discourses on such Subjects are offensive to them, and damp their Pleasure. To please them, they must be continually told that all Things go well, and, while they are wallowing in Delights, they are unwilling to hear or see any thing that may interrupt their Mirth. If there is Occasion to reprehend, correct, or undeceive any one, do oppose the Pretensions and Passions of an unjust and troublesome Man, they always employ some other to do it, rather than speak themselves with a gentle Firmness of Mind. Upon such Occasions, they are ready to suffer the most unjust Favours to be extorted from them, and spoil the most important Affairs, for Want of Resolution to act
against

against the Sentiment of those with whom they have to do every Day. This Weakness, which every Body perceives in them, puts each one upon casting about how to make their Advantage of it; they tease them, they importune them, they tire them out, and by thus worrying them they gain their Ends. They begin with flattering them, and extolling them to the Skies, to insinuate themselves the better; but as soon as ever they have scrud themselves into their Confidence, and are plac'd near their Persons in some considerable Authority, they lead them whither they please; they impose the Yoke upon them, under which they groan, and are often inclin'd to shake it of, but still they wear it as long as they live. They cannot endure to be thought to be govern'd by others, but yet are continually governed; nor can they tell how to do without it; for they are like those feeble Vines, which, not being able to support themselves, creep round about the Trunk of some large Tree.

I cannot suffer you, O *Telemachus*, to fall into this Fault, which renders a Man so unapt for Government: You, who are so tender as not to dare to speak to *Idomeneus*, will be no longer touch'd with his Sorrows when once you are got out of *Salentum*: It is not so much his Trouble that softens you; 'tis his Presence that embarrasses you; go, speak to *Idomeneus*, learn on this Occasion to be tender-hearted and steddly at the same Time; let him know the Concern you feel in parting from him, but let him know too, with a resolv'd Air, and a positive Tone, the Necessity of your Departure.

Telemachus durst neither oppose *Mentor*, nor go to *Idomeneus*, he was asham'd of his Fear, and yet had not the Courage to overcome it. He

He paus'd, then made a step or two, then immediately return'd to alledge to *Mentor* some new Reason of Delay: But *Mentor's* Look alone depriv'd him of Speech, and put to flight all his fair Pretences. Is this, said *Mentor* smiling, the mighty Conqueror of the *Daunians*, he Deliverer of the great *Hesperia*, the Son of the wise *Ulysses*, who is to be, after him, the Oracle of *Greece*? He dares not tell *Idomeneus* that he can no longer put off his Return into his Country to see his Father! O ye People of *Ithaca*, how unhappy will you one Day be, if you have a King who is overrul'd by an indecent Shame, and who sacrifices his greatest Interest to his Weakness, in the most inconsiderable Matters? See, *Telemachus*, what a Difference there is between Valour in the Field, and Courage in Business: You did not fear the Arms of *Adrastus*, and yet now you are afraid of the Sorrows of *Idomeneus*: It is this that dishonours Princes who have perform'd the greatest Actions: After they have appear'd to be Heroes in War, they shew themselves the meanest of Men upon common Occasions, wherein others support themselves with Vigour.

Telemachus, convinced of the Truth of these Words, and stimulated with this Reproach, went hurrying out, and would no longer give Ear to his Affections; but he was scarce enter'd into the Room where *Idomeneus* was sitting with down cast Eyes, languishing and overwhelm'd with Sorrow, but they were both afraid of each other. They durst not look one upon another; they understood one another without saying any Thing, and each dreaded the other's breaking Silence: They both of them fell a weeping. After a while *Idomeneus* pressed with Excess of Sorrow, cry'd out, to what Purpose is Virtue courted, if she so ill requites those

those who love her? After my Weakness has been remonstrated to me, I am forsaken: Well; I must relapse into all my Misfortunes; speak no more to me of governing well; no, I am not able to do it; I am weary of Mankind. Whither would you go, *Telemachus*? Your Father is no longer among the living; in vain you seek for him; *Ithaca* is become a Prey to your Enemies; they will destroy you if you return thither. One or other of them has marry'd your Mother; therefore continue here; you shall be my Son in-law and my Heir, and reign after me. Even during my Life you shall have here an absolute Power; and my Confidence in you shall have no Bounds. If you are not moved by all these Advantages, at least leave *Mentor* with me, who is my only Resource. Speak, answer me, harden not your Heart, take Pity on the most miserable Man in the World. What! are you silent? Ah! too plainly I see how cruel the Gods are to me; I felt it less severely, even in *Crete*, where I was so unhappy as to slay my only Son.

At last, *Telemachus* reply'd, with a disorder'd and timorous Voice, I am not at my own Disposal; the Destinies recal me into my Country; *Mentor*, who is indu'd with the Wisdom of the Gods, commands me in their Name to be gone. What would you have me do? Shall I renounce my Father, my Mother, and my Country, which ought to be much dearer to me than they? Being born to Royalty, I am not destin'd to a sedate Life, nor to follow my own Inclinations. Your Kingdom is more wealthy and more powerful than that of my Father: But I ought to prefer what the Gods design for me, before what you are so generous to offer. I should think my self too happy in having *Antiope* for my Consort; but in
Order

Order to deserve her, I must go whither my Duty calls; and 'tis my Father who must demand her of you for me. Did you not promise to send me back to *Ithaca*? Was it not upon this Promise that I, with the Confederates, fought for you against *Adrastus*? 'Tis Time for me to think of redressing my domestick Misfortunes: The Gods, who have given me to *Mentor*, have also given *Mentor* to the Son of *Ulysses*, to make him fulfil the Decrees of Fate. Would you have me lose *Mentor*, after having lost all Things besides? I have now neither Estate, nor Retreat, nor Father, nor Mother, nor any certain Country to fly to; I have only a wise virtuous Man left me, who is the most precious Gift of *Jupiter*: Judge you whether I can forego such a Treasure, and consent to be abandon'd by him? No, I would sooner dye; take, take my Life, that's a Trifle, but take not *Mentor* from me.

As *Telemachus* proceeded in his Discourse, his Voice grew stronger, and his Rimoroulness went off. *Idomeneus* knew not what to answer, and could not find in his Heart to grant what the Son of *Ulysses* ask'd of him. When he could no longer speak to him, he endeavoured at least by his Looks and Gestures, to move his Compassion. At the same Moment he saw *Mentor* appear, who gravely address'd himself to him in these Terms. Do not afflict your self: We indeed leave you; but Wisdom, which presides in the Council of the Gods, will always continue with you: Do but believe your self happy that *Jupiter* has sent us hither to save your Kingdom, and to make you retrieve your Errors. *Philocles*, whom we have restor'd to you, will serve you faithfully. The Fear of the Gods, the Relish of Virtue, the Love of the People, and Compassion for the Unhappy,

will always prevail in his Heart: Hearken to him, and make use of him without Distrust or Jealousy. The greatest Piece of Service you can engage him to do you, is to oblige him to tell you your Faults freely, and without any varnishing. The greatest Courage of a good King consists in seeking true Friends who may shew him his Mistakes. Provided you are indu'd with this Kind of Courage, our Absence cannot hurt you, and you will live happy; but if Jealousy, which insinuates like a Serpent, should again find a Way to your Heart, to make you distrust the most disinterested Counsels, you are undone. Don't suffer your self to be overcome with Sorrow, but resolutely yield to the Guidance of Virtue. I have told *Philocles* all that he ought to do for your Assistance, and have caution'd him never to make a wrong Use of your Confidence in him: I can take upon me to answer for him; the Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to *Telemachus*; every one ought courageously to follow his Destiny; 'tis of no Use to wail and lament. If ever you have Occasion for my Help, after I have restor'd *Telemachus* to his Father and his Country, I will come and visit you again; and, indeed, what can I do that can give me a greater Pleasure? I neither seek Riches nor Authority upon Earth; I am only desirous to assist those that seek Justice and Virtue. Can I ever forget those Instances of Confidence and Friendship you have shewn me?

At these Words *Idomeneus* was of a sudden quite alter'd: He felt his Mind grow calm like the Sea, when *Neptune* with his Trident quells the tumultuous Waves, and the most lowering Tempests. There only remain'd in him a quiet and peaceable Sort of Regret, which was rather a Sentiment of Tendernefs, than an acute Sorrow. Courage,
Con-

Confidence, Virtue, and the Hope of the Assistance of the Gods began to revive within him.

Well then, said he, my dear *Mentor*, I find I must lose every Thing, and not be discouraged: At least, remember *Idomeneus* when you are arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where your Wisdom will crown you with Prosperity: Forget not that *Salentum* was the Work of your Hands, and that you have left there an unfortunate King, who has no Hope but in you. Go, O worthy Son of *Ulysses*, I will retard you no longer: Far be it from me to resist the Gods, who lent me so great a Treasure; and farewell *Mentor*, the greatest and wisest of all Men, if Humanity is able to do what I have seen in you, and if you are not some Deity under a borrow'd Form, to instruct weak and ignorant Men: Go, and conduct the Son of *Ulysses*, who is more happy in having you with him, than in having been the Conqueror of *Adraflus*: Farewel both of you, I dare speak no more; forgive my Sighs; go, live, and be happy: All I have left me is, the remembrance that I once possess'd you. O glorious Days! too happy Days! Days which I knew not how sufficiently to value! Days that have too swifly past away! You will never more return, never will my Eyes again see what they now behold!

Mentor took this Moment for their parting; he embrac'd *Philocles*, who bath'd him with his Tears, without being able to speak a Word. *Telemachus* would have taken *Mentor* by the Hand, in Order to get away from *Idomeneus*; but *Idomeneus*, making towards the Haven, plac'd himself between *Mentor* and *Telemachus*: He gaz'd upon them; fetch'd deep Sighs; he began to speak, but his Words were cut of by frequent

Sobblings, so that he could not pronounce one Word distinctly.

In the mean Time, confused Murmurs are heard upon the Shore, which is cover'd with Mariners; the Ropes are pull'd, the Sails are hoisted, and a favourable Wind begins to blow: *Telema- chus* and *Mentor* take their Leaves of the King, who hugs them a long while in his Arms, and still follows them with his Eyes as far as he can.





THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

BOOK XXIV.

The ARGUMENT.

While they are at Sea, Telemachus engages Mentor to explain to him several Difficulties about Government particularly how to know and discriminate Men, in Order to employ none but the Good, and avoid being imposed upon by the Wicked. Towards the End of their Discourse, being becalmed they are oblig'd to put into an Island where Ulysses was just landed. Telemachus sees and speaks with him there, without knowing him. But after he had seen him embarked again, he feels within himself a secret Uneasiness, of which he cannot apprehend the Cause. Mentor acquaints him with it, comforts him, assures him, that he will soon rejoyne his Father, and tries his Piety and Patience, by retarding his Departure to make a Sacrifice to Minerva. At last the Goddess Minerva, conceal'd under the Figure of Mentor, resumes her natural Form, and makes her self known. She gives Telemachus her last Instructions, and disappears: After which, Telemachus arrives at Ithaca, and meets again with Ulysses his Father, at the faithful Eumeus's House.

BY this Time the Winds fill the spreading Sails, they weigh anchor, and the Land seems to fly from them; already the experienced Pilot sees at a Distance the *Lucanian* Mountains, whose Head buries itself in a whirling Cloud of freezing Sleet, he likewise beholds the *Acroceraunian* Hills, which still rear up their haughty Brow to Heaven, tho' they have been so often shatter'd by Thunder.

As they sail'd, *Telemachus* said to *Mentor*, *Me-thinks* I now conceive the Maxims of Government which you have explain'd to me. At first they had Appearance of a Dream; but by Degrees they unravel themselves in my Mind, and present themselves clearly to me; as all Object seem dark at the first Glimmerings of *Aurora*, and afterwards look as if they were coming out of a Chaos, when the Day, insensibly gaining Strength, distinguishes them, and restores them, as it were, to their natural Figures and Colours. I am fully persuaded that the essential Point of Government is to discern well the different Characters and Inclinations of Men, in Order to make a prudent Choice, and to apply them according to their several Talents; but I want to know how to acquire this Skill in Men.

To this *Mentor* answer'd: You must study Men, if you would know them: And for that Purpose, you must converse, and have dealing with them. Kings ought to have frequent Commerce with their Subjects, to make them talk, to consult them, to make Tryal of them by small Employments, that they may thereby know whether they are capable of higher Frunctions. How, my dear *Telemachus*, did you come by your knowledge of Horses in *Ithaca*? It was by often seeing them, and observing their Faults and their Perfections, in
Com-

Company with Men that had Experience in them Just so you should be often talking of the good and bad Qualities of Men, and make this the Subject of your Discourse, with other wise and virtuous Persons who have long study'd their Characters; you will insensibly learn what they are fit for, and what you may expect from them. Who is it that taught you how to know good and bad Poets? It was frequent Reading and Reflection with such Persons as had a true Taste of Poetry. Who is it that procur'd you that Judgment in Musick? It was the same Application of Mind in observing good Musicians. How can any one Hope to govern Men well, if he does not know them? And how should he know them, if he does not converse with them? To see them in publick, is not conversing with them; for on such Occasions there is nothing said on either Side, but Things indifferent and prepar'd with Art. The Business is to converse with them in private, to draw from the Bottom of their Soul all the secret Resources that lie lurking there, to sound them on every Side, and to cause them to discover their Maxims. But in Order to Judge well of Men, you must first apply your self to know what they ought to be: You should know what true and solid Merit is, that you may distinguish such as have it from such as have it not. People are ever talking of Virtue and Merit, without knowing precisely what Merit and Virtue are. These are only fair Names, and Loose, insignificant Terms, in the Mouths of some Men, who pride themselves in talking of them, ever and anon. A Man must be furnish'd with certain Principles of Justice, Reason and Virtue, whereby to know them who are reasonable and virtuous: He must be acquainted with the Maxims of a good and wise Government, that

he may discern the Men who act by the Maxims, and those who depart from them through a false Subtilty: In a Word, to take the Dimensions of many Bodies, one ought to have a standing Measure, and in like manner, to form a right Judgment, a Man ought to have certain Principles, to which all be reducible. He ought to know exactly what is the Design of humane Life, and what End ought to be in View in governing Men. This sole and essential Aim is for a Man never to desire Authority and Grandeur for his own sake (which ambitious Desires only tend to gratify a tyrannical Pride) but to sacrifice himself to the infinite Cares of Government, in Order to render Men good and happy; other-wise he walks and gropes in the Dark all the whole Course of his Life: He goes like a Ship adrift in the open Sea without a Pilot, without consulting the Stars, and without knowing any of the neighbouring Coasts, and therefore cannot avoid being wreck'd.

Oftentimes Princes, for Want of knowing wherein true Virtue consists, are ignorant of what they ought to look for in Men: True Virtue, they think, has something in it that is rough, austere, and independent, which both affrights and sours them, and so they turn themselves towards Flattery, and from that Time they can no longer find either Sincerity or Virtue. From that Time they run after a vain Phantom of false Glory, which renders them unworthy of the True. They soon get a Custom of believing, that there is no true Virtue upon Earth; for tho' good Men very well know ill Men, yet ill Men cannot discern the good, nor bring themselves to believe there are any such in the World. Princes of this Character can but distrust every Body alike; they hide themselves, lock themselves up, are jealous upon the
least

least Trifle, they are afraid of Mankind, and make Mankind afraid of them. They fly the Light, and dare not appear in their natural Condition; though they desire not to be known, they can't help being so, for the malicious Curiosity of their Subjects dives into every thing; but they themselves know no Body. The selfish Crew that besieges them, are overjoy'd to see them inaccessible to others: For a King inaccessible to Men, is likewise inaccessible to Virtue. They blacken by infamous Slanders, and shuffe from the Court all such as are capable of opening the Prince's Eyes. Such Kings pass their Lives in a Savage unhuman Kind of Grandeur; and being incessantly afraid of Imposture, they are always sure to be inevitably imposed upon, and deserve to be so. When a Man speaks only to a small Number of People, he engages to receive all their Prejudices and their Passions: Even good Men are not without Defects and Prepossessions. Besides, a Prince is at the Mercy of Tale-bears, a vile and malignant Tribe of Men, whose Food is Venom, who poyson the most innocent Things; who make Mountains of Mole hills; they will invent Mischief, if none is ready made to their Hands; and who, for their own Interest, play with the Diffidence and unbecoming Curiosity of a weak and jealous Prince.

Therefore, O my dear *Telemachus*, study Men; examine them, make them talk one of another, try them gradually; be not blindly govern'd by any; be wise by your own Experience, when you happen to be deceiv'd in your Judgments; for deceiv'd you will be sometimes. Let that be a Lesson to you, not to judge too hastily of any one, either well or ill: The Wicked are too subtile and deep, not to surprise the Good by their specious Pretences: But your past Errors will afford

you very usefull Instructions. When you find any Man has a peculiar Talent and is withal virtuous, make Use of him without Reserve; for Men of Honour love to have their Integrity taken Notice of; they are fonder of Esteem and Confidence than Riches; but take Care you do not spoil them by giving them an unbounded Power. Many a one has lost his Virtue, because his Master heap'd on him too much Authority and Wealth. He who is so much belov'd of the Gods, as to find in a whole Kingdom two or three true Friends, Men of solid Wisdom, and stanch Virtue, will soon, by their Means, find other Persons that resemble them, to fill up inferior Places. Thus a Prince may, by a few good Men in whom he confides, learn what he cannot of himself discern in other Men.

But it is adviseable, said *Telemachus*, to employ ill Men that have Abilities, as I have often heard say it is? There is, said *Mentor*, oftentimes a Necessity to make Use of them. When a Nation is in a Ferment and Disorder, there are often found crafty Knaves in Authority: They are possess'd of considerable Posts, which they cannot easily be put out of; they have gain'd the Confidence of certain powerful Persons, who must be humour'd: N. y, these very wicked Men themselves must be humour'd; because they are to be fear'd, and may turn every Thing topsy-turvy. It is proper therefore to employ them for a Time, but still with a Design to render them useless by Degrees. As for real and intimate Confidence, beware of ever reposing it in them, for they may abuse it, and hold you fast by the Secrets you have committed to them, in Spite of all you can do; a Chain more hard to be broken than any made of Iron! Make use of them in trivial Negotiations; treat them well; engage them by their own Passions to be faithful to you;

you; for you will never hold them by any other Handle; but do not admit them into your most secret Consultations. Have some Engine always ready to move them at your Pleasure but never commit to them the Key either of your Heart or of your Affairs. When your Kingdom comes to be settled, and is under the Conduct of wise and good Men whom you may depend upon, those ill Men that you were forced to employ, will, by Degrees, become useless. When that happens, you must not discontinue to treat them well; for ingratitude is never allowable, even with Respect to ill Men; but at the same Time that you shew them Civilities, you should, however, endeavour to make them good. It is necessary to connive at some of their Faults, as human Frailties; but nevertheless you ought by Degrees to exert your Authority, and repress the Evils they would openly commit, if they were let alone. After all, there is an Evil in the very good that is done by ill Men, and though this Evil often becomes inevitable, you should, however; endeavour to put a Stop to it. A wise Prince, who aim at good Order and Justice in all his Views, will in Time be able to lay aside corrupt and knevish Men, and do his Business without them: He will find a sufficient Number of good Men able to serve him.

But it is not enough for him to find good Subjects in a Nation, he should form such himself. This, answer'd *Telemachus*, must be attended with great Difficulties. Far other wise, reply'd *Mentor*: Your Application and Negligence in looking out for Men of Abilities and Virtue, in Order to prefer them, excites and animates all such as have a Talent and a Spirit; so that they will All strive to recommend themselves to your Notice. How many Men are there that languish in an obscure

scure and unactive Life, who would become great Men, were they excited by Emulation and Hope of Success, to exert themselves in Business? How many Men are there whose Misery and an Incapacity to raise themselves by their Virtue, tempt them to do it by criminal Methods? If therefore you annex Rewards and Honours to Industry and Virtue, how many Men will exert their Abilities, and produce to publick View their several Merits? But how many will you form, in making them ascend Step by Step from the lowest to the highest Employments? You will hereby exercise their Genius, you will fathom the Depth of their Understanding, and discover the Sincerity of their Virtue: Those that shall rise to the highest Places, will be such as have been brought up under your own Eye. And as you have observ'd them all your Life-Time in their several Employments, you will be able to judge of them, not by their Words, but by the whole Course of their Actions.

While *Mentor* was reasoning thus with *Telemachus*, they perceiv'd a *Pheacian* Ship that had put in at a small Island, that was desolate and wild and surrounded with frightful Rocks. And now the Winds were hush'd; even the gentle *Zephyrs* seem'd to hold their Breath; the whole Sea became smooth like a Looking-glass; the flagging Sails could no longer give Life to the Vessel; and the Rowers were so fatigu'd, they could hardly ply their Oars any longer, so that they were under a Necessity of landing in this Island, which was indeed rather a prodigious Rock than a habitable Place. In other Weather, less calm, there would be no approaching it without the greatest Danger. Those *Pheacians*, who waited for the Wind, appear'd no less impatient than the *Salentines* to prosecute their Voyage. *Telemachus* advances

vances towards them upon this craggy Shore; he asks the first he meets, whether he had not seen *Ulysses*; King of *Ithaca*, in the Palace of King *Alcinous*?

The Person he thus accidentally accosted, was not a *Pheacian*, but an unknown Stranger, who had a majestick Air, but withal sad and disconsolate: He seem'd to be full of Thought, and scarce heard *Telemachus's* Question at first; but at Length he made this Reply: Thou art not mistaken, *Ulysses* has been entertain'd by King *Alcinous*, as being in a Place where *Jupiter* is fear'd, and Hospitality exercis'd; but he is not there now, and therefore it would be in vain for you to look for him; he is gone to seek *Ithaca* again, if the appear'd Deities will at last suffer him once again to salute his domestick Gods. Scarce had the Stranger pronounced these Words, but he ran into a little Thicket that was on the Top of the Rock, from whence, with a sad Aspect, he view'd the watry Deep, flying from all the Men he saw, and seeming troubled that he could not get away. *Telemachus* look'd, wistfully on him, and the more he look'd the more he was mov'd and astonish'd. This unknown Person, said he to *Mentor*, answer'd me like one that is full of Pain and Anxiety, and hears with Uneasiness every Thing that is said to him. I pity the Unfortunate, since I am so my self; and I find in my Heart a deep Concern for this Man, though I know not why. He treated me but indifferently; and scarce vouchsafed to hear and answer me, and yet I can't help wishing that his Troubles were at an End. *Mentor* with a Smile reply'd, You see what the Misfortunes of Life are good for; they take down the Pride of Princes, and render them sensible of other Men's Affliction. When they have tasted nothing
but

but the sweet Poison of Prosperity, they fancy themselves to be Gods: Mountains must become Plains to gratify their Humour; they look upon Men as nothing: They are sporting with the whole Frame of Nature. When they hear any one speak of Suffering, they know not what it Means, 'tis all a Dream to them; they never saw the Distance between Good and Evil. Nothing but Misfortune can give them Humanity, and change their Hearts of Flint into Hearts of Flesh. Then they find they are but Men themselves, and are taught to be tender of other Men, who are like themselves. If your Heart is mov'd with Pity for a Stranger, because you find him wandering on the Shore like your self, how much Compassion ought you to have for the People of *Ithaca*, if you shall hereafter see them suffer! That People, whom the Gods will commit to you as a Flock to a Shepherd, will perhaps become miserable through your Ambition, or Pride or Imprudence: For a Nation never suffers, but through the Errors and Miscarriages of their Kings, who ought to watch over them, to secure them from Misery.

While *Mentor* was thus speaking, *Telemachus* was over-whelm'd with Trouble and Grief, but after a while he answer'd with a little Emotion; If all this be true the Condition of a King is very miserable: He is a Slave to all those he seems to command; he is not so much made to command them, as he is to serve them; he owes himself entirely to them; he is burthen'd with all their Cares; he is every Man's Man; he must comply with their Weaknesses, correct them like a Father, render them wise and happy: The Authority he seems to have is not his own: He can do nothing, either for his own Glory or Pleasure; his Authority is that of the Laws, which he must obey
him-

himself, to set an Example to his Subjects; properly speaking he is only the Defender of the Laws to make them reign: He must watch and labour to maintain those Laws; he has the least Liberty and Repose of any Man in his Kingdom. He is a Slave who sacrifices his Repose and Liberty for the Publick Liberty and Felicity.

It is very true, reply'd *Mentor*; a King is made a King only to take Care of his People; as a Shepherd does of his Flock; or a Father of his Family. But, my dear *Telemachus*, do you think him unhappy for having so much good to do to so many People? He restrains ill Men by Punishments, encourages the good by Rewards; he represents the Gods in thus conducting all Mankind to Virtue. Has he not Glory enough in causing the Laws to be observ'd? That of setting himself above the Laws is but a false Glory, and breeds nothing but Horror and Contempt: If he is a vicious Man, he cannot but be miserable; for he can find no Tranquility amidst his Passions, and in his Vanity: If he be a good Man, he tastes the purest and most substantial of all Pleasures, in labouring for Virtue, and expecting from the Gods an everlasting Recompence.

Telemachus, distracted within himself by a secret Pain, seem'd never to have understood these Maxims, although he was full of them, and had himself taught them to others. A melancholy Humour gave him, even against his own Sentiments, a Spirit of Contradiction and Subtilty, and made him reject the Truths which *Mentor* expounded.

Telemachus oppos'd to these Reasons the Ingratitude of Men. What! said he, shall we take so much Pains to endear our selves to those Men, who perhaps will never love us, and shew Kindness

ness to such worthless Wretches as will make use of the very Favours they have receiv'd, to do us a Mischief! *Mentor* answer'd calmly; You must reckon upon meeting with Ingratitude from Men, and yet you must do them good; you ought to serve them, not so much for their own Sake, as out of Love to the Gods who command it: The Good that is done is never lost; if Men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it. Besides, if the Bulk of Mankind is ungrateful, there are always some virtuous Men; upon whom your Virtue will make an Impression; nay, the very Multitude, as fickle as they are, never fail at one Time or other to do some Kind of Justice to Men of real Virtue. But would you hinder Men from being ungrateful? Do not solely apply your self to render them powerful, rich, formidable in Arms, happy in Pleasures: Such Glory, such Plenty, such Pleasures corrupt them; they make them but the more wicked, and consequently the more ungrateful. 'Tis making them a fatal Present, and giving them a delicious Poyson. But apply your self to reform their Manners, to instil into them Justice, Sincerity, the Fear of the Gods, Humanity, Fidelity, Moderation, Disinterestedness; by making them good you will prevent their being ungrateful; you will give them the true Good, namely Virtue, which, if it be solid, will always engage them to him who shall have inspir'd them with it. Thus by giving them the true Good, you will do good to your self, and shall not fear their Ingratitude. Is it Matter of Wonder, that Men should prove ungrateful to such Princes, as never led them to any Thing but Injustice, boundless Ambition, and Jealousy against their Neighbours, Hard heartedness, Pride, and Insincerity? A Prince ought to expect nothing from them,
but

but what he has taught them to do. But if, on the contrary, he labours by his own Example, as well as Authority, to render them good; he will find the Fruit of his Labour in their Virtues, or at least he will find in his own, and in the Friendship of Gods, sufficient Matter of Comfort for all his Misreckonings.

This Discourse was scarce ended, but *Telemachus* advanc'd towards the *Pheacians*, whose Ship was stopt on the Shore. He address'd himself to an old Man amongst them, and ask'd him from whence they came, whither bound, and wheter they had seen *Ulysses*? The old Man answer'd; We came from our Island, which is that of the *Pheacians*; we are going to fetch Goods from *Epirus*; *Ulysses*, as you have already been told, has pass'd through our Island, but is gone from thence. Who is, added immediately *Telemachus*, that melancholy Man, who seeks the most desert Places, expecting the going of your Ship? He is, answer'd the old Man, a Stranger to us unknown; but his Name is said to be *Cleomenes*; that he was born in *Phrygia*; that an Oracle foretold to his Mother, that he would be a King, provided he did not stay in his own Country; and that if he staid there, the *Phrygians* would feel the Anger of the Gods in a dreadful Pestilence. As soon as he was born, his Parents gave him to some Mariners who carried him into the Island of *Lesbos*, where he was privately nursed at the Charge of his Country, which was so highly concern'd in keeping him out of it. He soon grew tall, robust, lovely, and dextrous in all bodily Exercises. He also applied himself with a great Deal of Relish and Genius to the Sciences and liberal Arts; but he could not be suffer'd to live in any Country. The Prediction concerning him grew so famous, that he was soon

known wherever he came. In all places Kings were afraid he should despoil them of their Diadems, so that he wanders ever since his Youth, and cannot find any Place in the World where he is allow'd to settle. He has gone to Countries far remote from his own; but he is hardly arriv'd in any City, but his Birth, and the Oracle concerning him are discover'd. 'Tis in vain for him to hide himself; and to chuse in every Place some kind or other of obscure Life: His Abilities and Parts, with Respect to War, Letters, and the most important Affairs, ever break forth, they say, in Spite of himself. There ever happens, in all Countries, some unforeseen Occasion or other, which sets him on, and makes him discover himself to the Publick. His Merit is his Misfortune, for it makes him fear'd, and excludes him from all the Places he would inhabit. 'Tis his Fate to be every where esteem'd, belov'd and admir'd, but thrown out of known Countries: He is not young, and he has not yet been able to find any Coast, either on *Asia* or *Greece*, where he might be permitted to live quietly. He appears to be void of Ambition, and to aim at no Fortune; so that he would be too happy, if the Oracle had never promised him a Crown. He has no Hope left of seeing his Country again, because he knows that if he did, he would carry Grief and Mourning into all Families. The Royal State, for which he suffers, does not appear desirable to him; he runs after it, in Spite of himself, and by a sad Fatality, from Kingdom to Kingdom, and it seems to fly from him, in Order to mock that Wretch till his old Age. A fatal Present of the Gods which disquiets all his fairest Days, and brings him but Trouble and Vexation, at the Time when infirm Man wants nothing but Rest! He says he is going towards *Thrace*, in quest of some savage Nation or
other

other that has no Laws, and whom he may assemble, give Laws to, and govern for some Years, after which, the Oracle being fulfill'd, no fear of him can be entertain'd in the most flourishing Kingdoms. In such a case, he reckons to retire to a Village of *Caria*, where he will addict himself to Agriculture, which he loves passionately. He is a wise, sober Man, who fears the Gods, is well acquainted with Men, and knows how to live peaceably with them, even though he has no Esteem for them. This is the account People give of this Stranger, whom you enquire about.

While they were thus conversing; *Telemachus* often turn'd his Eyes towards the Sea, which began to stir; the Winds heav'd up the Waves, which came dashing against the Rock, whitening them with their Soam. At that very Moment, the old Man said to *Telemachus*: I must be gone, my Companions will not stay for me. With this, he runs to the Shore; they imbark; nothing is heard on the Shore but a confused Noise, occasion'd by the Mariners Eagerness to put to Sea.

That unknown Person (to whom *Telemachus* had spoken) had been wandering some Time up and down the Island, climbing to the Top of every Rock, and from thence surveying the immense Space of the Seas, with a profound Dejection of Mind. *Telemachus* had not lost Sight of him, but watch'd every Step he took. His Heart compassionated a virtuous, wandering, unhappy Man, destin'd for the greatest Atchievements, and who was the Sport of adverse Fortune, far from his Country. At least, said he to himself, I may perhaps see *Ithaca* again; but this *Cleomenes* can never return to *Phrygia*. Thus the Example of a Man, more unfortunate than himself, alleviated *Telemachus's* Sorrow. At last, this Man, seeing his Ship ready to

set Sail, descended from those sharp pointed Rocks, with as much Speed and Agility as *Apollo* in the Forests of *Lycia*, when having ty'd up his flaxen Locks, he scours over the precipices in Chace of the Stags and wild Boars. And now this unknown Person is embark'd, his Ship cuts its Way thro' the brackish Waves and flies from the lessening Shore.

And now a secret Impression of Grief seizes *Telemachus's* Heart; he is uneasy without knowing why; Tears trickle down his Face, and nothing is so pleasant to him as weeping. At the same Time he sees all the *Salentine* Mariners fast asleep on the Grass; they were weary and depress'd; a soft Repose had gently crept into all their Limbs, and all the humid Poppies of the Night were, by *Minerva's* Power, strew'd upon them in the middle of the Day. *Telemachus* is astonish'd to see this universal Drowsiness of the *Salentines*, while the *Pheacians* were so diligent to improve the favourable Wind; but he is yet more mindful to view the *Pheacian* Ship at a Distance, than to go to wake the *Salentines*. Some unaccountable attractive, and secret Uneasiness fasten'd his Eyes to that Ship, of which he can now see nothing but the Sails, which cast a glimmering Whiteness from the azure Deep; nay, he is so intent, that he does not hear *Mentor* speak; he is in an Extasy, like that of the *Menades*, when they hold the Thyrsus in their Hands, make their frantick Shouts resound from the Banks of the *Hebrus*, and the Mountains of *Rhodope* at *Ismarus*.

At last, he began a little to recover from this Sort of Enchantment; tears trickled down again from his Eyes; upon which *Mentor* says to him; I do not wonder, my dear *Telemachus*, to see you weep; tho' the Cause of your Sorrow is unknown to you, it is not so to *Mentor*; 'tis Nature that speaks,

speaks, and acts in you; 'tis she that melts your Heart. The Stranger who gave you so lively an Emotion, is the great *Ulysses*, what an old *Pheacian* has related to you concerning him, under the Name of *Cleomenes*, is but a Fiction, the better to conceal your Father's Return to his Kingdom. He is going directly to *Ithaca*, and is already very near the Harbour, and at last sees again that long desir'd Place. Your Eyes have seen him, as formerly was foretold you should, but without knowing him; You shall soon see him and know him; and he shall know you; but the Gods did not allow that it should be done out of *Ithaca*: His Heart felt no less Perturbation than your's, but he is too wise to discover himself to any Mortal in a Place where he might be expos'd to Treachery, and the Insults of *Penelope's* cruel Lovers. *Ulysses*, your Father, is the wisest of all Men; his Heart is like a deep Well; his Secrets are not to be drawn out of him. He loves truth, and never speaks any Thing that wounds it; but he never speaks it unless there be Occasion. Wisdom, like a Seal, always keeps his Lips shut from all unnecessary Words. How often was he disorder'd in speaking to you! How often did he lay a Restraint upon himself, that he might not discover himself to you! What anguish did he not feel in seeing you! And this was the Cause of his Melancholy and Sadness.

During this Discourse, *Telemachus* melting and disorder'd, dissolv'd into Tears. Deep Sobs hinder'd him for a while from answering; but, at last, he cry'd, alas! my dear *Mentor*, I found something in that Stranger that strongly engag'd me to him, and made a Yearning in all my Bowels. But why did you not tell me before he went away, that it was *Ulysses*, seeing you knew him? Why did you let him go without speaking to him, and without inti-

mating that you knew him? What is the Mystery of this? Am I always to be unhappy! Will the incensed Gods for ever hold me like thirsty *Tantalus*, whose greedy Lips are still amus'd by the fugitive deceitful Water? O *Ulysses*, *Ulysses*, have you escap'd me for ever? Perhaps I shall never see him more! He may perhaps fall into the Snares which *Penelope's* Lovers prepar'd for me: Oh! had I follow'd him, then at least I had dy'd with him. O *Ulysses* *Ulysses*, even though you escape the Fury of a fresh Storm (for I have every thing to fear from adverse Fortune) I tremble, lest when you arrive at *Ithaca*, you should meet with the same Fate *Agamemnon* did at *Mycene*. But why, dear *Mentor*, did you envy my Happiness? I should by this Time embrace him, and be with him in the Port of *Ithaca*, and we should fight together, and conquer all our Enemies.

Mentor reply'd smiling; see, my dear *Telemachus*, how strange Men are! You are under the deepest Affliction, because you have seen your Father without knowing him: What would you have given yesterday only to be assured that he was not dead? Now, to Day you are assur'd of it by your own Eyes; and yet this Assurance, which ought to fill you with Joy, leaves you in Bitterness. Thus the distemper'd Mind of Mortals always reckons for nothing what they have most passionately desired, as soon as possess'd; and they are industrious in tormenting themselves about what they do not possess! It is to encrease your Patience that the Gods hold you thus in Suspence. You look upon this Time as lost, but know that it is the most useful Part of your Life; for it exercises you in the most necessary of all Virtues, for those that are to command others. You must be patient, if you would acquire the Mastery of your self and others. Impatience, which

which seems to be the Vivacity and Strength of the Soul, is only its Weakness, and an Impotence to bear Pain. He that cannot wait and suffer, is like one that cannot keep a Secret; both of them want Firmness of Mind to contain themselves, as a Man that runs a Race in a Chariot, and has not a Hand strong enough to stop, at proper Times, his fiery Couriers: They cease to obey the Bridle, they gallop headlong down a Precipice, and the weak Man, with whom they run away, is dash'd in Pieces by the Fall. Thus an impatient Man, by his wild ungovernable Appetites, is flung into an Abyfs of Misfortunes; the more absolute his Authority is, the more fatal to himself is his Impatience: He will not wait; he will not give himself Time to measure any Thing; he forces all Things to gratify his Wishes; he tears of the Boughs to gather the Fruit before it is ripe; he breaks down the Gates rather than stay till they are open'd; he will needs be reaping when the wise Husbandman is but sowing? all he does in Haste, and preposterously, is ill done, and can have no longer Duration than his fickle Fancy. Such are the mad Projects of a Man who thinks he is able to do every thing, and who gives the Reins to his Desires, in the Abuse of his Power. 'Tis to teach you to be patient, my dear *Telemachus*, that the Gods make you undergo these severe Trials; and seem to sport with you, by keeping you still in Suspence in a wandering Life. The Blessings you hope for, just shew themselves to you, and then fly away like an airy Dream, which vanishes as soon as a Man awakes: And this is done to instruct you that the very Things you Fancy you hold fast in your Hands, may escape from you in an Instant. The wisest Lessons you can have from the Mouth of *Ulysses*, will not be so useful to you

as his long Absence, and the Sufferings you have undergone in seeking him.

After this, *Mentor* resolved to put *Telemachus's* Patience to the last, and severest Trial. At the very Moment that the young Man, full of Ardour, went to press the Mariners to hasten to put to Sea, *Mentor* stop'd him Short, and engaged him to make upon the Shore a great Sacrifice to *Minerva*. *Telemachus* obeys with Docility *Mentor's* Commands: Two Altars of Turf are raised; the Incense smokes, and the Blood of the Victims runs. *Telemachus* sends forth tender Sighs up to Heaven, and acknowledges the powerful Protection of the Goddess. The Sacrifice was scarce ended, but he follows *Mentor* into the gloomy Paths of a neighbouring Grove: where he perceives that, on a sudden, his Friend's Face assumes a new Form: The wrinkles of his Forehead disappear'd, as the Shades of Night vanish when the rosy-finger'd Morn unbars the Gates of the East, and inlightens the whole Horizon; his hollow and severe Eyes were turn'd to a celestial Blue, and fill'd with divine Fire; his grisly and uncouth Beard was no longer seen: Noble and majestick Lineaments, mix'd with Sweetness and Grace, presented themselves to the Eyes of the dazzled *Telemachus*: He saw a Woman's Countenance with a Complexion finer than that of a tender Flower just opening to the Sun. Thereon he saw the white of Lilies mix'd with the red of blooming Roses, and an eternal Youth, with a simple and unaffected Majesty; an ambrosial Odour diffus'd itself from her flowing Tresses; her Garment glister'd like those lively Colours with which the Sun, when he rises, paints the dusky Arches of Heaven, and the Clouds that he has just been gilding. This Deity did not touch the Ground with her Foot, but shot fleeting through the Air, as a Bird cleaves

cleaves it with his Wings. In her powerful Hand she held a glittering Spear, capable of striking Terror into the most warlike Cities and Nations. *Mars* himself would have trembled at it: Her Voice was sweet and mild, but strong and insinuating; all her Words were like Darts of Fire that pierced *Telemachus's* Soul, and made him feel an unaccountable Kind of delicious Pain: Upon her Head appear'd the solitary Bird of *Athens*, and upon her Breast there glitter'd the formidable *Ægis*. By these Badges *Telemachus* knew it was *Minerva*.

O Goddess, said he, 'tis you, 'tis you your self who have vouchsafed to conduct the Son of *Ulysses*, for his Father's Sake! — He would have gone on, but his Voice fail'd him; his Lips made fruitless Offers to utter the Thoughts that came crowding from the Bottom of his Heart. The Presence of the Deity overcame him, so that he was like a Man who in a Dream is so oppress'd, as to lose his Respiration, and cannot form a Word, for all the violent Agitation of his Lips.

At length *Minerva* pronounced the Words: O Son of *Ulysses*, hearken to me for this last Time: I never instructed any Mortal with so much Care as I have done you: I have led you by the Hand through Shipwrecks, unknown Countries, bloody Wars, and all the Evils that can try the Heart of Man: I have shewn you, by plain Examples, the true and false Maxims of Government: Your Errors have been no less useful to you than your Misfortunes; for what Man can govern wisely, if he has never suffer'd any Hardship, or has never made any Advantage of the Sufferings into which his Faults have precipitated him? You, as well as your Father, have fill'd Sea and Land with your disastrous Adventures: Go, you are now worthy to tread in his Steps; all that remains for you, is a

short and easy Passage to *Ithaca*, where your Father is this very Moment landing. Go, fight under him, and pay him the same Obedience as the meanest of his Subjects, to whom be you your self an Example. He will procure *Antiope* to be your Bride, and you shall be happy with her, because you fought her for her Prudence and her Virtue, more than her Beauty. When you come to reign, place your whole Glory in renewing the Golden Age: Hear every Body, trust but a few, have a Care of trusting your own self too much: Fear to deceive your self, but never fear to let others see that you have been Mistaken. Love your People, and omit nothing to gain their Love. Fear is necessary, where Love is wanting; but it should always be made Use of with Unwillingness, just as violent and most dangerous Remedies are. Ever consider at a Distance all the Consequences of what you are about to undertake; endeavour to foresee the most terrible Inconveniences, and know that true Courage consists in looking all Dangers in the Face, and in despising them when once they become necessary. He that is unwilling to see them, has not Courage enough to bear the Sight of them unconcern'd: He that sees them all, and avoids such of them as are avoidable, and makes Head against the Rest, without any Perturbation of Mind, is the only wise and magnanimous Man. Avoid Luxury, Pride, and Profusion, place your Glory in Simplicity; let your Virtue and good Deeds be the Ornament of your Person and Palace; let them be your Life-Guards, and let all the World learn from you wherein true Happiness consists: Never forget that Kings are not Kings for their own Glory, but for the Benefit of their People: The good they do descends to the most distant Ages, and the
Evil

Evil they do multiplies from Generation to Generation, even to the remotest Posterity.

An ill Reign often proves the Calamity of several Ages. Above all, be upon your Guard against your own Humour, an Enemy whom you shall ever carry along with you as long as you live, who will intrude into your Councils, and who will betray you, if you hearken to him. Humour makes a Man lose the most important Opportunities; it gives him childish Likings and Aversions to the Prejudice of the greatest Concerns; it makes him determine the most weighty Affairs by the most trifling Consideration; it obscures and drowns all Talents; debases Courage, renders a Man unequal, fickle, weak, abject and unsupportable. Ever distrust such an Enemy.

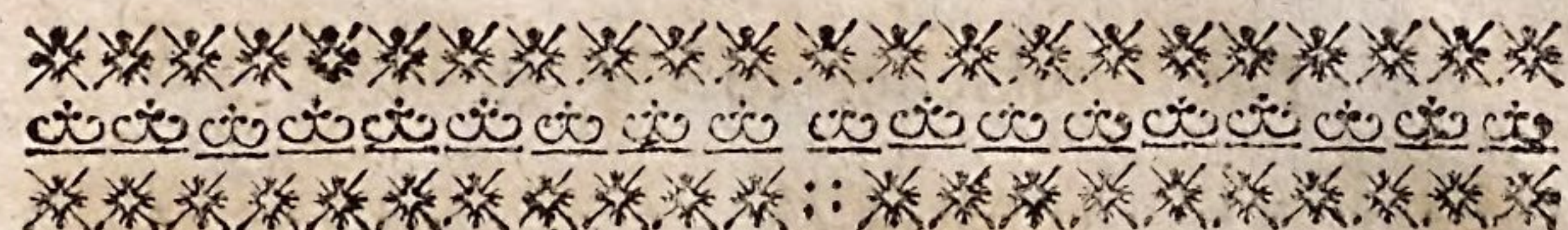
Fear the Gods, O *Telemachus*! This Fear is the most valuable Treasure of the Heart of Man; you will find it accompany'd with Wisdom; Justice, Peace, Joy, refin'd Pleasure, true Liberty, delicious Plenty, and unblemish'd Glory.

I leave you, O Son of *Ulysses*! But my Wisdom shall never leave you, provided you always remain sensible that you can do nothing without it. 'Tis Time now you learn to go alone. I parted from you in *Aegypt* and at *Salentum*, only to use you to be without my Company, as they wean Children, when it is Time to give them solid Food, in Exchange for Milk,

Scarce had the Goddess made an End of her Speech, but she sprung into the Air, and mantled her self with a Cloud of Gold and Azure,
in

in which she disappear'd. *Telemachus*, fighting, astonish'd and transported, prostrated himself on the Ground, lifting up his Hands to Heaven: Afterwards he went and wack'd his Companions, hasten'd away, and arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where he found again and knew his Father, at the House of the faithful *Eumæus*.





THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

NEXT to the *Adventures of Telemachus*,
you can read nothing more soft and passion-
ate than those of *Aristonous*. It seems
as if Nature herself had dictated both these
charming Pieces: And whereas the same Spirit,
and the same Simplicity prevails alike through the
whole, you will not be displeas'd to find them
both joyn'd together: Thoug they are not of
the same Hand, as several Judges of a good Taste
have assur'd me. They generally give the Prese-
rence to *Telemachus*, and it must be own'd to be
an incomparable Piece. The Author of *Aristonous*
has

The Bookseller to the Reader.

*has borrow'd the Idea, the Stile, and the Moral
from the former. So that if he has not the Glory
of the first Invention: Yet he has at least thus much
to say in his own behalf, that he has found out the
Secret of imitating a Man who seem'd to be ini-
mitable.*



THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF,
ARISTONOUS.

SOPHRONYMUS, being depriv'd of the Estate of his Aneestors, by Shipwrecks, and other Misfortunes, comforted himself, as well as he could by his Virtue in the Island of *Delos*. There, upon a golden Harp, he warbled forth the Wonders of the God that was worshipp'd in that Place: He cultivated the Muses, by whom he was beloved; he was curious in the Searches he made into all the Secrets of Nature; study'd the Motions of the Stars and the Heavens: the Order of the Elements; the Structure of the Universe, which he measur'd by his Compass; the Virtue of Plants, and the Formation of Animals; above all, he study'd himself, and endeavour'd to adorn his Soul with Virtue. Thus Fortune, by abasing him, had advanc'd him to true Glory, viz that of Wisdom.

Whilst

Whilst he liv'd thus happily, without an Estate, in this silent Retreat, he one Day espy'd upon the Sea-shore, a venerable old Man, a perfect Stranger to him, who was but just landed on that Island. This old Man look'd with Admiration on the Banks of the Sea, wherein he knew that this Island formerly floated: He cast his Eyes upon that Side, where the little Hills (always cover'd with a green and flourishing Turf) had rais'd their Heads above the Sands and Rocks. He thought he could never take a sufficient View of the crystal Fountains, and rapid Streams that water'd this delicious Country: He made towards the sacred Grove, which surrounded the Temple of the God; he wonder'd to see its Verdure not so much as tarnish'd with the cold and boisterous Winds, and beheld afar of the Temple of *Parian* Marble, more white than Snow, round which were lofty Pillars all of Jasper. *Sophronymus* was intent upon viewing this old Man; his Silver Beard wav'd gently over his Breast, his wrinkled Face had nothing in it of Deformity; he was still exempt from the Injuries of decrepid old Age; a sweet Sort of Briskness sparkled in his Eyes; he was tall, and of a majestick Mien, but somewhat stooping, and an Ivory Stick supported him as he walk'd. O Sir (says *Sophronymus* to him) what seek you in this Island, to which you seem to be a Stranger; If it be the Temple of the God, you see it at a Distance, and I am ready to Conduct you thither; for I reverence the Gods, and have learn'd what 'tis that *Jupiter* requires we should do for Strangers.

I accept, reply'd the old Man, of the Offer
which

which you have so frankly and kindly made me. May the Gods reward your Love to Strangers. Come, let us go towards the Temple. In the Way thither, he related to *Sophronymus* the Occasion of his Voyage.

My Name, says he, is *Aristonous*, a Native of *Clasomene*, a Town of *Ionia*, situated on that pleasant Coast, which runs out into the Sea, and seems to joyn with the Isle of *Scio*, the fortunate Country of *Homer*. I was descended of no wealthy though noble Parentage; my Father, named *Polystratus*, who was already over-burthen'd by a numerous Family, was not willing to bring me up, but caus'd me to be expos'd by one of his Friends of *Teos*. An ancient Woman of *Erytbrea*, who liv'd hard by the Place where I was expos'd, took me up, and fed me with Goat's milk in her Cottage. But her Circumstances being low, as soon as I was capable of doing any Service, she sold me to a Merchant that dealt in Slaves, who carried me to *Lycia*. This Merchant re-sold me at *Patara*, to a wealthy and virtuous Man, nam'd *Alcinus*; and *Alcinus* took Care of me in my Youth. He found me to be tractable, good-natur'd, sincere, hearty, and addicted to whatever useful Thing they were willing to have me instructed in. He devoted me to those Sciences which *Apollo* favours, and made me be taught Musick, bodily Exercises, and especially the Art of Chirurgery. I soon attain'd to a great Perfection in that Art, which is so necessary to human Life; and *Apollo*, who inspir'd me, discover'd to me a great many wonderful Secrets in that Way.

Alcinus, who lov'd me more than ever, and was ravish'd to see how successful his Cares towards me had prov'd, enfranchis'd me, and sent me to *Polycrates*, the Tyrant of *Samos*, who, amidst that boundless Prosperity which he enjoy'd, never fear'd that Fortune, which had flatter'd him so long, would ever be so cruel as to betray him. He lov'd a Life that could yield him the most Delights; he was afraid of losing it, and was for preventing the very least Appearances of Evil; and hence it was, that he had always attending upon him the most eminent Physicians that could be got.

Polycrates was very glad that I would live with him; and to engage me the closer to his Service, he bestow'd great Riches and Preferments upon me. I resided a long Time at *Samos*, where I could not but wonder to see how Fortune seem'd to take a Kind of Pleasure in granting him whatever he desir'd. He needed only to begin a War, and Victory would be sure to follow him: It was enough for him to will the most difficult Things, and they would immediately be effected with all the Ease imaginable: His Heaps of Wealth increas'd every Day; all his Enemies were laid down as it were at his feet; his Health was so far from being impaired, that it grew stronger and sounder. For forty Years past had this peaceful and happy Prince held his Fortune as it were in Chains, nor had she made him the least Trip, or caused him the least Disgrace in any of his Designs. Such an uninterrupted Prosperity, so seldom heard of among Mortals, made me concern'd for him; I lov'd him heartily, and could not forbear opening to him my Jealousies: I made some Impression upon his Heart; for

for though he was softened by Pleasures, and puffed up by his Grandeur; yet he had still remaining some Sentiments of Humanity, whenever he was put in Mind of the Gods, and of the Inconstancy of human Affairs: He permitted me to tell him the Truth, and was so moved by the Fear I had for him, that at last he resolved to interrupt the Course of his Prosperity, by a Loss that he would voluntarily undergo.

I am sensible, says he to me, that there is no Man but what ought once, in his Life, to suffer some Disgrace in his Fortune; the more he is favoured by it, the more ought he to fear some Revolution. As for me, on whom it has heap'd so many good Things for so many Years together, I must expect the extreamest Hardships from her, if I do not divert the Storm that seems to threaten me. I will therefore forthwith prevent the Treacheries of this flattering Fortune.

No sooner had he said this, but he pluck'd a Ring of his Finger, of a very great Value, for which he had a vast Esteem; he threw it, in my Presence, aloft into the Sea, hoping by this Loss, to have answer'd the Necessity of suffering, at least once in his Life, the Frowns of Fortune: But this was a Mistake into which he was blindly led by his Prosperity: The Misfortunes which one makes a Matter of Choice, and submits voluntarily to, are not real Evils; we are only afflicted by the forced and unseen Hardships which the Gods in Punishment inflict upon us.

Polycrates was not sensible, that the true Way of preventing the Caprices of Fortune, was, by

Prudence and Moderation, to sit loose to all her transitory Enjoyments. Fortune, to which he sacrific'd his Ring, did not accept of that trifling Victim, and *Polycrates* in Spight of all seem'd to be more fortunate than ever. A Fish had swallow'd the Ring, and the Fish was taken, brought to the Palace of *Polycrates*, dress'd up for his Table, and the Ring, found in the Belly of the Fish by a Cook, was restored to the Tyrant, who turn'd pale when he perceiv'd that Fortune was so bent upon favouring him: But alas! the Time drew near, when all his Prosperity was at one stroke to be chang'd into the most dismal Adversity.

The great King of *Persia*, *Darius* the Son of *Hystaspes*, enter'd into a War against the *Greeks*, he soon subdued all the *Greeks* Colonies on the Coast of *Asia*, and the neighbouring Islands, which lye in the *Aegean* Sea: *Samos* was taken, the Tyrant conquer'd, and *Orantes*, who was Commander, in Chief under that great King, having caus'd high Gibbet to be rais'd, ordered the Tyrant to be hang'd thereon: Thus the Man, who had enjoy'd such an affluent Prosperity, and who could not have imagin'd ever to have met with so hard a Fate, fell from his Glory all of a sudden, and suffer'd the most cruel and most ignominious of Deaths. No Men therefore are more in Danger of the Frowns of an adverse State, than those who are too proud under the Smiles of a prosperous Condition: That same capricious Fortune which so cruelly sports it self over Men of the highest Station, does as often raise the most miserable Creatures out of the Dust: It had thrown down *Polycrates* from the Top of its Wheel, and brought me, from
the

the meanest of Conditions, to the Enjoyment of a very plentiful Estate.

* The *Persians* were so far from taking any Thing away from me, that on the contrary they made great Use of my Skill in curing their wounded, and highly esteem'd the Moderation I was Master of, during my being in Favour with the Tyrant. Those Persons who had abus'd his Authority, and the Trust he had repos'd in them; were punish'd after several Manners. Whereas for my Part, I never did any Man an Injury, but on the Contrary all the good I could. I was the only Person whom the Conquerors spar'd and treated honourably. Every one rejoyc'd at my Fortune, for I was belov'd, and had enjoy'd Prosperity without Envy, because I never shew'd the least Tokens of Cruelty, Pride, Avarice, or Injustice.

I liv'd quietly at *Samos* for some Years longer; but at last I perceiv'd in my self a longing Desire of revisiting *Lycia*, where I spent my Youth so pleasantly. I was in Hopes of meeting there with *Alcinus*, who had brought me up, and was the first Founder of all my Fortune. Upon my Arrival in that Country, I understood that *Alcinus* was dead, after he had lost his Estate, and suffer'd the Miseries of old Age with the utmost Constancy.

I went and strew'd some Flowers, and shed some Tears over his Ashes: I plac'd an honourable Inscription on his Tomb, and ask'd what was become of his Children. They told me, the only Son who surviv'd, nam'd *Orchilochus*, could not tell how to continue without an Estate in his own Country, and where his Father had liv'd with so great Splendor,

dor, and therefore went on Board a strange Vessel, intending to lead an obscure Life in some remote Island of the Sea. They acquainted me farther, that *Orchilochus* within a short Time after suffer'd Shipwreck about the Island of *Carpathus*, so that there was not one remaining of the Family of my Benefactor *Alcinus*. Immediately I thought of buying the House where he had formerly dwelt, and the fertile Fields round about that were in his Possession. I was very glad to see again those Places, which recalled to Mind the sweet Remembrance of so pleasant an Age, and of so kind a Master. Me thought I was still in the Bloom of my tender Years, wherein I serv'd *Alcinus*.

I had scarce purchas'd his Inheritance of his Creditors, but I was called away to *Closomene*. My Father *Polystratus*, and my Mother *Phydilis* were dead, and I had several Brothers, who could not very well agree with one another. As soon as I arrived at *Closomene*, I presented my self before them in a mean Dress, as a Man stripp'd of all he had, and shew'd them the Marks with which you know they generally take Care to expose Children. They were startled to see the Number of *Polystratus*'s Heirs to increase, who were to be Sharers in his small Inheritance; they were contesting the Legitimacy of my Birth, and refused to own me as their Brother before the Judges. To punish their Inhumanity, I declared, that I was willing to be a Stranger to them, and demanded that they should be excluded for ever from being my Heirs. The Judges decreed it should be so; and then I shewed the Treasures which I had brought along with me in my Ship. I discovered to them that I was that *Aristonous*, who had acquired

quired so much Wealth under *Polycrates* of *Samos* and that I was yet unmarried.

My Brethren soon repented of their unjust Usage of me, and, in Hopes of becoming one Day my Heirs, used their utmost Endeavours, but to no Purpose, to insinuate themselves again into my Favour. Their Quarrelling occasion'd them to sell our Father's Estate, I bought it, and they had the Mortification to see the whole Patrimony fall into the Hands of one, whom they would not admit into the least Share. By this Means they fell into extreme Poverty; but after they had sufficiently smarted for their Folly, I was minded to extend my good Nature to them: I pardon'd them, admitted them into my own House, and gave each of them wherewithal to traffick by Sea; I reunited them, they and their Children live peaceably together with me, and I am become a common Father to all these different Families. By their Union and Industry, they soon got together considerable Wealth. In the mean Time, old Age, as you see, comes upon me apace, it has silver'd my Hairs, and furrow'd my Face; and admonishes me, that I have not long to enjoy so perfect a Prosperity. I was willing therefore, before I die, to see once more that Country which is so dear to me, and which affects me more than my native Soil; *Lycia* I mean, where I had learn'd to be Good and Wise, under the Conduct of the virtuous *Alcinus*. As I was upon my Voyage thither, I met with a Merchant belonging to one of the *Cyclades* Island, who assured me, that there was still living at *Delos*, a Son of *Orchilochus*, who imitated the Prudence and Virtue of his Grandfather *Alcinus*: Immediately I quitted my Design of sailing to *Lycia*, and hasten'd,

by Favour of *Apollo*, to search in this Island after the precious Remains of a Family, to whom I owe my All. I have but a short Time to live; the Destinies, Enemies to that sweet Repose, which the Gods sometimes, tho' rarely, grant to Mortals, will soon cut of my Tread of Life; but I shall be content to die, provided my Eyes, before they are robb'd of this Light, can but behold my Master's Grandson. Speak then, Sir, who live with him in this Island? Do you know him? Can you tell me where I may find him? If you can shew him to me, may the Gods in Recompense grant you to see your Children's Children to the fifth Generation: May the Gods preserve all your Family in Peace and Plenty, as the Effect of your Virtue.

Whilst *Aristonous* spake thus, *Sophronymus* shed Tears that flowed from a Mixture of Joy and Sorrow. In short, without being able to utter one Word, he threw his Arms about the Neck of the old Man, he embrac'd him, he grasp'd him close, and with much ado forc'd out these Words, that were often interrupted by Sighs.

I am, oh! my Father, the Person whom you seek: You see *Sophronymus* the Grandson of your Friend *Alcinus*; 'Tis I my self, and I cannot question in hearing your Relation, but that the Gods have sent you hither to alleviate my Misfortunes. Gratitude, which seems to be no more on Earth, is lodg'd in your single Breast. I heard indeed, in my Childhood, that a certain famous and wealthy Man residing at *Samos*, had been brought up by my Grandfather: But whereas my Father *Orchilochus* died young, and left me in the Cradle, the Knowledge I had of these Matters has been but confus'd. I would

would not venture to *Samos* upon an Uncertainty, and chose rather to stay in this Island; comforting my self under my Misfortunes by the Contempt of vain Riches, and by employing my self in cultivating the Muses in the sacred House of *Apollo*. That Prudence which accustoms Men to be content with a little, and to be quiet, has serv'd me hitherto instead of all other Treasures.

Upon finishing these Words, *Sophronymus* perceiving they were arriv'd at the Temple, propos'd to *Aristonous* there to offer up his Prayers and Oblations. They sacrificed to the God two Sheep as white as Snow, and a Bull which had a Crescent on his Forehead between the two Horns. Afterwards they sang in Verse the Praises of the God, who inlightens the Universe, who regulates the Seasons, who presides over the Sciences, and who inspires the Choir of the nine Muses. Having left the Temple, *Sophronymus* and *Aristonous* spent the Rest of the Day in recounting to each other their Adventures. *Sophronymus* receiv'd the old Man into his Habitation with the same Tendernefs and Respect, as he would have testified to *Alcinus* himself, had he been alive. The next Day they parted both together, and set Sail for *Lycia*. *Aristonous* led *Sophronymus* into a fruitful Champain Country upon the Banks of another River, in whose Waves *Apollo* returning from Hunting, cover'd with Dust, has often bath'd his Body, and wash'd his flaxen Hair. Along this River they met with Poplars and Willows, whose green and tender Boughs conceal'd the Nests of a great many Birds, who warbled forth their melodious Notes both Night and Day! The River falling from a Rock with great Noise and Froth, dash'd its Wa-

ves into a Current that was full of small Pebbles. All the Vale was cover'd with a gilded Harvest, the Hills that appear'd like an Amphitheatre, were set with Vines and Fruit-Trees. All Nature seem'd to be gay and smiling, the Air was calm and serene, and the Earth always ready to yield out of its Bosom new Crops to reward the Labours of the Husbandman. In going farther up the River, *Sophonimus* perceived a plain and homely Seat, but whose Architecture was comely, just and proportionable; it had neither Marble, nor Gold, nor Silver, nor Ivory, nor was it furnish'd Purple: but all was neat, agreeable and convenient, without Magnificence and Pomp: A Fountain spouted up in the midst of the Court, and made a small Canal, with a green Border round about it: The Gardens were not large, but full of useful Fruits and Plants, proper for the Nourishment of Man. On two Sides of the Garden were two Groves, whose Trees were almost as ancient as the Earth that bare them, and whose thick Branches cast such a Shade as could not be pierc'd by the Sun-Beams. They enter'd into a great Hall, where they made a sweet Repast of such Provisions as Nature furnish'd them with, out of the Gardens, wherein there was nothing to be seen, which Luxury inclines Men to send for so far and at so dear a Rate out of the Cities. There was Milk as sweet as that which *Apollo* milch'd whilst he was Shepherd to King *Admetus*; and Honey more rich than that of the Bees of *Hybla* in *Sicily*, or of Mount *Hymetta* in *Attica*: There were Garden Pulse, and Fruits fresh-gather'd; with Wine more delicious than Nectar, running out of large Vessels into carv'd Goblets. During this frugal, but pleasant and quiet Repast, *Aristonous* would not sit down at Table: At first he made all the Preten-

ces he could imagine to conceal his Modesty; but at last, when *Sophronymus* press'd him to it, he declared, that he could not find in his Heart to sit down and eat with the Grandson of *Alcinus*, on whom he had waited so many Years at the same Table: Here it was, said he, where that wise old Gentleman was wont to eat; there he entertain'd himself with his Friend; there he diverted himself at several Sorts of Games; there he walk'd out and pleas'd himself with reading *Homer* and *Hesiod*; and there he laid himself down to rest. In reciting these Circumstances, his Heart melted with Tenderness, and the Tears trickled from his Eyes. After the Repast was over, he led forth *Sophronymus* to take a View of the pleasant Meadows, where the large Herds of Cattle wander'd on the Banks, of the River; then they saw the Flocks of Sheep returning from their fat Pastures, the Ewes bleating and full of Milk, were follow'd by their little skipping Lambs. Every where you might perceive the Workmen earnest at their Business, as if they were in Love with their Labour, whilst they promoted the Interest of their kind and gentle Master, who made himself to be belov'd by them, and alleviated the Misery of their Slavery.

After *Aristonous* had shew'd to *Sophronymus* this House, these Slaves, these Flocks, and these Lands, which were become so fertile by careful cultivating, he address'd himself to him in these Words: I am very glad to see you in Possession of the ancient Patrimony of your Ancestors; the Possession of a Place where I serv'd *Alcinus* so long. Do you peaceably enjoy what was his, live happily, but prepare your self by your Care for a late but calmer End than his. At the same Time, he made over
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to him by Deed of Gift that Estate, according to all the necessary Forms of Law; and declared, that he would disinherit his natural Heirs of his own Estate, if ever they should prove so ungrateful as to call in Question that Deed which he had made to the Grandson of *Alcinus*, his Benefactor. But this was not all; before *Aristonous* gave away his House, he furnish'd it throughout with new Furniture, plain and modest indeed, but withal neat and suitable: He fill'd the Barns with the rich Presents of *Ceres*, and the Cellar with choice Wine of *Scio*, fit to be serv'd up by *Ganymede* at the Table of great *Jupiter*; he laid up likewise some *Parmenian* Wine, with a great Quantity of Honey of *Hymetta* and *Hybla*, and *Attick* Oyl almost as sweet as Honey itself. Lastly, to all these Things he added a vast many Fleeces of fine Wooll, as white as the driven Snow, being the rich Spoils of the tender Sheep that wander on the Mountains of *Arcadia*, and in the fat Pastures of *Sicily*. In this State and Condition he bestow'd the House on *Sophronymus*: He gave him over and above fifty Talents, and reserved to his own Relations the Estate which he possess'd in the Peninsula of *Clasomene*, and in the Parts that lay about *Smyrna*, *Lebedos* and *Colophon*, which were of a very great Value.

When this Deed of Gift was made, *Aristonous* embark'd on Board his Ship, for to return to *Ionia*. *Sophronymus* surpriz'd and mov'd at the Greatness of those Favours, attended him to the Ship with Tears in his Eyes, calling him his Father all along as he went, and holding him within his Arms. *Aristonous* soon arriv'd at his own home, having had a happy Voyage. None of his Relations durst complain of his Liberality to *Sophronymus*: I have ordered, said he to them, by my last Will and Testament

ment, that all my Estate shall be sold, and given to the Poor of *Ionia*, if ever any one of you should oppose the Gift I have made to the Grandson of *Alcinus*. The wise and aged *Aristonous* liv'd in Peace, and enjoy'd those good Things which the Gods had granted to his Virtue. Every Year, notwithstanding his old Age, he took a Voyage in *Lycia*, to visit *Sophronymus*, and to offer a Sacrifice on the Tomb of *Alcinus*, which he had bedeck'd with several curious Ornament of Architecture and Sculpture. He had order'd, that his own Ashes after his Death, should be laid up in the same Tomb, where they might rest with those of his dear Master. Each Year in the Spring, *Sophronymus* waited with Impatience for his Return: he had always his Eyes looking towards the Sea shore, to see whether he could discover the Ship of *Aristonous* which usually arrived at that Season. Each Year he had the Pleasure of seeing at a Distance the Ship which was so grateful to him, crossing the salt and briny Waves, and its Arrival was more pleasant to him by far, than all the Graces which reviving Nature in Spring brings back to adorn the Earth, after the Sharpness of a rigid and severe Winter.

One Year it happen'd, that this longd-for Ship did not arrive as usual; *Sophronymus* sigh'd bitterly, Sorrow and Fear were painted on his Face, soft Sleep departed from his Eyes; the most exquisite Dainties had no relish with him; he was uneasy, disturb'd even at the least Noise, was always looking towards the Port, and every Moment demanding whether there were no Ship arrived from *Ionia*. At last one came to Anchor: but, alas! *Aristonous* was no more, it only brought his Ashes in a Silver Urn. *Amphicles*, an ancient Friend of
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the deceased, and almost of the same Age with him, the trusty Executor of his last Will and Commands, was the sad Hearer of this Urn. When he drew near to *Sophronymus*, they could neither of them utter a Word, but expressed their Sentiments in dumb Sighs and Moans. *Sophronymus*, kissing the Urn, and bedewing it with Tears, at length gave Vent to his Grief in these Words: It is to you, (O good old Man!) that I am indebted for all the Happiness of my Life, and now you are the Occasion of my most pungent Sorrow; I shall never, see you more; Death would be welcome to me, could I but be with you, and serve you in the *Elysian* Fields, where your Shade enjoys the happy Peace which the just Gods reserve as the Reward of Virtue. You have in our Days brought back upon Earth, Justice, Piety, and Gratitude; you have in this Iron Age shewn the Goodness and Innocence of the Golden Days. The Gods, before they bless'd you with the Mansions of the Just, granted you here below a long, happy and pleasant Life; but, alas! that which ought to last for ever, is not always of the longest Continuance. I have now no Pleasure to enjoy, being robb'd of your Presence. O dear Shade! When is it that I shall follow you? O precious Ashes! Were you but sensible of any Thing, you would needs be pleas'd to lye with those of *Alcinus*, and mine shall one Day mixt with both! In the mean Time, all my Comfort will be to preserve those Remains of what I so passionately lov'd. O *Aristonous*! No, you shall never die! you shall always live within my Breast; may I sooner forget my self, than ever forget so amiable a Man, who lov'd me so much, was so great a lover of Virtue, and to whom I owe my All!

After

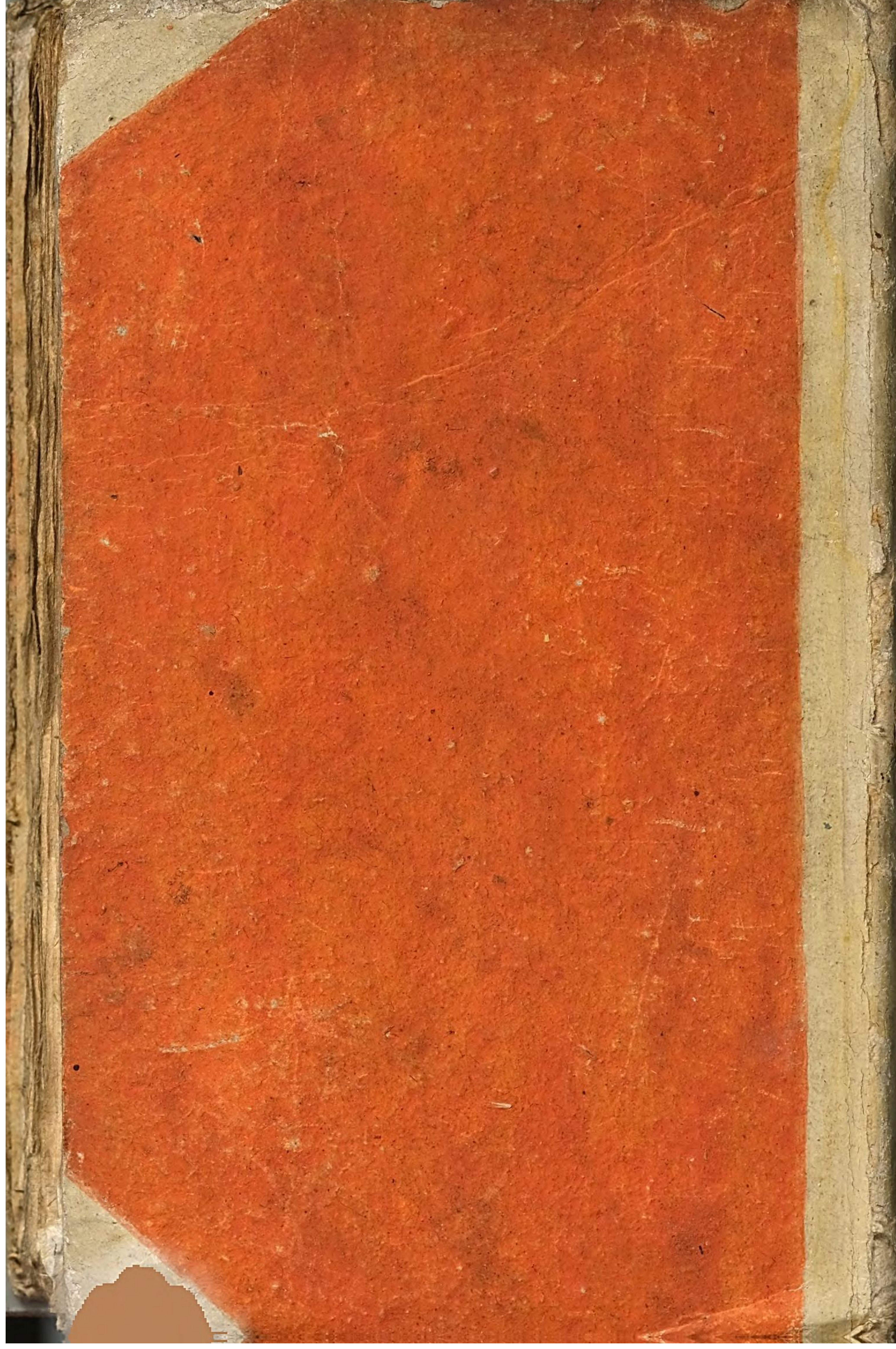
After these Words, often interrupted with deep Sighs, *Sophronymus* put the Urn into the Tomb of *Alcinus*, he offer'd several Victims, whose Blood moisten'd the Altars of Turf which surrounded the Tomb; he pour'd out large Libations of Wine and Milk; he burnt rich Perfumes that came from the farthest Part of the East, which caus'd an odoriferous Cloud to mount up into the Air. *Sophronymus* appointed, that for the future every Year at the same Season, funeral Sports should be celebrated in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Aristonous*. Thither they flock'd from *Caria*, a happy and fertile Country; from the charming Banks of *Meander*, which sports its self in so many Windings and Turnings, and seems so loth to part with the Country which it waters; from the ever green Banks of *Cayster*; from the Shores of *Pactolus*, which rowls along the golden Sand beneath its Waves; from *Pamphylia*, where *Ceres*, *Pomona*, and *Flora* strive who shall in greatest Affluence bestow their Golden Presents: Lastly, from the vast Plains of *Cilicia*, water'd as a Garden, by the Streams which fall from Mount *Taurus*, always cover'd with Snow. During this Festival, the young Men and Maidens, clothed with long Robes of Linnen whiter than the Lillies, sang Hymns in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Aristonous*, for they could not praise One without commending the Other, nor separate two Men who were so closely united, even after their Deaths.

What was most wonderful was, that on the first Day, whilst *Sophronymus* made the Libations of Wine and Milk, a green Myrtle-Tree of an exquisite Fragrancy sprang out of the midst of
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the Tomb, and all of a sudden rear'd its bushy Head, to cover the two Urns with its over-spreading Boughs. Every one cry'd out, that *Aristonous*, as a Reward of his Virtue was chang'd by the Gods into so pleasant a Tree. *Sophronymus* took Care to water it himself, and to reverence it as a Deity. This Tree is so far from growing old, that it is renewed every Ten Years: And the Gods by this Miracle took Pleasure in testifying, that Virtue, which casts so sweet a Perfume on the Memory of Man, is never subject to Mortality.

F I N I S.





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